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ARABIAN TALES.

VOL. III.

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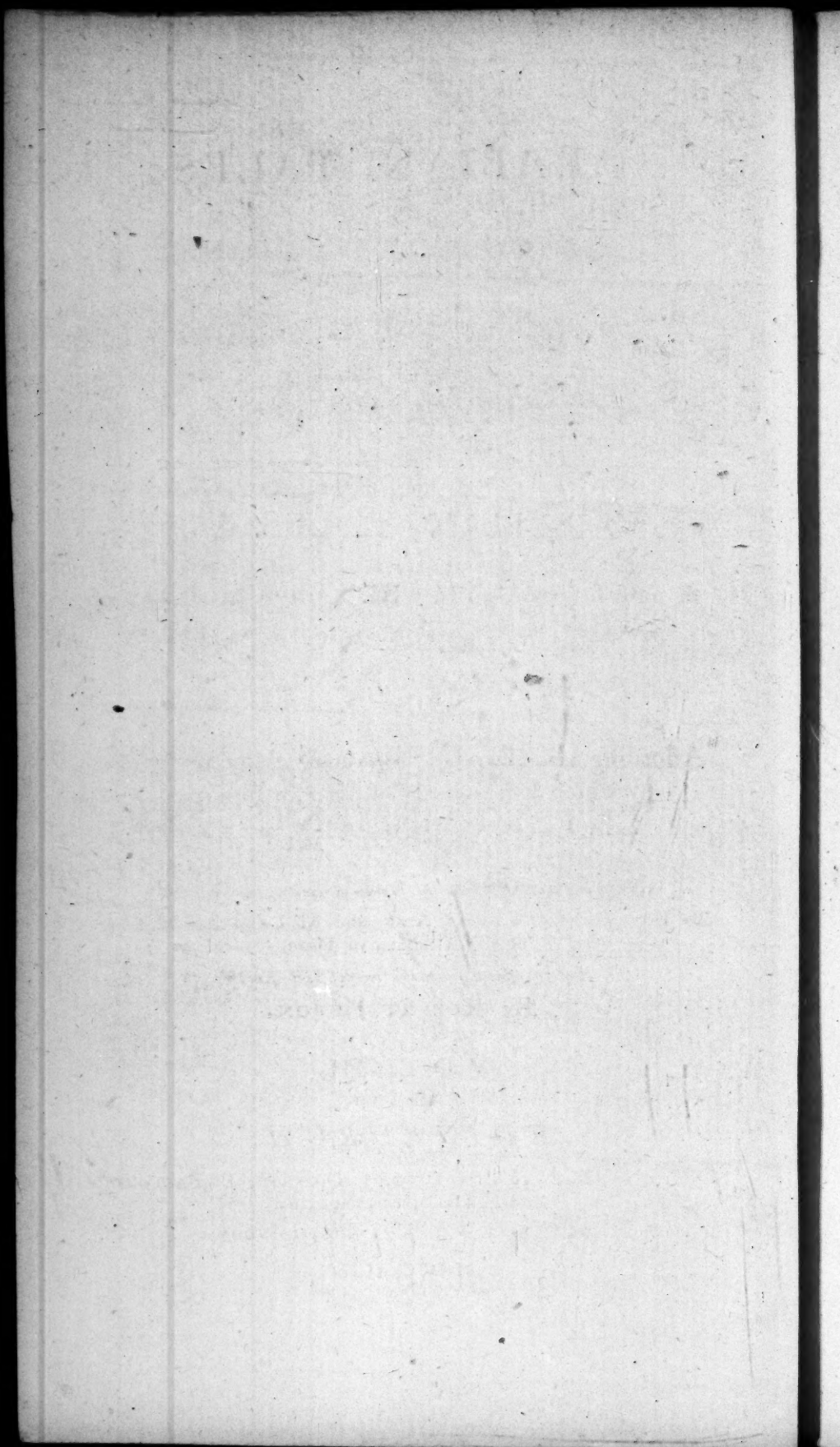
ARABIAN NIGHTS  
ENTERTAINMENTS.

VOL. VII.

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ARABIAN TALES:  
OR,  
A CONTINUATION  
OF THE  
Arabian Nights Entertainments.

CONSISTING OF  
S T O R I E S

RELATED BY THE  
SULTANA OF THE INDIES,

To divert her Husband from the Performance of a rash Vow;

EXHIBITING  
A most interesting View of the RELIGION, LAWS,  
MANNERS, CUSTOMS, ARTS, and LITERATURE,  
OF THE  
NATIONS OF THE EAST;

and

Affording a rich Fund of the most pleasing Amusement  
which Fictitious Writings can supply.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

*Newly translated from the Original Arabic into French,*

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of the Academy of Dijon.

*And translated from the French into English,*

By ROBERT HERON.

V O L. III.

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ARABIAN TALES

A COLLECTION

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## ERRATA.

- Page 119. line 24. *for* even *r.* over.  
164. — 22. *for* Where *r.* Were.  
219. — 18. *for* hearers *r.* heroes.



ARABIAN TALES:  
BEING A  
*CONTINUATION*  
OF THE  
THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.

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**S**CHEHERAZADE having thus finished the story of Schebandad of Surat, waited the Sultan's orders. "What!" said he, "is your story ended?" "Invincible Sultan!" replied she, "I should wish to vary your pleasures by a new and more interesting narrative, very different in its nature from the last; but it is almost day, and I want rest. Wherefore, if it please my lord and master, I will reserve for his entertainment in the ensuing night, the story of Bohetzad and his Ten Viziers. "Be it so, said the Sultan; my head is also somewhat heavy, so that I too shall be the better for a little rest." He made a sign with his hand, and the lights were extinguished, the company separated, and the seraglio was left in silence.

When evening was come, and the fair Sultana was about to begin her narrative, she thus addressed Sultan Schahriar. "I must give your highness previous notice, that you will not hear, in this story, of any of those strange and extra-

ordinary incidents with which I have observed your majesty to be particularly pleased." "But, how!" says the Sultan, "no birds? no more magic?" "None, Sire; this is a story to illustrate the doctrine of the predestination of human fate: I shall prove to your majesty, that nothing on earth can change our destiny." "If it be so," said the Sultan, "it is written, that I am to hear your story. Begin."

Scheherazade bowed, and proceeded, as follows:

*Story of Bohetzad and his Ten Viziers.*

THE kingdom of Dineroux comprehended all Syria, and the isles in the Indian ocean, at the mouth of the Persian Gulph. This powerful empire was, in ancient times, subject to the dominion of king Bohetzad, who dwelled in the city Issessara.

The power of this monarch was unequalled; his troops were innumerable, his treasures inexhaustible, his territories equally populous and fertile. His whole kingdom was divided into ten great districts, and committed to the administration of as many Viziers, who composed his divan. This prince sometimes indulged himself in the amusement of hunting, as a relaxation amid the cares of government.

As he was one day pursuing this exercise with his usual ardour, he suffered himself to be enticed so far through the forest, in pursuit of a stag which he had wounded, that he was parted from his attendants, and could perceive them nowhere, when he returned out of the wood. He had

had lost sight of the animal he was in pursuit of; and while he was endeavouring to discover in what direction he should proceed, he saw, at some distance, a considerable company. He advanced towards them; and when he was near enough to distinguish so much, perceived them to be a troop of forty knights\*, surrounding a bright litter from which the rays of the sun were reflected with a dazzling lustre. It was of rock chrystal; the mouldings and hinges were of gold embossed; the roof was aloes-wood, covered above with plates of silver. This litter† was, in form, like a small antique temple; its splendour was too strong for the sight. A prodigy of this nature, in a desert, at once astonished the monarch, and moved his curiosity. He drew near to the convoy, saluted them, and addressing the knight who held the reins of the mules; "Friends," said he, "do me the favour of telling me what sort of a carriage this is, and to whom it belongs?"

Notwithstanding the civility of the tone and language in which the monarch spoke; yet, as his hunting dress did not indicate the dignity of the wearer; "What is it to you?" was all the answer that he obtained. But this tart reply did not put an end to Bohetzad's enquiries. He renewed his request with still greater politeness than before. Then he who appeared to be the chief of the company, presenting the point of his lance to him, said: 'Begone, impertinent

A 2

fool!

\* *Knights.* Chivalry has been long known in India. The knights go about in full armour, and offer their services to different sovereigns.

† Such carriages are named, in Arabic, *Tarterouannes*.

fool ! if thou persistest to teaze us with thy impudent curiosity, it shall cost thee thy life."

The king was enraged at this insolent treatment. He advanced up to the knight who had uttered the threat ; and with that air of assurance and tone of dignity which he had naturally contracted, in the habitual exercise of arbitrary power ; " slave of my throne," said he, " darest thou to insult Bohetzad ? And if I had been even but a common man, shouldest thou thus return a modest, friendly address with threats of death ?"

At the name of Bohetzad, the cavaliers hastily alighted, and prostrated themselves before him, " pardon, Sire," said one of the eldest in the party, a reply which he who uttered it, did not know to be addressed to the greatest monarch of the earth ; " your majesty's hunting dress rendered it impossible for us to know you ! especially as you are without attendants."

" Rise," said the prince, " and satisfy my curiosity ; whom do you convey in the litter ? and whither ?"

" Sire," replied the knight, " it is the daughter of your Grand Vizier, Asphand. We are conducting her to the prince of Babylon, whose wife she is destined to be."

In the mean time the Vizier's daughter, impatient of this delay, and wondering what might be the cause, looked out to observe what was passing. Bohetzad perceived her. Whatever care she might have taken to avoid being seen, her extraordinary beauty struck the monarch with astonishment. His heart was instantly wounded. His passion was, at the very first moment,



moment, irresistibly violent. He determined to make sure of the object, and addressing himself, with authority, to the conductors of the litter, "I command you," said he, "to return to Iffessara, and carry the Vizier's daughter to my palace."

The commander of the party replied to his Majesty; "Sire, your Vizier is, no less than we, your slave; and if we carry his daughter back to his own palace, she will be equally in your Majesty's power."—"My Vizier has disposed of my daughter without consulting me; and therefore does not merit the respect which you wish me to shew him."—"Sire," replied the cavalier, "your Grand Vizier Asphand has always been honoured with your confidence, and possesses the greatest weight and influence among your subjects. An act of such violence against him may injure his reputation, and make him lose that degree of estimation with the public, which it is for your interest that he should enjoy."—"His credit depends on me, and I shall only increase it by espousing his daughter."

The eldest and most experienced of those gentlemen, still ventured to speak; "Sire," said he, "precipitation is dangerous, and often brings repentance in its train.—Your slaves intreat your majesty to reflect deliberately on what you do.—Kings must be obeyed."—"I have reflected, imprudent old man," said the prince, passionately. "What cautious respect can I owe to my slave? Obey." And now, unable longer to restrain his impatience, he seized the mules' bridle with his own hand, and led them towards that part of the forest where it was probable that

his attendants awaited him. He was soon in the tent which they had set up for him, and immediately gave orders to his whole train to attend the princess in the litter to his palace. On their arrival, he instantly sent one of his eunuchs to bring the Chief Cadi. The judge attended, and, without delay, made out the marriage contract, which united Bohetzad with the princess Baherjoa, daughter to his Vizier, Asphand.

While the king was celebrating his marriage, the forty knights returned to the Vizier's palace; having been compelled to yield up the litter, with the princess, whom they were to have conveyed to Babylon. The minister was surprised at their so speedy return: it was only on the preceding evening that they had set out for Babylon from Assesara; how could they return so soon? He feared some strange accident or other. One of the knights recounted to him the adventure; exaggerating, in his representation, the violence and the despotic tone of Bohetzad; by which the heart of the minister was agitated with fear, and inflamed with resentment, even although he was assured that the monarch himself was to espouse his daughter that same night.

"Interfere to thwart me in the arrangement of my family affairs! Deprive me in such a manner of my daughter! Marry her in spite of me! Is it thus that my services are rewarded!" exclaimed the minister in a rage.

Then, with revenge boiling in his heart, he immediately called a meeting of his friends, of the princes, and nobles of his family. When they were assembled, he explained the injury which his daughter, the prince of Babylon, and himself had

had suffered by so violent and arbitrary a deed of the King's. Every heart in the assembly took part in the injury, and sympathized with his indignation. Asphand saw by this, that he might easily bring them to concur with him in a plan of vengeance.

"Princes and nobles," said he, "the king is wholly engrossed by his pleasures, and heeds no scruple of delicacy in his means of gratification. Instead of a recompense for my toils, he disgraces me by an irreparable insult. He looks upon me in no other light than as a vile slave. Does he think that my child is to be subservient to his momentary passion, and to be abused as the instrument of his brutal appetites? Can you think yourselves secure, after this, from similar dishonour? Your wives and daughters will not be spared more than mine. Shall we arrest this tyranny in its career? or do you chuse to become likewise its victims?"

The Vizier's friends and relations entered into his views. They next considered, how they should proceed. One among them who was a deeper politician than the rest, thus gave his opinion: "Vizier, do you write to the king; express a grateful sense for the unlooked-for honour he hath done you; to which you had never raised your most presumptuous hopes. Write, at the same time, to your daughter. Seem to be charmed at her happy fortune. Ask her to join you in imploring heaven to shower its blessings on a monarch so deservedly dear to his subjects. These dispatches you may accompany with magnificent presents; and Bohetzad, blinded as he must be by his passion, will persuade himself

himself that all is well. Availing yourself of his security, do you take the earliest opportunity of retiring from court under pretence of the necessity of your affairs. When thus removed from the fear of being cut off by any sudden blow, you can next communicate to all the princes of the empire, the governors of the provinces, and the officers of the revenue, alarming accounts of the state of public affairs. Represent to them the critical situation of things subject to the arbitrary will of a young prince, who is enslaved by base passions, and so careless of rewarding his faithful servants, that he wantonly loads them with insult and abuse; who knows no law of conduct but the wild fallies of an intemperate and capricious mind."

This advice was received with approbation by the Vizier, and the whole assembly. They all agreed to seize every opportunity of spreading discontent through the empire, and the rest to remain at Issessara, while Asphand should retire to a distance, in order that they might keep up a correspondence with him, and give him notice, from time to time, in what manner he should regulate his movements. These resolutions taken, the assembly separated in haste, that their meeting might not excite suspicion; and Asphand wrote to the king as follows:

"Great King, monarch of the two seas, your slave, whom you had before exalted to the office of Vizier, and decorated with the title of Prince, did not hope for the high honour of your alliance. Overpowered as I feel myself by this new favour, I offer up my warmest prayers to heap its blessings without measure, on your Majesty's



jeſty's head; to prolong your days, to proſper your reign, and to tranſmit your crown, by regular ſucceſſion, to your lateſt poſterity. My duty has hitherto been to maintain the tranquillity of your dominions by watching over the adminiſtration of juſtice, and protecting the frontiers of the empire from hoſtile invaſion. The functions of my office now become more ſacred in my eyes; honoured by your alliance, I am now perſonally intereſted in your glory and ſucceſs. My daughter and I will be your ſlaves, devoted with unalterable fidelity to your intereſts."

The letter to Baherjoa congratulated her on her good fortune, and was not leſs artfully expreſſed, than that addreſſed to her huſband. Theſe letters accompanied with a magnificent preſent, Aſphand ſent by the firſt officer in his houſhold. The Vizier's young ſon joined the envoy; and they repaired together to the royal palace, and proſtrated themſelves before the Prince.

Bohetzad, amid the raptures of ſucceſſful love, could conceive no diſtruſt of the loyalty of his Vizier. He made his ſon be clothed in a rich pellice, and ordered a thouſand pieces of gold to the officer who had brought the letters and the preſents. Scarcely had they left the royal preſence, when one of the old eſt of the Viziers came to pay his court to the King. The ſovereign gave him a gracious reception, as uſual. He made him ſit down, and told him, how happy he found himſelf in the poſſeſſion of his charming ſpouſe; adding, that notwithſtanding the ſlight act of violence which he had committed in making himſelf maſter of her perſon, he did not ſuppoſe that any diſagreeable conſequences would follow.

"The

“The attachment,” continued he, “which Asphand expresses to me, satisfies me that he harbours no resentment in his breast, upon this head. Here are his letters. Read them; you will see that he is highly pleased with the alliance. The magnificence of his presents, too, evinces the sincerity of his expressions.”

The old minister read the letters, and continued to muse for some time, with downcast eyes, “Are not you satisfied with what you have read,” said the King?—“The serpent does not always hiss, when it is about to sting;” replied the minister; “but glides smoothly forward with its pliant and wreathed body; its scales glister; it looks with an eye of softness and fondness; it conceals its venomous and deceitful dart. Asphand’s letters are written with studied civility: You may assure yourself, that he feels offended; the feigned loyalty of his expressions is assumed to veil some secret project of vengeance, against which your Majesty will do well to be upon your guard.”

Bohetzad, happy in the enjoyment of the object of his love, and supposing that the old minister might speak from motives of jealousy, disregarded an advice dictated by loyalty and prudence, and neglected to watch the conduct of Asphand. He, in pursuance of his views, and under the pretext of composing some disturbances which had arisen in some parts of the kingdom, left the capital, a few months after, with all his followers. As soon as he saw himself out of the immediate reach of Bohetzad’s power, he represented to the governors of the provinces what an affront he had received; he excited them  
to

to revolt, by suggesting that they had reason to fear similar treatment; and still farther, to determine them, threw out the grossest calumnies against his sovereign's person and administration.

Upon these misrepresentations by the Grand Vizier, the nobles of the empire were moved with indignation against a prince who could be guilty of such flagrant abuses of his power. The different provinces entered into mutual concert; and Asphand was assured by the nobles in general, that they would take the field with all their forces, whenever he should give the signal. The Vizier corresponded at the same time with the princes his friends, who remained at Issessara, that they might be in readiness against the day when he should arrive to consummate his vengeance, and deliver the state from a tyrant sunk in sloth and luxury.

The plot was carried into execution, before Bohetzad had the least suspicion of its existence. The city of Issessara was invested on all sides by troops under the command of Asphand. At the news of this, the King hastily took arms: he commanded the troops which were about him to follow him to the field; but these had been previously gained by his enemies. He could only save himself by flight. He mounted the fleetest courser in his stables, took Baherjoa behind him, and made the utmost speed towards the deserts, cutting out a passage for himself through the midst of the rebels. The young hero's courage seemed to be animated by his love; he burst like a torrent through the crowds that sought to oppose him on his way; his lance spared none; and

and his horse equally strong and swift-footed, soon bore him out of the sight of his foes.

He had gained the desert. The close of day obliged him to halt, that the partner of flight might rest for a short time from her fatigue and fear. He stopped at the foot of a dreary mountain. His queen, exhausted with fatigue, felt her pains come upon her; and soon after, the Prince received in his arms a dear pledge of their love, a boy, beauteous as his mother.

The tender parents loaded the infant with their caresses. They soon forgot in the sweet indulgence of affection, their fatigues, and the anxiety and horror of their situation. They wrapped the child in a part of the Queen's robes, and fell asleep in each other's arms. The break of day warned them to continue their journey. The mother suckled her child. But, as wild fruits were the only nourishment she could procure; her breasts soon failed of milk. The infant was at the point of death; Baherjoa was in danger: Bohetzad therefore saw himself under the cruel necessity of sacrificing the feelings of nature to the sense of duty. He perceived a limpid spring, on the borders of which was a spot of verdant turf, shaded by willows. Here the unhappy parents were forced to deposite the object of their tenderness, and abandon it to the care of Providence, after bedewing the dear infant with their tears. "Great God," cried the afflicted mother, "who didst watch over the safety of young Ismael, preserve this innocent babe! Send thine angel to guard him. To thy protection we commit him: the sobs of a rending heart made her unable



able to say more. They tore themselves away, leaving their child in the hands of its Creator.

The noise of their approach had frightened away a hind, who, with her fawns, was drinking from the spring. After their departure, she returned, and came near to the infant, which was now barely alive. The powerful force of sudden instinct moved the animal to administer to this piteous object the nourishment with which nature had provided her for the use of her own young. She fed peaceably beside her nursling, without wandering to any considerable distance. The monsters of the forest kept at a distance from this happy recess; although amidst burning sands, and an arid desert, the water must have been of indispensable necessity for the supply of their wants. But, man came at last to disturb the tranquillity of the scene.

A band of robbers were driven hither by thirst. They immediately observed an infant swaddled in a rich piece of dress, and of admirable beauty. The captain of those banditti surveyed it, took it up, and sent it directly to his wife, with orders to bring it up as their own child. At sight of so lovely an infant, she was struck with its beauty, and entered readily into the benevolent views of her husband. The best nurse in the horde was immediately procured to suckle their adopted son. Let us now pursue the royal travellers.

With hearts oppressed with sorrow for the sacrifice which they had been forced to make, the King and Queen mournfully continued their journey to the capital of Persia, where Kassera at this time reigned.

That powerful monarch received the fugitive Prince and his charming spouse, with the regard due from one king to another, who was his ally, and had been driven from his throne by an usurper. He assigned Bohetzad an apartment in his palace equally magnificent as his own; and to Baherjoa another, like that of his favourite Sultana. So rich and sumptuous was the palace in which the King and Queen of Dineroux were entertained, that beside the magnificent apartments in which they themselves were lodged, there were four and twenty others, occupied by as many of the Sultan's ladies, each of whom was served by fifty slaves of her own sex, in the flower of youth, and admirably beautiful.

The treasures of the east might seem to have been exhausted in the embellishments of those seats of luxury and magnificence; the gardens were filled with the rarest and most beautiful flowers; the fountains poured forth so many streams, the waters of which were artificially distributed among the parterres; the inviting fruits and rich foliage of the trees presented a charming prospect of plenty and tranquillity. Flocks of birds with their varied notes and plumage added other charms to the scene. Every thing in short concurred to bespeak the opulence of the great monarch of Persia; the immensity of whose power was farther evinced by a guard of two hundred thousand men attendant on his person. So powerful and magnificent a prince could not fail to give a suitable reception to his illustrious guests.

At the same time, while he gave orders for the mustering of a formidable army on the frontiers, with proper supplies of artillery, ammunition,

tion, and provisions ; he endeavoured likewise to cheer the melancholy of the royal pair by splendid feasts and every variety of sumptuous entertainment. But generosity and greatness of soul were not his only motives to this liberal hospitality. A more selfish and more imperious passion had arisen in his heart : he was become the slave of Baherjoa, who excelled all the ladies of his seraglio in beauty. His passion had been hitherto concealed in the guise of friendship. But, the profusion which he displayed in every provision that respected her, and the delicacy and solicitude with which he prevented all her wants, were unequivocal proofs of his love. Baherjoa, whose mind was wholly absorbed in melancholy reflections on the loss of her child, and the misfortunes of her husband, never thought of ascribing those attentions to any such motive. Her soul was too much oppressed with sorrow to relish any of the pleasures which were so industriously offered her. Her heart was too full, to be susceptible of any new sentiments. Her son had been abandoned in a desert, to the care of Providence ; her husband reduced by her father to supplicate the aid of a foreign prince : and these painful subjects engrossed all her thoughts.

In the mean time, the army was assembled, which was to restore Bohetzad to his throne. He takes leave of Kassera, puts himself at the head of those troops, and marches, without loss of time, into Syria. Asphand, the usurper, no sooner hears of the danger with which he is threatened, than he gives notice of it to his accomplices, assembles them, and is soon prepared



to meet his injured sovereign, at the head of two hundred thousand men.

The armies face each other in battle-array. An experienced Persian Vizier commands the centre of Bohetzad's army. The monarch himself, at the head of a few chosen knights, flies with the velocity of an arrow from rank to rank, to communicate his orders, and encourage the ardour of his troops. He instantly begins the battle upon his right wing, pouring with such impetuosity upon the opposite wing of the enemy, that these are obliged to fall back upon the centre, and throw it into confusion and disorder. Upon this, the King of Dineroux, losing not an instant, advances the main body of his army towards the enemy, as if he meant to attack them. But, humanity to his subjects, whose blood he was anxious to spare, induced him first, to give orders to his left wing to attack the enemy's right. These giving way, and retiring in disorder, three-fourths of Asphand's army are thus surrounded, and remain at the mercy of Bohetzad. The usurper attempts in vain to rally his troops, disconcerted as they are, by an attack, at once so vigorous, and so prudently directed, and having their hearts and hands relaxed by fear and remorse. Pardon is offered to them; they accept it; and to make a merit with their Sovereign, agree in delivering up the leaders of the rebellion. Asphand, his family, and his principal accomplices are cut in pieces on the field of battle.

By this victory, the kingdom of Dineroux was brought back to its allegiance to its lawful sovereign. The monarch returned to his capital, re-established



established order throughout his dominions, and prepared to testify his gratitude to the prince who had furnished him such powerful assistance. The ablest and most confidential of his Viziers was to be immediately dispatched to Persia, at the head of twelve thousand men, and with a convoy of twenty elephants, bearing magnificent presents. But, he was at the same time charged with a commission of a more delicate nature. He was to pass through the desert where the son of Baherjoa had been left, and to seek out the spot, beside the spring, upon which he had been deposited; to enquire concerning the child, at every living creature he should meet; to discover, if possible, what was become of him; and if he should find him, to restore him to the tender arms of his mother; whom the Vizier was to conduct back to Iffellara. But, there were obstacles to oppose the Vizier's success in the discharge of these commissions. He searched the desert in vain. Nor did he find the Persian monarch ready to permit the departure of the Queen of Dineroux from his court.

Kassera, by this time desperately in love with the Princess, could not bear the thought of losing her. At the arrival of the ambassador, with the presents from the King of Dineroux, and orders to conduct his Queen home; Kassera felt his heart at first agitated by some struggles between virtue and passion. But, love prevailed. It taught him to exaggerate in his own estimation the favours which he had conferred, and whispered, that the yielding up of a woman for services so important, was even but a trivial recompence. In a word, he determined to forego the

glory of being the generous protector of his ally, and to fully his own honour, by robbing the bed of his friend.

However, he gave a gracious reception to Bohetzad's ambassador, with the dispatches and presents which he brought. He was at the same time informed that the troops which he had sent in aid of that monarch, had entered Persia, on their return homewards. The officers who commanded them, exalted to the skies, the courage, the talents, and the magnificence of Bohetzad. They returned out of his dominions, charmed with his personal manners, loaded with his bounties, astonished at his power, and at the resources which his dominions appeared capable of affording. Their unanimous reports, of this purport, excited a strange tumult in the soul of Kassera. He had never been accustomed to lay any restraint upon his inclinations, or even to strive to keep his passions in subjection. He was now, however, to chuse, whether he would repress a violent passion, or renounce the relation of benefactor to a sovereign, his equal in power and dignity; and this at the risk of involving Persia in a bloody war, and rendering himself an object of horror to all Asia. "Blush, Kassera!" said he to himself, "at the guilty wishes which thou hast suffered thy heart to form. Thank fortune for opening thine eyes, ere it was too late. May the King of Dineroux never know, that thou hadst so far forgotten what thou owest both to thyself and him, as to covet what is his, and so deservedly dear to him! Had not these obstacles arisen, how basely hadst thou violated thy duty! Oh! absolute power! how dangerous art thou

thou in the hands of one who knows not how to command himself. Hurried away by evil inclinations, I was running headlong into crimes which would have rendered me unworthy to reign. But let me now repress my passions, and give up my guilty views."

The King of Persia, having taken this resolution, immediately sent for his High Treasurer, and gave him orders to prepare a litter, to convey Baherjoa back to her husband, which might exceed every thing of the kind that had yet been seen, in magnificence. It was covered, all over, with precious stones. A considerable embassy was to follow, with rich presents. Thus Baherjoa, after receiving the sincerest assurances of respect and attachment from the prince whose court she now left, returned to Syria. Bohetzad came out from Issellara, to meet his wife. It is impossible to describe the joy, the transports of their interview. Yet, these were soon disturbed by the painful concern of the mother for the fate of her child. Baherjoa desired, at all rates, to hear news of her son; and Bohetzad ordered a new and stricter search. It was probable, that their dear infant had not been devoured by wild beasts; otherwise some remains of the clothes in which he was wrapped, might have been found, in the former search, near the place where he had been laid. A thousand gentlemen are sent to the desert, to search again all around the spring. But their search proves fruitless. Bohetzad strives, by every endearment, to alleviate the affliction of his spouse. "Let us despair of nothing," said he, "but still rely on the benignity of heaven; the merciful arm of providence, which hath brought



brought us through so many dangers, and seated us again in safety and honour, on our throne, will surely have preserved the dear object of our fondness; and will probably rejoice our hearts with the sight of our child, when we shall have farther proved our resignation to the will of the Almighty. It is painful, in the mean time, to want his presence. But at our time of life, we may yet hope for consolation in new pledges of our conjugal love. Dry up your tears, dear Baherjoa: I cannot bear to see them." The queen assumed an air of greater tranquillity: but the wound was not closed at her heart.

In the mean time, the infant object of their anxieties, who had been rescued from death by the captain of the banditti, was brought up by his wife with the tenderest maternal care, and improved rapidly in strength and beauty. He was first of all taught to read; and next led to engage in bodily exercises which might give vigour and activity to his frame. In early maturity of talents he excelled all the children in the horde; his address, his strength, his intrepidity were, for his age, absolutely astonishing. He was no less unrivalled among them in a steady and successful application to study, and in the exactitude with which he performed his duties to a society, of which, unsuitable although it was to his birth and qualities, he had accidentally become a member. The captain of the banditti perceiving with what dexterity he could handle his arms, and mount his horse, soon associated him in all his plundering expeditions: and young Aladdin, (for this was the name they had given him) shewed



shewed himself, on all occasions, equally expert and brave.

The troop, one day attacked a caravan returning from India, with a quantity of the most precious commodities, and escorted by a formidable guard. The robbers blinded by their eagerness for the plunder, so as not to see the full magnitude of the danger to which they were exposing themselves; attacked this convoy with extraordinary impetuosity, but were soon repulsed. Two thirds of the band fell on the field of battle; the rest fled: young Aladdin, whose youth and inexperience had prompted him to rash exertions of valour, was soon surrounded, and made prisoner.

A robber thus taken in arms, deserved instantly to lose his head. But the prepossessing air, the grace, and the beauty of the young prince interested the whole caravan in his favour, and induced them to spare his life. They could not even credit his answers, when, upon being questioned as to his birth and profession, he honestly avowed himself the son of the captain of the robbers. They could not imagine how it had been possible for the stripling to acquire so many accomplishments and such an air of distinction, together with those rare natural advantages which he possessed. He was carried away with the caravan, which, soon after arrived at Iseffara, where Boherzad his father kept his court.

As the arrival of the caravan afforded some means for diverting the queen's grief for the loss of her son, which still hung over her mind; the king sent his chief eunuch to chuse out such stuffs  
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and other articles of value, as were likely to be the most agreeable to Baherjoa. The merchants contended in displaying their goods. But, the beauteous figure of young Aladdin, who attended as a slave, caught the eunuch's eye, more than any thing else that the merchants had to present. He was desirous of conducting him to the palace, hoping that his services might be acceptable to the monarch. After he had made his purchases, therefore, they returned together to the palace, and his majesty expressing himself satisfied with the several articles which the eunuch had bought :

"Sire," said he, "your majesty seems pleased with the manner in which I have made my market; but the most valuable commodity in the khan, is a young man whose beauty is so faultlessly perfect, that I believe him to be the very image of him who is spoken of in the Alcoran. The eleven stars might prostrate themselves before him, as before the sun and moon." The king, curious to see this wonder of masculine beauty, ordered the slave, with his master, to be brought before him: and they were immediately presented.

The appearance of the young stranger did not belie the favourable account which the eunuch had given. The monarch could not believe that so handsome a slave was descended from persons of that low class out of which the caravan was composed. He mentioned his doubts, and interrogated the master of the slave particularly upon this head.

"Sire," replied the merchant, "the young man does not belong properly to any of us, we know nothing of his birth or family. We were  
affailed



assailed, in the desert, by a band of robbers. We defended ourselves with successful valour. A part of them fell upon the field of battle; part fled; and this young man, the object of your present curiosity, we took prisoner. We might have put him to death; but we could not prevail with ourselves to do it. We have questioned him concerning his family and condition in life; his answer was, that he was son to the captain of the robbers. We know no more, and can say nothing positive, of the matter, to your majesty." "Leave him here," said the king; "I wish to have him in my service." "Your Majesty may dispose, as you think proper," returned the merchant, "of whatever belongs to the slaves of your throne." Aladdin, upon this, prostrated himself before the monarch, touched the ground with his forehead, and kissed the hem of the royal robe. The King gave orders to the chief of the eunuchs to admit the youth among that class of his slaves who were more immediately about the royal person.

Nature spoke within his heart, in behalf of his new page. He could never look upon him, without feeling emotions for which he knew not how to account; he could scarcely suffer him out of his sight; and what had seemed at first only a slight preference, became soon a warm attachment. He felt an unaccountable interest and pleasure in marking the opening progress of young Aladdin's mind, and the growth of his body. He admired his application, prudence, reserve, and fidelity: and already considered the rare qualifications of the youth, as the fruits of his own care and pains.

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After long experience of his talents and activity, the monarch went so far, as to intrust his young favourite with the care of his revenues, and divested his Viziers of a part of the administration, in which their conduct had been such as to provoke suspicions. At length, he submitted likewise to the sagacity of young Aladdin, the determination of the most important affairs. Nor did the monarch find, that his confidence had been misplaced. The more entirely he confided in his favourite, so much the more did his revenues, the happiness of his people, and the prosperity of the kingdom increase. Accordingly, his confidence in him became soon unbounded. Aladdin was dear to his father: as if he had known him to be his son: and the authority of the Viziers dwindled down to nothing, in comparison with that of the young Comptroller of the Finances.

The Viziers enraged at this decline of their influence, met secretly to concert means by which they might again gratify their avarice and ambition. Cost what it might, a rival so odious and formidable, must be speedily ruined. Unhappily for him, an accidental opportunity soon arose, of which they eagerly availed themselves, to indulge their vengeance.

There had been, upon some occasion or other, a great feast in the palace. Aladdin naturally temperate, had however, in the openness and ardour of social converse, drunk more freely than usual; and the more so, because being a stranger to indulgence of this sort, he knew not its effects. When the banquet ended, and he was retiring to his own apartment, his feet staggered, his head





*Perfidious wretch! this slave could not  
have entered the apartment and placed  
himself here without your knowledge.*



head became giddy, he lost the use of his senses; the first apartment he discovered seemed to him in this condition to be his own. It was indeed unusually magnificent, and illuminated by a number of lamps disposed in lustres. But, Aladdin could not at present distinguish one thing from another. Rest was all that he sought; so, finding a sofa, he threw himself down upon it, and fell asleep.

No slaves were in waiting who might have warned him of his mistake. They had been also enjoying the festivities, and did not return to attend in their lady's apartment; but retired and left the door open, after filling the proper pots with perfumes, and preparing, after the custom of the inhabitants of the east, a collation of sherbets and dry confections. Curtains concealed the sofa upon which Aladdin was laid.

The King and Queen soon followed into this apartment. Bohetzad approaches the sofa, withdraws the curtains, and sees the controller asleep there. He is immediately transported with jealousy. "Perfidious wretch!" said he, turning to Baherjoa, "this slave could not have entered the apartment and placed himself here, without your knowledge." "Sire," replied the Queen, in surprize, yet without confusion, "I swear by the name of our great prophet, that I have never had the slightest intercourse with that young man. I see him now for the first time. I have, in no wise, contributed to his presumption."

The noise of this conversation awakened Aladdin. Surprized and confounded at finding himself in such a situation, he arose hastily. "Trai-

tor!" cried the monarch, in an excess of passion; "Dost thou thus repay my favours? Darest thou, accursed wretch, thus intrude into the apartments of my women? Thou shalt instantly receive the just punishment of thine audacity." Upon this, Bohetzad, impelled by the impetuosity of passion, ordered an eunuch to shut up the Queen and the comptroller in separate prisons. The Prince himself passed the night, sleepless, and in an agony occasioned by the contention of the most violent and opposite emotions in his breast. At day-break, he sent for his first Vizier, who had not, for a long time been admitted into his presence. He related to the Vizier, how that he had been affronted by his slave, and that he believed his Queen an accomplice in the affront.

At hearing this, the Vizier with difficulty concealed his secret joy. This was a triumph for his envy, hatred, and resentment. Not a feeble victim, but a most powerful rival was now about to be crushed before him. The old courtier, however, recollecting himself coolly, endeavours to kindle the resentment of his prince to a greater height, and to determine him to some act of signal vengeance; and with this view, assuming an air of candour and concern, addresses his Majesty in the following language:

"Sire, your faithful subjects were astonished to see your majesty receive into your confidence a person who was confessedly the son of a robber. It was almost a blameable facility of temper in your majesty to admit so near your sacred person a shoot from so worthless a stock. What but treason and criminality of every species was to be expected from such a choice? It is even hap-

py that he has been thus blinded by passion, and has suffered his licentious desires to transport him to such a pitch of temerity. But, heaven preserve me from thinking that the Queen can ever have encouraged his addresses! Her blameless life, her wisdom, her virtues, place her above the slightest shadow of suspicion in this respect. Permit me, Sire, to talk with her. I dare venture to promise your majesty some explanation of the affair in this case, which must remove great part of the uneasiness which you at present feel."

The King agreed to his proposal; and the old Vizier went to wait on Baherjoa, in her confinement. He found her in tears. "No, Vizier," answered she, to his very first enquiry, "I never encouraged the young man to offer me this insult. I had heard him spoken of, but had no acquaintance with him. If he put himself in that or any other situation to make me take notice of him; I however never cast my eyes upon him; not even at the fatal moment when he was surprized in my chamber."

The Vizier was convinced, by a declaration so strongly expressive of the purest innocence, still more in the manner than in the language in which it was uttered, that the Queen was perfectly guiltless of the affront of which the King complained; and thought accordingly, that he might assure his majesty of as much. Yet, this might have the effect, to alleviate in the King's eyes, the crime of an enemy, whom he desired to destroy: whereas it was rather his business to exhibit the guilt of the youth in a light in which it might seem unpardonable. "Madam," says he to Baherjoa, "it must have been madness in the ex-



treme that prompted this presumptuous youth to so rash and treasonable an act. But, it will be difficult for any person to believe, that he could be capable of it, without encouragement on your part. He, however, is to be considered as being ruined beyond the hope or possibility of escape, by the atrocity and the publicity of his crime. In all probability the King, after what I shall have the honour of representing to his majesty, will call you before him, and put several questions to you, to which, if I may presume so far, you will be pleased to answer what my respectful attachment to your majesty shall now suggest. You may thus, I flatter myself, give entire satisfaction to your royal consort, and restore his peace of mind. Suppose, then, that the young man sent you a message by a female slave whom you knew not, requesting you to receive him into your apartment, with a promise of acknowledging the favour by a present of an hundred diamonds, of inestimable value. You rejected the proposal with indignation, and the slave disappeared. By a second message, he informed you, that if you did not yield to his importunity, he was determined not to live under the torment of a hopeless passion, and would seek means to introduce himself in spite of you, into your apartment, so that you might become apparently a sharer in his guilt, and might be involved in his fate." The Queen having no suspicion of the motives by which this advice was dictated, expressed her gratitude to the Vizier; and he retired to give Bohetzad an account of what had passed at this interview.

"Sire,"



“Sire,” said he, “after repeating the whole conversation which he had held with the Queen, and ascribing to her those answers which he himself had fabricated, and had suggested, that she should make;” “Sire, you see what a viper your majesty has cherished in your bosom. But, as soon may it be expected, that the most poisonous of plants shall bear seed salutary to the human constitution, as that the son of a robber shall become an honest man.” At this information from the Vizier, the monarch’s eyes glared with rage. He ordered that the young man should instantly, even before the information were confirmed out of the Queen’s own mouth, be brought before the royal presence, in his chains.

“Wretch accursed!” said he to the prisoner, as soon as he appeared, “canst thou reflect upon my excessive kindness to thee, and thine unequalled ingratitude! If thou canst, let thy remorse anticipate the punishment which thou art instantly to suffer! Thy head shall be severed from thy body on the scaffold.”

The unfortunate but innocent Aladdin heard the threatenings, and beheld the furious transports of the monarch, without change of countenance. His features remained still as beautiful and as composed as ever. He retained still that air of mildness, modesty, and firmness which had, from the first conciliated to him the good graces of his sovereign. He speaks, and the language of ingenuous candour issues from his lips.

“Sire, the evidence of my guilt seems to overpower me. But, my fault was involuntary. My indiscretion indeed it was, that reduced me to a condition in which I was for a few minutes de-

prived of the use of reason, so far as to be unable to conduct my steps, and to fall into a most unhappy mistake; but all the rest was the operation of fate. My heart, overpowered by the sense of your Majesty's favours, and devoted to your service, has known no satisfaction save that of obeying your commands. But, alas! what avail the best intentions, and all the efforts of honest zeal, if over-ruling destiny can thus alter the purity of the motives by which we are actuated? If an action, owing to a momentary derangement of our senses, can render us criminal, when all our dispositions and intentions are virtuous! Thus precipitated from the highest pitch of happiness to the lowest degree of misery and disgrace, I shall, however, submit with resignation to the decree of Providence; as did the merchant whose memorable story is known even in your majesty's palace."

"What merchant speakest thou of?" said the King. "Where is the point of resemblance between thy crime and his story? Relate it."

*Story of Kaskas; or the Obstinate Man.*

Sire, there was in Bagdad a merchant who was very rich, and who by his intelligence and virtuous manners had gained the public esteem. His name was Kaskas. Fortune had hitherto invariably favoured all his undertakings. All at once she changed, and declared herself against him. All his adventures whether of export or import, were from this time attended with considerable losses. He at length determined to try a different species of trade. He sold off his  
stock,

stock, and laid out one half the money which it brought, in purchasing grain, which, he supposed, might rise in its value in the winter. It fell out otherwise; and the price of grain became lower. To avoid loss, however, he shut up his granaries, till times should become more favourable.

In the mean time, one of his friends who came to see him, endeavoured to dissuade him from prosecuting this new branch of trade. But, he would not hearken to the advice, being determined to keep up his grain for another year. There followed, soon after, such violent storms, that the streets and houses of Bagdad were all flooded. When the waters were abated, Kaskas went to see in what condition his corn remained, and found it all shooting, and fast falling into a state of putrefaction. It cost him five hundred pieces to escape a fine by employing persons to throw into the river that which he had accumulated in his magazines at so great an expence.

His friend returned: "you would not follow my advice" said he to him. "Beware of Fortune, she seems to have formed a plot against you. Engage in no new undertaking, without consulting first some skilful astrologer." There was no lack of astrologers at Bagdad: and Kaskas, warned by his losses, was now willing to take his friend's advice. The diviner drew his horoscope, and assured him, that, such was the malice of the planet which ruled his destiny, he must lay his account with the certain loss of whatever part of his fortune he should hereafter hazard in trade. Kaskas mortified and piqued at a prophecy which so cruelly contradicted all  
his

his favourite views, resolved upon an attempt to expose the fallacy of astrology. What money remained to him, this he laid out in lading a vessel in which he embarked with all his property.

After four days of agreeable sailing, a furious storm arose, which tore the sails, broke the masts, and carried away the rudder. The ship at last sunk, and its whole crew perished. Kaskas, after seeing the last hope of his fortune thus buried in the deep, escaped himself upon a plank, and was borne towards a low, sandy coast, where he made the shore, in a very feeble and exhausted condition.

It was near a village, situate almost upon the brink of the sea. He proceeded as fast as his wasted strength would enable him, to intreat the aid of charitable hospitality, and to thank heaven for his deliverance. As he entered the village, he met an old man whose dress and physiognomy, while they inspired reverence, at the same time gave the helpless stranger confidence to approach him. He was affected with Kaskas' condition, covered him with his mantle, and led him to his house. There, after giving him necessary refreshments, he immediately supplied him with more suitable clothes.

It was natural for Kaskas to gratify the curiosity of his host by a relation of his adventures. He did it with an air of candour which left no doubts as to their reality. The old man having lately lost his steward, thought Kaskas a proper person to supply his place, and accordingly offered him the employment, with two pieces of gold for his daily wages. The duties of the  
place



place were very laborious. His task was, to sow a considerable piece of ground, to superintend his master's works and workmen, to gather in large crops in harvest, to watch over numerous flocks, and to give in distinct and accurate accounts at the end of the year. Poor Kaskas was thankful to providence for thus putting him in a way to live by his labour, at a time when no other earthly resource remained to him; and entered cheerfully upon the functions of his office.

He discharged them with zeal, assiduity, and skill, till the crops were ready to be brought into the storehouses. But his master had, as yet, given him no wages, and might neglect, he began to fear, to fulfil his engagements. Wherefore, to secure to himself the stipulated salary, he set apart so much grain as was equal in value to the sum due, and gave a faithful account of the rest to his master. The latter, upon receiving and examining the account, was well satisfied with the conduct of his steward, paid him the whole of his wages, and assured him of equally punctual payment in future. Kaskas was ashamed upon this, of his suspicions and precautions. He returned to his little hoard, to repair the act of injustice, of which he had been guilty, if it were not yet too late. But, great was his surprise, to find, that, all he had laid up, was gone. He considered this, as the judgment of Heaven upon his dishonesty, and determined to confess what he had done to his master, whatever shame he might feel, and be the consequences what they would. He went then to the old man with an anxious heart. " You seem  
to

to be uneasy," said his master, "is any thing wrong with you?" These kindly enquiries made Kaskas flatter himself, that he might, by the sincerity of his confession, obtain the pardon of his fault. He made a humble avowal of the motives upon which he had committed it, and of all its circumstances, all, to the incident of the loss of the grain he had put aside, the thieves of which he had found it impossible to discover.

The old man attributing this little event to the unhappy star of his steward, thought that it would be imprudent in him longer to retain a man in his service in whose hands nothing could finally prosper; and resolved, therefore, to dismiss him. "We don't agree," said he to him, "let us part: but, as it is not equitable that I should lose what you have so cautiously sequestered, restore my money, and seek your grain for your wages. I have done with you." The unfortunate Kaskas could not but acknowledge these orders just; he submitted without complaint, and left his benefactor's house, not quite so naked, indeed, as when he first entered it; but absolutely penniless, and in the deepest chagrin.

He walked on, along the sea-shore, heedless whither he went, till he came within sight of a tent. He went up to it. He found in it four persons, who remarking upon his countenance the impressions of deep chagrin, earnestly asked the cause of his uneasiness. He satisfied their curiosity by a recital of his misfortunes. As he spoke, he more and more drew the particular attention of one among the four who seemed to have a sort of authority over the others. This person

person, soon recollected him for one of his correspondents at Bagdad, with whom he had formerly had large and lucrative dealings. He could not help compassionating his present condition. He was then busied in fishing for pearls. The three persons with him were divers in his service. "Dive into the sea," said he, "and the first pearls you bring up, shall be this unfortunate traveller's."

The three divers who, as well as their master, felt for the misfortunes of Kaskas, threw themselves into the sea, and brought up several shells, in which were found ten pearls of unrivalled beauty and magnitude. The merchant was delighted that he could thus confer a little fortune upon his old correspondent. "Take these pearls," said he; "when you reach the capital, you may sell two of them: the price which you will receive for them will be enough to enable you to engage in any merchantile adventure. You can keep the other eight carefully, to serve you in case of need, or to be disposed of, where they will fetch the highest prices."

Kaskas thanked his benefactor, took his leave of him, and set out for the capital. He had travelled onwards three days, when he saw, at a distance, some persons approaching on horseback. Fearing that they might be robbers, he resolved to conceal eight of his pearls between the pieces of his vest, and put the remaining two in his mouth. These he intended for immediate sale. He had conjectured rightly concerning those whom he saw coming up to him. They were robbers. They accosted him, seized and stripped him, and left him in the highway,  
with



with nothing remaining upon him except his drawers.

The luckless traveller distinguished in this new adventure the malicious hand of fortune, from which he had before suffered so much. But, he rejoiced in having saved the two finest of his pearls from the hands of the robbers; as these were still enough to enable him to re-establish his affairs, and engage in new undertakings, which might yet prove successful. The capital was not now far distant. He no sooner arrived there, than he put his pearls into the hands of a Dellal or public crier, who might expose them to sale. The Dellal announced, in a loud voice, what rare pearls he had to sell, and invited the curious to view and bid for them. Unluckily, one of the richest jewellers in the city had been robbed of some pearls, only a few days before. He, upon inspecting those now offered to sale, thought he could distinguish them to be a part of what he had lost. He asked for the owner, and when he saw him so indifferently clad, was persuaded that he had now detected the thief of his property. "Here are two pearls," said he, you should have ten: "what have you done with the other eight?" Kaskas, supposing the jeweller to have been informed of the present which he had received from the pearl-fisher, ingenuously answered: "It is true; I had ten. But robbers whom I met by the way, deprived me of the other eight, which were concealed between the doublings of my vest."

At this confession, which seemed to be unequivocal, the jeweller took Kaskas by the arm, and carried him before the city magistrate, to whom  
he



he accused him of having stolen his pearls. The judge, deceived by appearances, and by the asseverations of so rich a citizen, condemned poor Kaskas to the bastinadoe, and to imprisonment at the pleasure of his accuser. The unhappy wight, so long the sport of fortune, and now the victim of man's injustice, bore the punishment, and had groaned for a twelvemonth in rigorous confinement, when accident brought one of the three divers from the Persian Gulph who had dived so successfully upon his account,—into the same prison.

The diver was surprised to see him in that situation, and asked how he had been reduced to it? Kaskas recounted all that had befallen him, since he had received the pearls. The friendly diver immediately addressed a petition to the King, begging admission into his royal presence, in order to communicate to his majesty a secret of high importance. The King ordered the diver to be brought before him. He having prostrated himself before the throne, the monarch bid him rise and declare his secret.

“Great King,” said the diver, “Your majesty's elevation of soul, and love of justice are known to all your subjects. I presume to appeal to these exalted virtues, in behalf of an unfortunate and innocent stranger, who has been unjustly punished for a crime which he never committed, and who is still detained in the same dungeon in which I have also been shut up for a trivial fault. It is your care, Sire, to punish the guilty; but a spirit of equity, and the love of order, are the principles upon which you punish. Your majesty would be pleased to see the wolf

and the lamb lie down together. Your slave therefore considers it as his duty to second your beneficent views, by giving you information in consequence of which you may repair an act of injustice which has been committed against a man long persecuted by fate, and truly worthy of your royal compassion. With this he proceeded to relate Kaskas' adventure upon the pearl coast; explained from what circumstances the jeweller's mistake had arisen, and how the judge had been misled, and at last concluded with saying; "if your majesty still doubts of the truth of what I have related, it will be confirmed by my master and my fellow-divers."

The diver being disinterested in an affair in which none but an unfortunate and helpless man was concerned, spoke with all that firmness and freedom which truth naturally inspires. He at last convinced the monarch of the innocence of Kaskas. The chief eunuch was sent to bring him out of prison, to carry him to the bath, and, after dressing him in decent clothes, to conduct him into the royal presence.

The eunuch obeyed, Kaskas was brought to the foot of the throne. He confirmed the story of the diver, and related how ineffectually he had endeavoured to clear up the jeweller's mistake, and to obviate the prepossessions of the judge. His majesty was at last so much interested in his fortune, by the detail of his adventures, that he appointed the unfortunate merchant an apartment in his palace, and conferred on him an office of trust, near the royal person, with high appointments.

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As to the jeweller ; he was obliged to restore the pearls, and condemned to suffer two hundred bastinadoes. The judge received twice as many, and was divested of his office. Kaskas, loaded with so many benefits, began to flatter himself that Fortune and he were at length reconciled. He thought that he had done well in bearing up manfully against her persecutions ; and was already forming plans for the laying out of the wealth which he should acquire in his new employment, when his curiosity betrayed him into a new misadventure.

One day, he observed in the apartment which had been assigned him, a door walled up, and concealed by a slight covering of mastic, which was now so much wasted by the effects of time, that it crumbled into dust, at the slightest effort. Without any exertion of strength, he opened the door, and entered unthinkingly into a rich apartment entirely unknown to him, but which he found to be in the interior part of the palace.

Hardly had he advanced two or three steps forwards, when he was perceived by the chief of the eunuchs, who instantly reported what he had seen, to the King. The monarch came immediately to the spot. The fragments of the mastic remained upon the ground, to shew that the door had been forced open. The stupid amazement of Kaskas completed the proof of his guilt. " Wretch !" said the King, " dost thou thus repay my favours ? My justice saved thee, when I believed thee innocent ; now thou art guilty, and I condemn thee to lose thy fight." The imprudent Kaskas durst not even attempt to justify himself, but was immediately delivered



into the hands of the executioner, of whom the only favour he asked was, that he would give him his eyes when he had torn them out of their sockets.

He went groping through the streets of the capital, with them in his hands, and crying, "Behold! all you good people who hear me, what the unfortunate Kaskas has gained by striving against the decrees of Destiny, and despising the advice of his friends: such is the lot of the obstinate man."

Aladdin having thus finished the story of the merchant, again addressed himself directly to Bohetzad: "Sire, you see here the power of fate over the man whose adventures I have recited. While his star was propitious, every thing succeeded with him. When its aspect changed, he became unfortunate, notwithstanding all his own endeavours. The transient glimpses of prosperity which occasionally broke in upon the gloom of his misfortunes, were only so many preludes to mischiefs still more dreadful than those which he had previously suffered. Unlooked for circumstances, and one simple, innocent step made him appear ungrateful and criminal, when he himself had every reason to be satisfied with the purity and propriety of his conduct. My fate, alas! bears but too direct a resemblance to his. Fortune smiled bewitchingly upon me, when I enjoyed your majesty's favour; but was at the same time secretly opening the gulph into which I was to fall headlong."

The young man had related the story of the unfortunate merchant of Bagdad, in so graceful and unaffected a manner, and had at the same time



time made so happy an application of it to his own case, that Bohetzad, naturally inclined to favour a criminal who had so lately enjoyed his confidence, and staggered at the instance which he had adduced of too great precipitancy in judgment, suspended the execution of his sentence till the next day, under pretence that the time was too far gone for the present execution of it. "Go back to prison," said he: "I permit thee to live till to-morrow. Till then I respite thee from the punishment which thou art so justly sentenced to undergo."

The first Vizier was, however, impatiently expecting the news of Aladdin's execution. He was greatly chagrined to hear that it was put off. He hastily assembled his colleagues, therefore, and addressed them thus; speaking to the second Vizier in particular.

"The favourite has found means to have the execution of his sentence suspended. I have done my duty by persuading the king to an act of justice. It becomes you now to do your part by representing to him, what a wrongful neglect it is of the duties of the throne, for him to defer the punishment of a crime the reality of which is so fully ascertained. I have communicated to you the stratagem to which I had recourse, putting my own words into the Queen's mouth. You must be sensible how necessary it is for our purpose that she continue always to hold out the same language. Her complaint removes every shadow of doubt, and frees herself of all suspicions of connivance with the criminal. Remonstrate again to her majesty, and inspire

her with all that earnestness in the affair which her own personal interest and ours equally demand."

Next morning, as soon as access could be obtained to his majesty, Baharon, the second Vizier, appeared in the royal presence. "Sire," said he, "in my cabinet, and amidst the hurry of the many great affairs intrusted to my management, I have heard that your majesty is in distress. Your subjects, Sire, cannot but share your uneasinesses. Pardon my loyal zeal, if I presume to enquire into the sources of your present affliction, and to offer your majesty any services that my experience and attachment to your royal person can perform, towards removing it. The king had actually supposed Baharon ignorant of the circumstances of an event which had passed within the palace, and accordingly gave him an account of the crime of which Aladdin had proved guilty.

The Vizier seemed to be struck with horror at the audacity of the deed. "Sire," said he, as soon as the king had done speaking; "if the son of a robber, brought up in the practice of every species of crime, could be capable of virtuous sentiments, the fact would contradict all experience, and appear a strange phenomenon in the history of mankind. May I be permitted to remind your majesty of an apologue of our ancestors which has been preserved to us by tradition?

"A young wolf was once sent to school, in hopes that education might correct his natural voracity. His master, for his instruction in reading, transcribed the letters of the alphabet in a large hand, and attempted to teach him  
the

the use of those characters. But instead of pronouncing these letters, L, S, G, after his master, the pupil, of himself, read them Lamb, Sheep, Goat. Instinct prevailed, and rendered the rapacity of his nature incorrigible. The son of a robber must be just such another. An invincible propensity to vice is radically inherent in his nature. He is an infected mass, which no pains can purify. But what surprises me most, Sire, is that so atrocious a criminal should have been suffered to survive the moment in which his guilt was detected."

These remonstrances made by Baharon renewed the monarch's indignation against the youth. He ordered the prisoner to be brought in irons before him. His command was obeyed.

Aladdin came forward. The king, with some difficulty, repressing the sentiments which he felt in his favour, addressed him harshly in these words: "Traitor! nothing shall now intervene to delay thy punishment. Thy crime, and my vengeance shall afford a salutary example to mankind." So saying, he gave a sign to the executioner to do his duty. "Sire," interrupted Aladdin, with a firm, yet modest countenance, bearing at once the impressions of courage and innocence, "Sire, my life is in your majesty's hands. But I yet conjure you not to cut me off precipitately. He who confines his view to the present, without taking in the future, exposes himself to be afterwards tortured by repentance, as bitter as that which was felt by the merchant, whose story I have heard related. But, on the contrary, he who in his determinations reckons upon the future, must one day have reason to rejoice



rejoice in his conduct, as had that merchant's son.

Bohetzad could not help being again curious to hear the story to which Aladdin alluded. "I consent to hear you relate that merchant's adventures," said the monarch, "but you have no farther indulgence to expect."

"Most gracious sovereign!" said Aladdin, "command the executioner who stands with his sabre raised over my head to retire; I think now that I see the angel of death present before me." The officer of justice was ordered to retire; and Aladdin proceeded, in these words, with his relation.

*Story of Illage Mahomet and his Sons; or, the  
Imprudent Man.*

There was, Sire, in the city of Naka in Tartary, a merchant, named Illage Mahomet, who resolved to trade to the most distant parts of the world, and fitted out a ship which might stand a long voyage, and contain a large cargo. When the ship was ready, he put his goods on board, and upon the first fair wind, took leave of his wife, embraced his three children, and sailed for India.

The wind continued favourable, and he soon reached the capital of India. He had his goods conveyed to a Kan where he went to lodge himself. Being nowise uneasy as to the sale of his merchandise, he went through the different quarters of the city, attended by four slaves, and made himself acquainted with the most distinguished merchants in the place. His attendants  
had



had carried about specimens of his goods, and given notice of their quantity and condition ; so that it was not long before a number of purchasers crowded to the Khan.

The king of India used often to traverse the city, and remark what was passing in its different quarters, in disguise. Chance having directed his steps to the vicinity of the Khan, he became curious to know what could draw such a concourse of people thither. He soon perceived the foreign merchant, whose engaging countenance and pleasing address produced an immediate impression in his favour. He heard him reply obligingly and distinctly to the questions put to him, and saw him transact his business with a degree of open honesty which gave satisfaction to every one. He wished to enter into conversation with him ; but would not immediately, lest his own quality should be detected. He returned, therefore, in haste, to his palace, resumed his imperial robes, and sent for the honest merchant. The merchant, without delay, attended the monarch's pleasure. The king graciously expressed his desire of becoming acquainted with him, and in the first place, of knowing who he was.

"Sire," answered the merchant, "I was born, and have been hitherto settled at Kaka, near Caucasus. I am a merchant. Your majesty's liberal encouragement of commerce has invited me hither. Providence favoured my voyage."

The king was pleased with the stranger's simple and dignified reply, and sought to learn more particularly the nature and extent of his knowledge by expressing, in turns, curiosity concerning  
some

some subjects, and difficulties with respect to others. But every new answer from the merchant gave him only the greater satisfaction. Convinced from all he heard that this stranger possessed talents greatly above trade, the king determined to raise him to an high office in his service. Not that he wished so much to tempt the stranger's stay by hastily lavishing favours upon him, as that he knew superior abilities to be of no extraordinary use in an inferior situation. That he might call all his talents into action, therefore, he offered him at once the post of Grand Vizier.

Illage received this honour with warm expressions of gratitude and respect. "I shall think myself too highly honoured, Sire, in being numbered among the slaves who surround your throne. The dignity of the post which your majesty offers me is greatly above my merit or pretensions. But the exalted idea which I have conceived of your majesty inspires me with the warmest zeal for your service, and gives me confidence to devote myself entirely to it.

The monarch more and more satisfied with his new minister, made them bring him instantly a magnificent robe, assigned him a lodging in a palace adjoining to his own, and caused him to be, without delay, installed in his new office. He had no reason to repent of the choice which he had made, however apparently precipitate. The new Vizier, when seated in the divan, beside his master, never shewed the least embarrassment in the discussion even of the most delicate and intricate affairs. He knew to clear up every difficulty with astonishing penetration. Justice and equity

equity were conspicuous in all his decisions." The monarch was honoured and beloved, and the people were happy under so wise and benevolent an administration.

Two years passed before Illage's business would suffer him to think of his family. Nature at last reclaimed her rights. The Vizier, after being so long divided from friends whom he so dearly loved, became anxious to see them. The sovereign was alarmed when the minister first mentioned his wishes. But the prince was endowed with a feeling heart, and generous dispositions; and he could not long resist the voice of nature. He permitted his minister to undertake the voyage which he proposed, limiting his absence to a certain period, and directed him to bring with him his whole family, that he might return with the less regret. With this permission the Vizier embarked for Naka in a ship of war, under his own command.

Since the departure of this Tartar merchant from his native city, his family had received no news concerning him, and remained in the utmost anxiety, as to his fate: Till, luckily a merchant of the same country, returning from India, brought them accounts of him, which restored their tranquillity. Their joy was excessive, when they learned the success and elevation of him whom they had lamented as perhaps dead in some miserable manner. Illage's wife resolved to repair instantly to her husband, not so much to share his glory, as again to enjoy his love. She set her affairs in order, and, after taking all the necessary measures, embarked with the same merchant who had brought the joyful news.

They



They had proceeded several days' sail, upon their voyage, when the vessel anchored near an isle, where the goods on board were to be discharged, and exchanged for a new cargo. Contrary winds had forced Illage to put in at the same place. He was lodged near the harbour, and had lain down to rest after the fatigues which he had undergone in the latter part of his voyage. His wife, who lodged at a greater distance from the shore, soon learned that a ship from India had arrived in the harbour; and that it was from the capital of the Indian Empire. She sent her children to ask news of the Grand Vizier: and these they could not well fail to obtain.

The youths ran from the inn in which they and their mother lodged, till they came under the windows of the apartment in which the Grand Vizier lay asleep. These overlooked an eminence on which several bales of merchandize were laid out to dry. The thoughtless children began to play upon the bales, and to struggle who of the two should throw his brother. The contest was managed between them with keenness and dexterity; and as either was worsted, they shouted, upon the victory and the defeat, with cries so piercing, that the Vizier was awakened.

He was in a passion at the noise. He went to the window, to make them be quite: And as he put his head and arms out at it, three diamonds which had been presented to him by the king, fell from his fingers. The tossing which he had so lately suffered on the sea, had rendered his temper at this time unusually irritable. The habit



Habit of commanding others, too, had made him more impatient than he once was, even of the slightest injuries. The isle on which he had landed was still a dependency on his government. He therefore ordered those troublesome children to be seized, and went down himself to look for his diamonds. But, amidst the confusion, the search proved fruitless. Thus transported, by degrees, to an high pitch of fury, he accused them not barely of causing the loss of the diamonds, but even of having stolen them. Their innocence could not defend them against his prejudices. He ordered that they should undergo the bastinado, and should, after that be bound upon a plank, and cast into the sea. Those poor innocents were thus tossed about upon the waves, and seemed to be upon the point of perishing inevitably, by a cruel death.

Night, in the mean time, came on, and Illage's wife was surprised that her children came not back. In a state of extreme anxiety, she went out to seek them. The neighbours could give her no information. She ran from street to street, but could meet nobody that could satisfy her impatience. At last she reached the harbour. There, upon hearing her description of the three children whom she sought, a sailor told her: "Madam, the three children whom you seek, are the very same that a great man from India, who is newly arrived, caused to be punished by his slaves for an act of theft of which he accused them. They were first bastinadoed, and then bound upon a plank, and cast into the sea." At these words the miserable mother filled the air with her cries, rent her

garments, and tore her hair. "Oh! my children," cried she, "where is now the Vizier, your father, to revenge your murder?" The cries of her despair reached the ears of her husband, who was not far off. He thought that he had heard the voice before: and he learned that it was the mother of the children whom he had condemned to death, who uttered those screams of anguish. Nature tugged at his heart. He could no longer doubt that they were his own children whom he had punished. He hastened to the unhappy woman, and knew her at once to be his wife. Ah! barbarous wretch that I am!" cried he, "I have inhumanly murdered our children! Fatal authority with which I was invested! Thou hast blinded me; and hast taken away those restraints which confined me to the practice of justice! I am the murderer of my own children!" While he spoke thus, his countenance bore every mark of the deepest despair, and he was transported by all the agitations of violent passion. His wife sunk down at his feet, under the sorrow with which she was overpowered. "Never forgive me," continued he, "I am a monster of inhumanity; and I consider myself as the more guilty for being at present superior to the restraints of law: I must be for ever racked by remorse, and loaded with your reproaches. I was offended, and hastily wreaked my vengeance without taking time to reflect upon what I was doing. I saw guilt where it was not, and lifted up my hand against innocence, without foreseeing that the stroke was to fall upon myself."

"You

"You see," Sire, added Aladdin, "how much reason the Vizier now found to repent of having supposed the children guilty, upon bare appearance, and of having hastily inflicted rigorous punishment before he could know on whom it was to fall. He remembered not, that we ought always to have an eye to the future in deciding upon the present.

The unhappy Illage conceived an immediate disgust at his wealth and honours, disdained farther search for his diamonds, and left the care of his ship and its lading. He sustained the feeble, staggering steps of the disconsolate mother, and they wandered together along the sea-shore, mournfully demanding back from the devouring deep, the precious pledges which the Vizier had cruelly committed to its raging billows.

"Your majesty will pardon me," continued Aladdin, "if I here leave the wretched pair for a short time, while I call your attention to the fate of their unfortunate children. The billows, to whose fury they had been committed, were at the time so tempestuously agitated, that although often dashed one against another, they were, however, in a short time separated. One of the two, after struggling two days against the waves, and being often in danger of being dashed to pieces amongst rocks, at last found himself suddenly upon dry ground, on the shore of a neighbouring kingdom. The sand had, by long continued friction, cut the cords with which he was confined to the plank, and, notwithstanding his fatigue and hunger, he was yet able to disengage himself and proceed a few steps from the



shore. The first person he saw was an officer, who had come to give his horse drink in an adjoining spring. This man was affected at the sight of the poor child, covered his nakedness with a part of his own clothes, took him up behind him, and carried him to his own house. The boy was soon greatly recovered by nourishing food and rest. His benefactor shortly after clothed him decently, and presented him to the king of the country, who was much prepossessed in his favour by the very strangeness of the incident.

The promising physiognomy of the youth made a strong impression on the monarch, and his sensible and pertinent answers completed the effect of his features and aspect. He became a domestic in the palace; he was there distinguished among the other officers; and by his behaviour he continued to gain upon the esteem and confidence of his sovereign. The prince, whom Heaven had not blessed with children, conceived that he could not do a greater kindness to his subjects, than by adopting a child so promising, whom fortune had thrown in his way. His choice was applauded by the whole court, and confirmed by the divan. The people were happy; and the talents of the young prince soon made him to be esteemed as one of the bravest and ablest persons of the royal rank in Asia. When his adoptive father's age and infirmities rendered him unfit to support the weighty charge of government longer, the sceptre was transferred by the old monarch to Illage's son. He caused his young successor to marry; and soon after terminated his career,



career, resigning his soul into the hands of his merciful Creator.

The young monarch lamented his benefactor with the sincerest and deepest grief. He was zealous to discharge the duties which gratitude and piety equally required of him. To do honour to the remains of his predecessor, therefore, by prayers and other solemnities, he convoked the divan. They repaired to the mosques. The Amama, the Nabib, the Dervises, and their disciples assisted all in paying the due honours to the memory of the deceased sovereign. Alms were liberally distributed to the poor, and to all the hospitals in the kingdom. This religious regard to the obsequies of his predecessor, afforded the fairest hopes of the wisdom of the monarch's reign: and these were not frustrated. He proved a prince of distinguished justice, was unwearied in the care of his people, and treated them with all the tenderness of a parent.

Providence had thus saved one of the Vizier's children from the fury of the ocean, in order to raise him to an exalted pitch of greatness. But, the unhappy father still lamented the loss of both, when, in one of the isles, where he had fixed his residence, he heard the Dellal, one day, offer a young slave to sale, and, in a loud voice, invite the curious to see him. Illage stopped, looked at the young man, and felt himself prompted by some unaccountable feeling to purchase him.

The figure of this stranger had something in it which invincibly interested and attracted him. His age seemed to correspond to that of the children whom he had lost. And, if the qualities of his soul corresponded at all to the comeli-

ness of his features, Illage hoped that he might, so far, supply the place of one of his dear lost infants. He returned home with his new slave.

His wife, who saw them at some distance, instantly knew the youth, and ran to throw herself into his arms. The surprise was too great for her sensibility, and she fainted away. But, before she sank down, overpowered with joy, she had articulated the name of her son. The attentions of her husband, and of the youth, soon revived her. The father was moved with the spectacle before him, and felt the emotions of parental affection in his heart. He thanked Heaven for such high and unhopèd-for kindness, mingled tears and caresses with those of his wife and son, and enjoyed all the delight of this unexpected recognition. Yet a new subject of uneasiness arose; the presence of one son recalled the memory of his brother. "What had become of him?" was the question.

"Alas!" replied the youth, "the waves soon separated the planks on which we were borne, so that I cannot tell what was his fate. This reply redoubled the affliction of the parents. But, the hope of a new favour from heaven, similar to what had now been vouchsafed them, afforded them some semblance of consolation; and they turned all their care to the dear youth, whom providence had restored to them.

Several years thus passed. Achib, Illage's son, grew fast up to strength and maturity; his mind was at the same time diligently cultivated: and he was soon fit to engage in the pursuits of commerce. His father seeing that he might even make a trading voyage with advantage, bought him

him a ship, laded it, and sent it out under his son's direction, to the capital of the isles in which they were settled.

Achib, when he arrived in the capital, hired a warehouse in a Kan, laid up his goods in it, and passed several days in disposing advantageously of his effects.

The feast of Ramazan, in the mean time, came on. Aladdin, as having sucked in the sacred doctrines of the Alcoran in a manner with his mother's milk, was a faithful Musalman. To get the Koran by heart had indeed been the great business of his earlier years; and he was besides a skilful enough musician to be able to discharge the functions of the Amama\*. He put on his faragi, and went to the principal mosque; where was the king, with all his court, and nobles, assisting at the mid-day prayer.

The young man placed himself beside the king; and, when the Athib †, went into the desk, and began to pronounce the *Falhea*, (or Musalman creed) Achib thrice replied *Alla Akbar*. The assembly, and the king himself, were surprised to see that the young stranger had presumed to seat himself beside his majesty; but the more agreeable surprise with which they were struck, at hearing the sounds of his melodious and affecting voice, soon drew their notice from that circumstance. They all agreed that they had never heard any thing so perfectly musical. The Athib was jealous; he did not suppose that

\* A priest who reads and explains the Alcoran.

† A reader who reads prayers in a loud voice.



that there had been a finer voice in the world than his own; chagrin made him actually lose the use of his voice, and he felt it die away on his lips. Achib gave him no time to recover it, but continued the prayer with a degree of energy and readiness, which no efforts of the Athib's could exceed, even when he had so far recovered confidence as to try.

When the service was ended, and the king left the mosque, he ordered his officers to wait for the new singer, to get ready a horse for him, and to conduct him to the palace, where his majesty wished to see him. Achib received the invitation respectfully, and readily obeyed the orders of the sovereign. The prince received him graciously, praised his abilities, and seemed to feel a secret prepossession in favour of the stranger, by a sort of sympathy, the motives of which, although he found it peculiarly interesting, he could not himself explain.

Achib was not more than seventeen years of age. Nature had given him a very graceful figure. There was nothing, therefore, to counteract the partiality which the king felt in his favour. He lodged him in the palace, and gave him a decided preference above all the pages and other servants of his household.

Those officers soon concerted to ruin their rival. But, the virtuous Achib, after residing for a considerable time at this court, became desirous of again seeing his parents, and giving an account of the goods which had been intrusted to him. Fearing, however, that he might not obtain permission from the monarch to visit them, he wrote to inform them of his good fortune, and



and the high favour which he enjoyed. This, with the anxiety which he expressed to see them, was enough to induce his parents to repair speedily to him.

The letter made a deep and pleasing impression on the hearts both of Illage and his wife. They were delighted to think that their son should, even at his early years, recommend himself so successfully to the good graces of a prince. They accordingly sent notice to their son that they should soon be with him. Achib had no sooner received the news, than he purchased a house, fitted it up with suitable furniture, and not long after had the pleasure of receiving in it the authors of his days. The king sent them presents upon their arrival; the magnificence of which was a plain indication of his favour for their son.

In spring, the king retired to one of his country-houses, accompanied by his court, whom he there entertained with a variety of festive amusements. One evening, as he was indulging himself more freely than was usual for him, in the pleasures of the table, he happened to drink of a liquor with the strength of which he was unacquainted. Soon after, he felt himself seized with a stupor which obliged him to throw himself down on the sofa, and he there fell asleep. His servants were all too eagerly engaged in their pleasures to pay any notice to his condition. Only Achib, swayed by affection, could not long leave his lord and benefactor, but returned into the apartment, and there found the monarch asleep.

He

He retired upon this, to the back of the door, drew his sabre, and prepared to stand sentinel, till the prince should awake. One of the pages happening soon after to come in, was surprised to find him in that posture, and asked the reason. "I watch over the safety of my prince," said Achib. "It is what my duty and my affection require." The page ran to give his fellows an account of what he had seen. They at once conceived, that, by availing themselves of this opportunity, they might remove a hated rival, and went in a body to find the monarch. The witnesses deposed that he had found Achib in his majesty's chamber, while the king was asleep, with his drawn sabre in his hand; he insinuated that the faithful servant must have had guilty views, and that nothing but some sudden alarm could have withheld his hand from striking the meditated blow. "Sire," continued he, "if your majesty has any doubt of the truth of what I tell, you need only pretend to fall asleep to-day in the same heedless manner, and you shall see the traitor renew his wicked attempt." The king although staggered by this accusation, would not, however, trust implicitly to the page's tale, but thought proper to use means by himself for clearing up his doubts.

The pages, in mean time, artfully sought to conceal from Achib the suspicions which they had laboured to instil into the king's mind against him. "The king," said they, "is much pleased with your zeal for the safety of his person. "Achib," says he, "is to me as a buckler; with him to guard me I can sleep secure."

Night

Night coming on, after an entertainment in which the king had affected much careless gaiety, his majesty suddenly retired, and cast himself down upon a sofa, apparently in the same state of insensibility into which he had sunk in the foregoing evening. Achib who was careful not to lose sight of his master, entered the apartment where he supposed him asleep, to watch over the safety of the royal person, with his drawn sabre in his hand. At sight of the glittering blade the prince was alarmed. He raised a cry of terror, and the officers of his guard ran in. Achib was arrested, loaded with irons, and led to prison.

Next morning, after prayers, the king assembled his divan, seated himself on his throne, and made the prisoner, whom calumny and mistaken appearances had represented as criminal, to be brought before him. "Ungrateful wretch," said the king, "wouldst thou take away my life in return for the favours which I have heaped upon thee? I shall take care to inflict signal vengeance upon thy treachery." Achib made no answer to these reproaches, and was sent back to prison.

He was scarcely retired from the presence when two of the courtiers who were his bitterest enemies approached the sovereign. "Sire," said they, "we are surprised to see you delay the execution of the criminal. Can any wicked attempt be so atrocious as that which he sought to commit? Your justice ought to be speedy, and signal, in a case which respects your personal safety and the tranquillity of your people.

"In a matter of this nature," said his majesty "we must beware of precipitation: the accused



is in irons, and cannot escape. Public justice shall be satisfied in due time. It is easy to take away life but impossible to restore it. Life is the gift of heaven, which we should regard with such a degree of sacred respect as not to destroy it in any of our fellow-creatures till after the most mature deliberation. The injury once done cannot be repaired ! I am capable of acting with reflection ; and I am determined that the future shall not have to reproach me for the abuse of the present." After speaking thus the king dissolved the divan, gave orders to make ready his hunting-equipage, and went to spend a few days in the amusements of the chace.

At his return he was again assailed by the enemies of Achib. By their accounts the delay of his punishment was exciting discontents among the people : and they represented that clemency and moderation ceased to be virtues when exercised towards so guilty an object. These remonstrances perplexed the prince, who had now nothing to offer against them, since the delay had thrown no new light upon the affair. He determined upon inflicting the punishment which justice seemed to demand, and gave orders that the officers of justice should conduct the prisoner into his presence.

Achib was brought to the foot of the throne, with a bandage upon his eyes. The executioner took his sword, and awaited his majesty's orders. At that instant a confused noise was heard. A stranger rushed through the crowd, and threw himself at the monarch's feet. It was the unfortunate Illage !

" Mercy !



“ Mercy ! Sire, mercy ! spare the only child that remains to me ! My son could never meditate an attempt upon your life ; he is incapable of so black a piece of treason ; your life is dearer to him than his own ! Here are his letters by which I was persuaded to repair to your majesty’s court, that I might here delight myself with the contemplation of those royal virtues of which his representations had excited in me the highest admiration. O prince ! whose glorious qualities are renowned through the world, give this new instance of your wisdom to justify the public admiration ; rise superior to that resentment to which you have been moved by fallacious appearances. Dreadful are the consequences of precipitancy in judgment. Behold in me a terrible example of the fatal effects which follow from yielding without reflection to the fury of passion. Heaven gave me children, Sire, from whom I was separated in their early infancy. The day arrived when we were to meet again. Not recognizing them, and actuated by blind rage, I abused the power with which I was invested, and made my own children to be bound upon planks and cast into the sea. He whom your vengeance now threatens, is the only one that escaped : Can I bear to witness his death to day ? Such was the unhappy effect of my inexcusable rashness. My heart is filled with bitterness, and my tears must continue to flow till my eyes are closed in death.”

While Illage spoke, the king was fixed in astonishment. It was his own story that he heard. He who spoke, was his father ; he whom he had condemned to death, his brother.

Happy in having formed habits of moderation and self-command in the exercise of his power, he now guarded against the dangerous consequences of too abrupt a discovery. At last nature could no longer withstand the emotions which swelled his heart, and he eagerly embraced the author of his days. He made himself known to his brother, took away the fetters with which malice had loaded the virtuous Achib, and after congratulating and condoling with his dear relations, thus addressed his divan: "See," said he "to what extreme misery I should have exposed myself, if I had lightly listened to the accusations of calumny; and if in compliance with your insidious representations, I had inflicted punishment with so hasty a hand as you required. Go, blush! not one among you to take part with innocence!" After uttering these few poignant expressions, the king retired with his father and brother into his own apartments, invited them to share all the pleasures of his court, and sent twenty slaves, in rich apparel, to communicate the pleasing and wonderful news to his mother. This family thus happily reunited, grateful to the Almighty, and faithful to the law of the Prophet, continued to live in the enjoyment of the tenderest domestic happiness, till the decree of destiny called them one after another, from the imperfection of this life to the *felicity of a better world*.

Thus Aladdin concluded the story of Illage Mahomet, or the imprudent man, not without adding some suitable reflections calculated to make an impression on the mind of the prince  
to

to whom he had the honour of addressing himself.

“Sire!” said he, “if the son in his regal character had acted as rashly as the father did in his ministerial character, innocence would have been here sacrificed to jealousy and ambition, and a whole family would have been doomed to perpetual sorrow and remorse. Such is indeed always the consequence of limiting our views merely to what is immediately before us. Appearances are equally against me, and envy has taken advantage of them to represent me as criminal. But I have still Heaven and your majesty’s enlightened wisdom to trust in.”

When the young man had ended speaking, Bohetzad turned to his ministers: “I mean not,” said he, “that guilt should pass unpunished, but truth, even from the mouth of an enemy, is to be heard with attention and regard. This wretch, base as he is, has justly enough observed that by taking time to reflect no risk is run. Let him therefore be carried back to prison.”

The Viziers could scarcely contain their rage. By delay, the king’s penetration might pierce thro’ that cloud of falsehood which they had laboured to raise. As they acted all in concert, the third of their number presented himself next at the king’s levee. Bohetzad asked whether no new light had yet been thrown upon the affair. “Sire,” replied the minister, “our administration under your majesty’s authority maintains tranquillity in your capital; nor would there be the smallest danger of disturbance, did not your majesty with a blameable lenity delay the punishment of a robber, who has dared to offer dishonour to



your bed and throne. Your people murmur at your ill-placed compassion; and I should be sorry to be wanting in my duty by concealing their dissatisfaction from your majesty, till it might rise to a dangerous height. It is impossible to be too early in guarding against revolt; and that which now threatens you, may have the most fatal effects."

These suggestions persuaded the king to order the culprit to be again brought before him: "Wretch," said he, "thou canst never cite me to a higher tribunal, for wreaking my vengeance rashly upon thy head. However weak and little to the purpose thy defences have been, I have heard them all patiently; I have given them their full weight; but reserve and circumspection are to be carried only a certain length. The people murmur; their patience is exhausted as well as mine. Heaven and earth call upon me to vindicate my justice by thy punishment, and thy last moment is near."

"Sire," answered the modest Aladdin, "the people may expect an instance of your justice. If the people be impatient, they are to blame; but patience is among the first of those virtues which constitute the strength and stability of the throne. This virtue, necessary to all, fits us for that resignation which we owe to the unchangeable decrees of Heaven, and exalted the patient Abosaber from the depth of a dungeon to the elevation of a throne.

"Who was that Abosaber?" asked the king.  
"Recite his story,"

*Story*



*Story of Abosaber the Patient.*

"Sire," said Aladdin, "Abosaber, surnamed the Patient, was a rich and generous man, whose liberal charity diffused happiness through the village in which he dwelt. He was kind to the poor, and hospitable to strangers. His barns were full, his ploughs were constantly at work, his flocks were spread through the fields, plenty was maintained in the country by his wealth and beneficence. He had a wife and two children, his domestic felicity was undisturbed, no wild beasts ravaged his folds or stalls; his peasants enjoyed an easy competence for themselves and their families; till at length a monstrous lion came to disturb this scene of secure and happy industry.

Abosaber's wife proposed that her husband and his servants should march out to hunt this rapacious animal, whose ravages affected them more than any in the neighbourhood, on account of their more extensive possessions. Wife," said Abosaber, "let us have patience; patience sees an end to every thing; we suffer not alone; his ferocity invades our neighbours as well as us; he must fall sooner or later, whether we inter-meddle or not; let us leave it to Heaven to vindicate our cause; guilt never escapes unpunished."

The king of the country at length heard of the ravages of this lion, and gave orders for a general chase. A body of his subjects soon took arms, fought out the lion, and encompassed him on all sides. A volley of arrows were showered upon the ferocious animal; he became desperate, his hair stood on end; his eyes glared; he lashed

his sides with his enormous tail; and roaring with a voice of thunder, rushed furiously upon one of the hunters who had advanced before the rest. This was a young man of the age of nineteen years, mounted upon a vigorous and high-mettled horse.

At the cry of the lion, however, the generous animal was seized with terror, his strength failed, and he fell down dead. The intrepid rider was instantly upon his feet, invoked the name of the Prophet, and plunged his scymetar into the monstrous throat of the lion, whose jaws were opened to devour him. Such an instance of bold and steady courage gained the gallant youth not only the applause of his sovereign, but even the high office of commander in chief of all the forces in the kingdom.

Abosaber, when he heard of the victory over the lion, said to his wife, "see now whether punishment does not always await the mischievous! Is it not much better that we have been patient! Had I followed your advice, and ventured to attack an animal which it has required so considerable a force to overcome, I might have lost my own life as well as my servants."

This lion was not the only invader that infested the peaceable retirement of Abosaber; the inhabitants of the village had not all the reputation of unsuspected honesty. One of them committed a robbery upon a house in the capital, and made his escape, after murdering its master. The king, upon receiving information of this robbery and murder, sent for the relations and friends of the deceased. Their knowledge respecting the murderer went no farther than sus-  
picions,

picious, and these fell upon the inhabitants of the village in which Abosaber had his residence, who were reckoned among the worst members of the community, and who had been known to frequent the house in which the robbery and murder had been committed. Upon these suggestions, and without seeking farther proof, the angry monarch sent an officer with a party to lay waste the village, and bring away the inhabitants in fetters.

The persons intrusted with the execution of these orders not only fulfilled but even exceeded their commission. Those undisciplined soldiery spread their ravages through all the adjoining country, sparing only the dwelling of Abosaber and six persons of his family; but destroying his vineyards and corn-fields, as well as those of his fellow-townsmen. The wife of Abosaber lamented this disaster with much noisy sorrow. "We are ruined," said she to her husband, "our flocks and herds, you see, are carried off with those of our guilty neighbours, notwithstanding the orders given to spare us. See how unjustly we are treated; speak to the king's officers." "I have spoken to them," answered Abosaber, "but they have not time to hear me. Let us have patience; the evil will recoil upon those who commit it. A mischief on him who gives orders that are both rigorous and urgent! A mischief on him who acts without reflection! The evils which the king heaps upon us will soon, I fear, fall back upon his own head."

An enemy of Abosaber's heard these words, and reported them to the king. "Such," said the informer, "is the language held by him whom  
your



your majesty's mercy spared. In consequence of this the monarch ordered Abosaber, his wife, and two children to be expelled from the village, and banished out of his dominions.

The wife of this wife and resigned Musulman renewed her murmurs, and expressed her resentment in the bitterest language of complaint. "Have patience, wife," said he, "patience is the sovereign balm for adversity; it gives wholesome advice, and opens up springs of joy and consolation. Let us go to the deserts since we are driven hence. Good Abosaber looked up and blessed Almighty God as he went on his way with his family. However, they were hardly within the desert when they were attacked by a band of robbers, who spoiled and stripped them, and left them without resource, hopeless of human aid, and with nothing but the gracious care of providence to trust to. At this new stroke of the malignity of fortune the woman, having lost all that she held dearest, gave free vent to her sorrows, and with plaintive cries exclaimed to her husband; "Unfeeling man, lay aside thine indifference; let us run after the robbers; if they have any sense of humanity remaining they will restore our children."

"Have patience," replied Abosaber, "patience is the only remedy for evils that seem to admit of none. The robbers are well mounted, naked and fatigued as we are, it is not probable that we should overtake them; even if we could, perhaps those barbarous men might be so enraged at our importunate lamentations as to put us to death." The good woman became calm when her strength was so exhausted that she could  
not



not continue her complaints: and they both arrived shortly after on the bank of a river, within sight of a village.

"Rest here," said Abosaber to his wife, "while I go to find lodging for us, and to obtain, if possible, some garments to cover our nakedness." He proceeded towards the village, which stood at no great distance. Hardly was Abosaber out of the sight of his wife when a person happened to come up on horseback, who stooped in amazement at the sight of so beautiful a woman, naked, and alone, in a bye-path. The object of his curiosity soon awakened other desires. He put various questions to her, such as were naturally suggested by the strangeness of the adventure; to which she replied with modest simplicity. Her answers seemed to offer some shadow of hope to the young man. "Madam, said he, "you are formed for a happier destiny. Deign to follow me, and to accept, with my heart and hand, a situation of enviable happiness."—"I have a husband," said the lady, "to whom, however unfortunate he may have been, I am attached for life."—"I have not time," returned the cavalier, "to convince you of the folly of this refusal, in your present condition. I love you. Mount my horse, without reply, otherwise, with a stroke of my scymetar I will here end your life and misfortunes together."

Abosaber's wife, thus forced to comply with a ravisher's demand; yet, before her departure, wrote these words upon the sand: "Abosaber, by your patience you have lost your fortune, your children, and your wife, who is now ravished  
from

from you: Heaven grant that Fortune have not still heavier evils in store for you!" While she wrote these words the cavalier again bridled his horse, and, when all was ready, seized his prey, and was soon out of sight.

Abosaber, at his return, looked about for his wife, and called on her in vain. All was silent. He chanced, however, to look upon the sand, and thus learned the extent of his misfortune. He could not withstand the first emotions of grief; he tore his hair, beat his breast, and dashed himself upon the ground. But the swell of passion was succeeded by a calm.

"Have patience, Abosaber," said he to himself, "thou lovest thy wife, and art beloved by her. God has most probably permitted her to fall into her present situation in order to relieve her from severer distress. Does it become thee to pry into the secrets of providence? Thy duty is to submit, and no longer to weary and offend Heaven with thy murmurs and complaints. With these reflections he became fully resigned, and, giving up the idea of returning to the village, took the road to a great city, the minarets of which had caught his eye at a distance.

As he approached he saw a number of workmen employed in building a palace for the King. The conductor of the work took him by the arm, and obliged him to join the other labourers, under pain of being sent to prison. Abosaber was forced to have patience and to do his best, while a little bread and water was all that he had for his labour.

He had been about a month in this laborious and unprofitable employment, when one of his fellow-

fellow-workmen happened to fall from a scaffold and break his leg. The poor wretch uttered screams of anguish, which were interrupted only by imprecations and complaints. Abosaber went up to him; "comrade," said he, "instead of soothing you, rather increase your pain by these complaints; have patience! the effects of patience are always beneficial; it enables us to bear misfortune; and is of such sovereign efficacy as often to raise a man from the bottom of a well to a throne." The monarch of the country was at one of the windows of his palace, to which he had been attracted by the cries of the unfortunate workman; he heard the words of Abosaber with indignation. "Arrest that man," said he to one of his officers, "and bring him before me." Abosaber was instantly hurried into the presence of the tyrant, whose pride he had unknowingly offended.

"Audacious wretch," said the barbarous king, "sayest thou that patience can raise a man from the bottom of a well to a throne; thou shalt make experience of the truth of thine impertinent maxim." He at the same time ordered him to be put down into a deep and dry well, which happened to be in the court of the palace. He then visited him regularly every day, himself; bringing him two small pieces of bread: "Abosaber," said he, "methinks thou art still at the bottom of the well; when will thy patience raise thee to a throne?"

The more the brutal monarch insulted his prisoner, so much the more did Abosaber arm his spirit with resignation. "Let me have patience," said he, "and not attempt to return insult with reproach:



proach : it is not for men to revenge themselves. The measure of his crimes will at length be filled up. The eye of Heaven beholds my condition : God is the judge of all ; let me have patience."

The King had a brother whom he had always concealed from every eye in a secret corner of his palace ; but anxious distrust led him to fear that he might one day or other make his escape and be raised to the throne : he had therefore, lately, cast him, secretly, into the same well in which Abosaber was now confined. The wretched victim of policy soon sunk under the misery of his fate. He died ; but his death came not to be publicly known, whereas the rest of the secret had already transpired.

The grandees of the kingdom, and the nation in general, shocked at his capricious cruelty, of which they were all liable to become the victims, rose unanimously against the tyrant, and assassinated him. Abosaber's adventure had long been forgotten. An officer of the palace related that the King went daily with bread to a man in the well, and conversed with him. This suggested that he might be the tyrant's brother, who had been so cruelly treated. Abosaber was eagerly raised from the place of his confinement ; and being taken for the presumptive heir of the crown, before he could speak and discover who he was, they hurried him to the bath, arrayed him in the royal purple, and placed him on the throne.

The new King, still steady to his principles, resigned himself to this favourable dispensation of Heaven. His aspect, and reserved manners disposed every one to hope well of his reign ;  
and



and the wisdom of his conduct soon justified their hopes. Not only did he weigh with unwearied patience every affair submitted to his decision, but he entered himself as much as possible into all the details of public business. "Viziers, cadi's, and officers of justice," said he, "have patience, and examine whatever is brought before you, and be not precipitate in your judgment." His prudence was universally admired, and all submitted to its guidance. Such was the general disposition of his subjects towards him, when a train of events occasioned an alteration in his fortune.

A neighbouring monarch who had been conquered and expelled from his dominions by a powerful enemy, came with a few attendants to take refuge in his court, and to implore, on his knees, the hospitality, the kindness, and the aid of Abofaber, who was celebrated for his virtues, and above all, for his patience.

Abofaber dismissed his divan that he might converse in private with the fugitive prince. No sooner were they alone than he thus addressed him. "Know me for Abofaber; once your subject; by you unjustly deprived of his property, and banished from your dominions. Behold how wonderfully Heaven has changed our conditions. I left my village in extreme misery and want; but I patiently resigned myself to my fate, and providence has raised me to a throne: while your conduct, marked by caprice, cruelty, and rashness has humbled you from your exaltation. I cannot help thinking, when I see you thus left at my discretion, that Heaven charges

me with the accomplishment of its decrees, upon you, for an example to the wicked."

After this reprimand, and without waiting for a reply, Abosaber ordered his officers to strip the fugitive king with all his train, and to drive them, in that condition, out of the city. His orders were instantly obeyed, but not without occasioning some murmurs. Ought an unfortunate prince, who is reduced to supplicate protection, to be so harshly treated? This was contrary to the laws of equity, humanity, and sound policy.

Some time after this, Abosaber learning that a band of robbers infested a particular part of his dominions, sent a party of his troops against them, who surprised, seized, and brought them before him. The King knew them to be the same who had deprived him of his children. He examined their chief in private. "In such a situation" said he, "and in such a desert, you found a man, a woman, and two children. You stripped the father and the mother, and carried off the children; what have you done with them?" "Sire," replied the chief of the robbers, "those young men are at present among us, and at your majesty's disposal. We are ready also to surrender up into your hands all that we have amassed by rapine; only pardon our crimes, grant us life, receive us into the number of your subjects, and your majesty shall have no soldiers more faithful to their duty or more attached to your service." The King received the young men, took possession of the robbers' property, and caused them all to be forthwith beheaded, without regard to their supplications and complaints.

Abosaber's

Abosaber's subjects, when they beheld this speedy and severe infliction of punishment, and recollected his conduct to the fugitive prince, were astonished at this change in their monarch's temper. "What precipitation is this?" said they, "can this be the compassionate prince who used to check the Cadi's haste to punish, and was continually repeating; *Stay, examine, do nothing rashly; have patience!* Their surprise was already great, but was soon raised to a higher pitch by a new incident.

A gentleman came to complain of his wife. Abosaber, before hearing him, said, "Bring your wife hither. If I must hear your complaints, it is but just that at the same time I hear what she has to say for herself." The gentleman went out, and soon after returned with his wife. Scarcely had the king seen her when he ordered her to be conducted into the interior apartments of the palace, and the gentleman who complained of her to be beheaded. His orders were executed. His Vizier, officers, and all his divan now murmured so loudly that Abosaber could not avoid hearing. Such an act of violence had never been seen; it was unexampled barbarity. The king whom they had dethroned and slain had never done any thing so shockingly tyrannical; and this brother of his from the well, whose first acts bespoke so much sagacity and prudence, could, with great coolness, perform deeds of cruelty which only madness could excuse. Abosaber patiently heard these complaints, and then beckoning with his hand, to command silence, spoke thus:

"Viziers, cadi's, and officers of justice, and all you vassals of the throne, who hear me! I have



uniformly advised you never to judge rashly. You owe me the same regard which I have requested of you for others. I intreat you, therefore, to hear me. I have at last reached a pitch of happiness which I durst not even aspire to; so many seemingly irreconcilable circumstances were necessary to its accomplishment. I am indifferent to the crown which I wear; I wish, however, to acquire your esteem, by explaining to you the motives which have directed my conduct. I am not the brother of your late king, whom you judged unworthy to reign. I am a man of humble birth. Being persecuted, ruined, and driven out of my own country, I took refuge here, after seeing my wife and two children ravished from me by the way. I resigned myself piously to the stroke of fate. As I entered this city I was seized, and compelled to join the workmen who were building the palace. In full conviction that patience is the most essential of all virtues to the present state of man, I exhorted one of my fellow-labourers to bear with resignation the dreadful misfortune of breaking his leg, which befel him." So great a virtue is patience, said I, that it will sometimes raise a man who may have been thrown into the depth of a well, to the elevation of a throne. The king, my predecessor, heard me. He was enraged at the maxim, and instantly cast me into the well, from the bottom of which you raised me to the throne. When a neighbouring king, who had been expelled from his dominions by an usurper, came to implore my assistance, I discovered him to be the sovereign of my native country, who had banished me from his dominions,

and



and confiscated all my effects. I had not been the only object of his capricious cruelty; I had seen his whole subjects groan under his oppression. The robbers whom I punished with seeming severity, had torn my children from me, and reduced me to the lowest extremity of misery. The cavalier whom I made to be beheaded had violently ravished from me my wife.

“ My view in inflicting these punishments was not merely to avenge myself for the offences which I had suffered. Considering myself as the sovereign of these dominions, by your voluntary choice, and as an instrument in the hand of God, I could not think myself at liberty to indulge a weak clemency unfavourable alike to your security and your power; it was my duty to fulfil the decrees of providence upon persons who were undeniably guilty, and to cut off from society members so inimical to its peace. A tyrannical king, regardless of the laws, and guided only by caprice and passion, is a scourge to his people. If it be criminal to attempt his life it is still more so, however, to lend him assistance which might enable him to renew his cruelty, and to gratify all the ferocity and malignity of his heart. It is even prudent to divest him of the means of being hurtful to mankind. Robbers, whose trade it is to attack caravans and pillage travellers, who have formed none but licentious habits, can never become useful and respectable citizens. Still less can they deserve to be admitted to the honour of defending their country. Banishment only restores them to their original condition, augments their num-  
bers

bers and renews their crimes. He who has ravished a woman is a monster in society. It is an act of beneficence to free the earth of him. He who can be guilty of this crime will hardly hesitate at the commission of any other.

"These are the motives of my conduct. Rigour is more painful to me than to any person else. But, I should be unworthy of my people's confidence, and should be wanting to the duties of a sovereign, if I suffered such instances of undoubted guilt to escape unpunished. If I have exceeded the bounds of the authority intrusted to me, I am ready to resign it back into your hands. Now that my wife and children are restored to me by the favour of the Almighty, all that I have farther to wish for you, is, that you may enjoy peace and happiness under a wiser government than mine."

Abosaber thus finished his defence. Admiration and respect held the whole assembly for some time silent. But they soon exclaimed with one voice, "Long live Abosaber! Long live our Prince! Long live the patient monarch! May he live for ever! and may his reign be everlasting!"

The King returning into his apartment, called his wife and children; and, after indulging the mild impulse of natural affection, "See," said he to his wife, "the fruits of patience, and the consequences of precipitation; lay aside your prejudices; impress these great truths upon the minds of our children: the eye of providence is upon the righteous and the wicked; and Divine Justice and Wisdom dispense rewards and punishments with an infallible and impartial hand.

The

The patient man, who resigns himself to the will of Providence, is sooner or later crowned with glory.—After finishing his story, Aladdin held a respectful silence. Bohetzad seemed to muse. “How can such maxims of wisdom,” said he, “proceed from the mouth of a man whose heart is corrupt and whose soul is stained with guilt.” “Young man,” added he, addressing himself to the supposed criminal, “I shall yet respite your punishment till to-morrow. You shall be led back to prison. The advice which you have given me, shall not remain fruitless. A robber by profession is to be cut off from the class of citizens, and defenders of the state. But as you have, at the same time, put me on my guard against precipitancy in judgment, I consent to suffer you to live for the remainder of this day and the following night.” The king, when he had thus spoken, dismissed the assembly.

The Viziers had concerted among themselves what steps they should take in order to accomplish the destruction of the favourite. When they saw his punishment so often delayed, it was proposed among them to alarm the king with respect to the dangerous effects of his clemency, and the facility with which he suffered himself to be soothed by words, artfully prepared, in order to suspend an act of justice, the execution of which was indispensably necessary. It behoved him to remove from the minds of the people all suspicion of the want of energy in his administration, and to shew them that equity was the basis on which it stood. The fourth Vizier was commissioned to state these things dextrously to the king; and he, accordingly, waited next morning upon his master.

The

The subtle poison of flattery was artfully mingled with the remonstrances which his disinterested zeal seemed to dictate. They made a powerful impression upon the King's mind. He ordered Aladdin to be brought before him as formerly, and all the apparatus for execution to be made ready. "Wretch," said he, "I have deliberated long enough concerning the punishment of thy crime. If possible, efface it from my remembrance."

"Sire," replied Aladdin, "with respect and firmness, I resign myself to the sentence which decrees my death. Circumstances render it necessary; and were it even otherwise, the loss of your favour would be worse to me than death. When the sacrifice is once consummated, I can no longer have place for repentance; but a day shall come when your majesty will repent your unjust precipitancy, and regret that you did not consult the rules of prudence, as happened to Bhazad son to the King Cyrus, the founder of the *Empire of Syria*.

#### *Story of Bhazad the Impatient.*

Bhazad was a prince adorned with every personal accomplishment. His beauty was celebrated by the poets, and became proverbial among the nations of the empire. He was the delight of every circle, and his society was eagerly courted by all. His beauty was, one day, the subject of a conversation, which he overheard, unobserved. After it had been highly praised, a person who had hitherto been silent,

re-



remarked: "Prince Bhazad is no doubt one of the handsomest men in the world. But I know a woman who excells all her own sex in beauty much more than he does our's."

At hearing this remark, prince Bhazad's curiosity was much more piqued than his pride. He addressed himself secretly to the person who uttered it. "Might one know," said he, "the name of the beauty whom you praise so highly?" "Prince," replied the man, "she is daughter to one of the principal vassals of the Syrian throne; and if every eye is enchanted with the charms of her person, she possesses still superior accomplishments in the qualities of her heart and understanding." These few words made a powerful impression on Bhazad's heart. He could think of nothing but the beauty he had heard so highly extolled, and all his desire was to conquer her heart. The flame by which he was consumed soon impaired his health; he became melancholy, and avoided company. The King, his father, was surpris'd at the change; he enquired, and learned the cause.

Bhazad, after avowing his passion, was gently reproached by his father Cyrus, for the reserve he had maintained. "Why," said he, did you conceal the state of your heart from me? Know you not that I have full authority over the prince whose daughter you desire to espouse? Is it at all doubtful whether he will do himself the honour of accepting our alliance? Cyrus sent immediately to the father of the young beauty, to ask her for his son. The dowry was soon agreed upon, and was stated at three hundred thousand pieces of gold; but the father of the lady required

quired the celebration of the marriage to be delayed for nine months.

“Nine months without seeing the object of my wishes!” said the impatient Bhazad to himself, “nine months without possessing her! I can never endure it.” He instantly formed a project for obtaining immediate access to the lady of his heart. He mounted the best horse in his stables, furnished himself with some necessary provisions, as well as with a bow, a lance, and a scymetar, and set out without farther delay. He had not proceeded far from the capital of Syria, when he saw himself attacked by a band of robbers. Awed, however, by the firmness of his countenance, and his martial air, they, instead of attempting to murder after robbing him, as was their usual practice, made him a proposal of a very different sort, and offered him his life on the condition of his associating himself with them. By the loss of life Bhazad would lose the enjoyments of love; and yet the profession of a robber was extremely repugnant to his character. He concluded with himself, therefore, that it would be most proper to make the robbers acquainted with his condition, his views, and the fatal delay of nine months, which he had not patience to endure. Upon his making this avowal, the captain of the robbers replied, “we will abridge this tedious interval; we know the castle in which the object of your passion lives, and the force which defends it. March you at our head; we will attack it, and shall find no obstacle to resist our assault. All that we ask of you for this important service is, to share the dowry, to enjoy your protection in future, and to be allowed

lowed an interval of a few days to prepare for the enterprize.

Bhazad, in his impatience, imagined himself already in possession of his happiness. All means seemed just that could serve the interests of his passion, and he saw no occasion for delicacy in his choice. Wherefore, without farther deliberation, he continued his journey at the head of the robbers.

They soon met a numerous caravan. The robbers, prompted by their natural propensity to plunder, made a disorderly attack upon it, but were repulsed, with the loss of several men killed, and a good number taken prisoners. Among the latter was Bhazad. He was conducted to the capital of the country to which the caravan was journeying. The commander of the caravan, after relating the adventure, presented Bhazad to the King: "This, Sire, is a young man who seems to deserve to be distinguished from the rest; we beg your majesty to dispose of him at your royal pleasure." The mein of the captive attracted the particular attention of the monarch. "Who are you, young man?" asked the Prince. "You have not the appearance of having been born for the abandoned mode of life in which you have been engaged. How did you fall into the hands of the caravan?" Bhazad would not discover himself, lest he should disgrace his real name; "Sire," replied he, "let not my exterior appearance impose upon your majesty; I am not, nor ever was any other than a robber by profession."

"Your reply," said the king, "is your death warrant." However, said he to himself, let me  
not



not act precipitately ; it is but just to have some respect to his youth, and to the exterior qualities which distinguish him from the rest of his profession. If this young man be only a robber he deserves punishment, but if he be some child of misfortune who seeks death to escape from the troubles of life, I should become an accomplice in his crime, if I did not stretch out my hand to save him from ruin. Thus spoke the prudent monarch to himself, and ordered Bhazad into close confinement, till he should receive better information concerning his real character and condition.

In the mean time Cyrus, after a fruitless search for his son through all his own dominions, sent circular letters for the same purpose to all the monarchs of Asia. One came to the sovereign into whose hands Bhazad had fallen. From the description given of him, he was instantly satisfied that the young adventurer whom he detained in confinement, was no other than the well-beloved son of the potent monarch of Syria.—What reason had he now to be pleased with himself for the prudence with which he had delayed judging of him from appearances ! He sent immediately to the prisoner, to ask his name. “ My name is Bhazad,” answered the young man.—“ You are son to King Cyrus ; but upon what motives have you been induced to conceal your birth ? Had I not been slow to inflict punishment upon you, your silence must have cost you your life ; and I should now have been distressed with remorse for treating you as a vile assassin. “ Sire,” answered Bhazad, after explaining the secret of his elopement from his father’s



ther's court, finding myself thus taken among robbers, in whose crimes I had involuntarily shared, I preferred death to ignominy, that I might not dishonour the illustrious name I bear."

"Son," answered the sage monarch, "you have acted very imprudently. You were in love, and sure of enjoying the object of your desires, within a few months. See to what an extremity, you have been hurried by rash impatience. Instead of waiting calmly till you could become son-in-law to one of your father's noble vassals, you first abandoned the court of Syria without permission, then exposed yourself rashly to be murdered by the robbers, by whom those deserts are infested, and at length connected yourself with those robbers for the purpose of carrying off your betrothed wife by force of arms. Behold in what a series of crimes you have involved yourself. Repress this impetuosity of passion, and calm your impatience. I shall take measures to hasten your union with the princess, whose hand you are so eager to obtain. But as every thing must be conducted in a way which may be suitable to your rank and condition, let us beware of acting with imprudent haste."

After this, the prince caused Bhazad to be magnificently arrayed, lodged him in his palace, and admitted him to his table. He wrote to Cyrus that he might make himself easy as to the fate of his son; for that the equipages were making ready in order that he might appear with becoming splendour at the court of the prince whose daughter he was to espouse. The impatient Bhazad saw those preparations with pain. They seemed to retard the completion of his happiness. At last the order was given for

his departure. A little army was sent to escort him. The least halt that they made by the way seemed an age to the enamoured prince.

Couriers had been dispatched to the princess's father to give him notice of his son-in-law's approach. He and his daughter, she having her face covered with a veil, came to the entrance into the castle to receive him. A magnificent apartment was appropriated unto him, adjoining to that of his bride. Every thing had been previously settled between the two fathers. Yet three days, and the nine months were to expire. All preparations for the marriage were already made.

There was nothing but a thin wall between Bhazad and his bride; and in the space of three days,—but that wall was a mount Arafat to him: the three days seemed an eternity. As he took care to have constant information of what was going on, he learned that she was at her toilette, and waited upon by female slaves; her face was unveiled; it would be charming to surprise and and contemplate her in this situation. He examined every corner of his apartment, in hopes of finding some means to satisfy his impatience and curiosity: to his misfortune, he discovered a small grated window, and looked through it. A eunuch, who stood sentinel at the post, soon observed his prying curiosity, and not knowing who he was, pushed the point of his scymitar against him. It pierced both his eyes at once; he shrieked with the pain; and all his servants hurried round him.

The wounded prince informed them of the cause of his misfortune, and of the motives which

which had prompted him to expose himself in such a situation. The unlucky consequence with which it had been attended now rendered him sensible of his fault! "It was my impatience," replied he sorrowfully. "I slighted the good advice of the king, my benefactor. Within three days I should have seen and possessed the dear object of my wishes. I could not have patience for so short an interval. My eyes, that sought to anticipate the pleasure of seeing her, have been punished by the deprivation of sight."

Thus, continued Aladdin, did Bhazad the impatient, when his happiness was on the point of being completed, destroy his own hopes, and expose himself to the most afflicting loss that he could suffer. He might have reflected to what dangers his former imprudence had exposed him; and considering with what prudent caution the monarch to whom he was indebted for life and fortune had acted towards him, he ought to have paid entire deference to that prince's advice. But no beneficial experience is to be gained by acting without reflection; and none but the wise man can improve by the experience of others.

The young superintendant having thus ended speaking, Bohtezad, absorbed in reflection, dismissed the divan, and ordered him back to prison.

The fifth Vizier was to try his arts with the monarch next day. He therefore repaired early to the palace, in a determination to hasten the bloody catastrophe that had been so often delayed. "Sire," said he to the king, "before I speak to your majesty of any other affair, it is my duty to represent to you to what imminent danger



you expose yourself by delaying the punishment which you ought to have inflicted on the son of a robber. The law that condemns him is direct and positive. Whoever among your subjects looks upon a woman incurs the pain of death; and I cannot reflect without horror, that he dared to lift his eyes upon the queen herself. The respect due to the throne was not sufficient to awe the audacious seducer! What law will be left inviolate if the transgression of that in behalf of which I plead escape unpunished? The people, who are justly alarmed for the consequences, expect from your majesty, upon this occasion, a memorable example of rigorous justice. The voice of the people is the voice of God. This wise maxim, the truth of which has long been known, acquires, at this period, the force of a command.

Bohetzad felt his resentment roused anew for the affronts which he supposed himself to have received, and began to blame the hesitation with which he had so long protracted the infliction of just punishment. He ordered the apparatus of death to be again made ready, and the criminal to be brought before him: "I have heard too much," said he to Aladdin, so soon as he presented himself, "thy words are full of artifice and falsehood; thy crime is undeniable; thou must lose thine head."

"I have committed no crime," said Aladdin, "and my innocence secures to me the protection of Heaven. Let the guilty tremble. I am calm: it is impossible for them to escape punishment; and with whatever hopes of malicious gratification they may at present flatter themselves, I venture to foretel that they will sooner  
or



or later meet the fate of King Dabdin, and his Vizier.

So! here are new personages brought upon the stage; resumed Bohetzad. What instruction can they afford us relative to thy affair?"

*Story of Ravia, the Resigned.*

Sire, continued Aladin, Dabdin, a powerful monarch had two Viziers, one of whom was called Zorachan, and the other Caradan. Zorachan had a daughter exquisitely beautiful, to whom he had given the name of Ravia. Her virtues equalled her personal accomplishments, and were built upon the firm foundation of religion. She was a faithful professor of the religion of Mahomet, singularly attached to the study of the divine Koran, and strict in the performance of the prayers prescribed by it. King Dabdin fell in love with her, purely by reputation, and asked her in marriage from her father, Zorachan. The minister asked permission to propose the matter to his daughter, and the King agreed, on condition that it should be brought to a speedy issue.

When the Vizier communicated the monarch's intention to his daughter: "Father," replied Ravia, "I feel no inclination for marriage.—Were two unequal alliances offered me, I should, without hesitation, prefer that which seemed below what I might justly pretend to, being certain that in this case my husband would not marry another woman beside myself. If I become the wife of the King, I shall only share his bed with others; and shall be reduced to the humiliating condition

of a slave to my husband. I have not strength of mind to bear such mortification and rivalryship."

Dabdin smiled at this reply of the lady, when it was reported to him by Zorachan. It was expressive of the sentiments which may be supposed natural to a woman of sense and delicacy. The discovery that she was possessed of these qualities was not calculated to diminish the monarch's passion. "Go," said he to the Vizier, "tell your daughter that my passion is too ardent to leave any room for her fears, and that she must become my wife." Zorachan went to intimate the Prince's orders to Ravia. "Father," replied she, in affliction and despair, "I prefer death to the sacrifice which you require. I had rather live with the wild beasts of the desert than yield to this tyrannical violence. Let me seek a retreat there. The great Prophet will watch over my safety." Zorachan, when he considered the King's orders and his daughter's firmness, knew not how to act. At last, however, paternal tenderness determined him to escape with Ravia, and to carry with him his most precious effects. They mounted the best horses in his stables, and, with a few slaves to attend them, set out together for the desert.

Dabden was no sooner informed of their flight than he pursued them with a numerous party.—Some of his officers rode forward on fleet horses, to trace the fugitives. The Vizier and his daughter were overtaken, and seized. Dabdin arrived; and with a blow of his *dabour*\* crushed Zorachan to the ground, seized Ravia, carried her back to  
the

\* A sort of scepter used by the eastern Princes, which serves also as a weapon.

the palace, and forced her to accept the hand that had shed her father's blood. The melancholy Ravia, resigning herself to her fate, concealed in her heart the horror which she felt at being compelled to become the wife of her father's murderer. Her attachment to her duties, her piety, and the religious complexion of her mind, were sources of consolation to her; and although an habitual melancholy hung over her mind, yet the gentleness of her character, and the charms of her person, gained her every day more and more the affection of her inhuman husband, so that it soon became impossible for him to live out of her sight. He was, however, soon obliged to part from her.

An enemy appeared on the frontiers, and threatened to invade the kingdom. Dabdin, with martial ardour, put himself at the head of his troops, and went to face the danger. At his departure, he intrusted the reins of government to his Vizier, Caradan, in whom he had the fullest confidence. "Take care," said he at the same time, "of my wife Ravia. You know that she is the dearest possession I have in the world. Prevent her wishes, and do every thing to gratify them. The slightest complaint from her shall cost thee thy head. I empower thee to command in my absence, and subject all to thine authority." Caradan felt himself highly flattered by the confidence of his Sovereign, especially in so far as it respected Ravia. But he was curious to see with his own eyes that prodigy of beauty, of whom the King appeared so jealous. Being now master of all till the King should return, he soon found means to give himself that satisfaction.—  
But



But no sooner did he see his master's wife than he fell desperately in love with her, and his passion deprived him both of rest and reason.—“Surely,” said he to himself, “this Queen is a native of Heaven. Her beauty is divine. She is more dazzling fair than the stars in the sky; cost what it will I must enjoy her. She is a woman, and like any other woman, susceptible of passion; let me attempt to move her heart.” In this intention he wrote to her as follows: “Madam, the love which I have conceived for you has reduced me to a terrible state. Grant me, I pray you, but an interview of a few moments. If your compassion refuses this much, the unhappy Caradan must cease to live.” The Queen, confounded at the insolence of this letter, sent it immediately back, with the following answer:

“Vizier, the King has honoured you with his unbounded confidence; it becomes you to serve him with a degree of fidelity and obedience proportioned to his esteem. There will be greater propriety in your sending letters of this nature to your wife: fulfill the duties of a faithful husband to her; and assure yourself that such another act of imprudence on your part will infallibly cost you your head.”

This reply made Caradan recollect himself.—The Queen's prudence and moderation, instead of calming his fears, alarmed him in the most sensible manner: “She is devout,” said he, “and may, from a motive of religion, reveal my crime to the King. My life is therefore in danger. She has sent back my letter; I must make away with the person who carried it; and, as she has no claim against me, I must destroy her, in order to save myself.” In the meantime, the Queen, out of the natural benevolence of her disposition,  
sent



sent to inquire after the Vizier's health. She learned that he was obliged to keep his bed. She did not, however, imagine this indisposition to be the effect of his anxiety about a crime which he was preparing to commit.

Dabdin, victorious over his enemies, returned in triumph to his court. Caradan was amongst the first to congratulate him on his success, and, at the same time, gave a satisfactory account of all that had passed during his majesty's absence. But the artful Caradan remained silent upon one point till he was pressed for an explanation. He then represented, that he could scarcely help considering it as a breach of the confidence with which he had been honoured, if, notwithstanding his respect for the Queen, he found himself obliged to offer complaints against her conduct; that, under pretence of feigned devotion, she violated both the obligations of religion and the ties of conjugal duty, polluting, by her lasciviousness, that bed, into which, by an extraordinary preference, none but she had been admitted. "Have you witnesses of this?" said Dabdin, trembling.

"I could not at first give faith to the report," replied the minister, "but I have unhappily come to witness it with my own eyes. Within a few days after your Majesty's departure I received secret notice of the criminal correspondence from one of the Queen's women. I was by her introduced, through a back passage, into the inner apartments of the palace, and placed near the window of Ravia's closet. I looked through the window, and there witnessed the infidelity of your Queen, whom I saw prostitute her person to the base Aboilcar, her father Zorachan's slave." At the hearing of these particulars, the King's fury burst

burst through the constraint which he had thus far maintained over himself. "Vizier," said he to Caradan, "let the circumstances of this infamous treason be buried, if possible, in secrecy and oblivion. Throw Aboilear into a dungeon, and send my chief eunuch hither." The Vizier obeyed his sovereign's orders, and brought the eunuch. "Slave," said the monarch, "obey my commands and bring me instantly the head of the Queen." At so unexpected an order, the eunuch, whose pressing situation did not admit of his making any reply, felt himself instantaneously moved by an emotion which he could not restrain, and said to the King; "Sire, it is not for me to inquire into the motives of so rigorous an order; I must suppose it just. But Ravia is your favourite wife, your queen; a punishment of this nature inflicted upon her would fully your glory, and might excite suspicions dishonourable to your majesty's illustrious name. Would not your majesty rather send her to the desert? she cannot live there without a miracle, and miracles Heaven never performs in behalf of the guilty." The King yielded to these reasons, and acquiesced in what the eunuch had proposed. That officer put the Queen upon a camel, which he drove himself, not forgetting, however, some provision of food.

That eunuch was a good Mussulman, and knew the Queen's regard to the duties of religion, and her punctuality in the performance of her stated prayers. He could not, therefore, believe that she was guilty of the smallest fault, and, in this conviction of her innocence, he treated her with all the respect and attention which her virtues deserved. After a journey of several days,

days, he found a narrow plain at the foot of a rock, from which flowed a rivulet that had formed a pool. Considering this as the safest and least incommodious place in which he could leave her whom he was compelled to expose to the dangers of the desert, he caused her to alight from the camel, prepared a small cell for her in the hollow of the rock, depositing in it the scanty share of provisions which now remained to him, and, with his eyes bathed in tears, took leave of the unfortunate lady. "Stay," said Ravia, who had hitherto kept silence; "can you leave me, without informing me for what reason I am brought to die in these desert places, the resort of monstrous and savage animals." The eunuch related what orders he had received, without concealing the previous orders, so much more severe, or the means by which he had been happy enough to procure their revocation. "Are you informed," said the Queen, "of the cause of my disgrace?" He replied, that he was not.

The Queen thanked him for his attention, his respect, and the pains he had taken to preserve her life. "I shall employ what remains of it," added she, "in praying for you. Calumny has no doubt imposed upon the King, with respect to me. If the veil which covers his eyes be ever withdrawn, tell him, thou wise and virtuous man, to put ashes on his head for the assassination of my father. If his penitence disarm not Divine Justice, it must sooner or later overtake him. By banishing me to this desert he has only removed a victim from the arms of a parricide.—I grieve for him, and for all who have been concerned with him in that barbarous deed, and in the inhuman treatment which he at first meant to inflict



inflict upon me. But, even in my misery, I have obligations to him. I cannot but thank him for having placed me where I may contemplate the wondrous works of God, of which so little is to be discovered in the palaces of kings." Here she stopped, and the slave mournfully departed, lamenting the fate of his Queen.

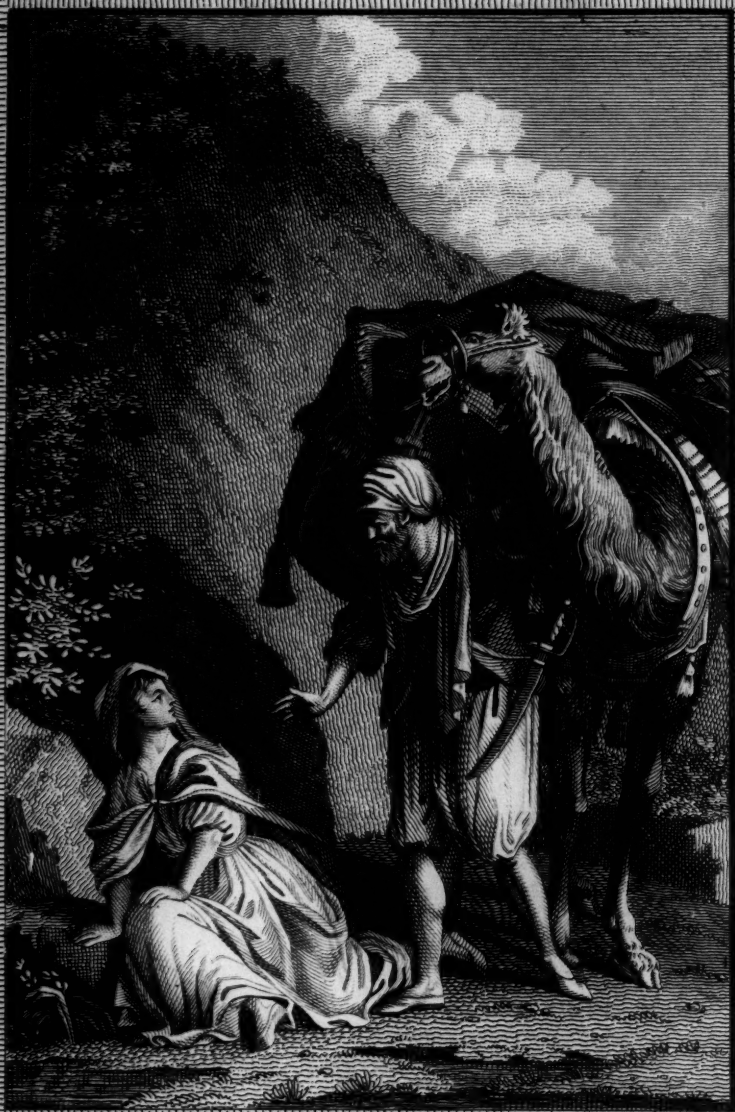
Ravia was thus left alone, in the midst of the desert; if that could be solitude, to a soul like hers, armed with patience and resignation, and capable of holding communion with God by meditation and prayer. Sometimes she rested in one cavity of the rock, sometimes in another, and helped out the scanty supply of provisions which had been left her with the addition of roots and wild fruits, content, as if she had wanted nothing, in a situation where she was almost destitute of every thing. When any wild beast happened to pass that way, she easily avoided it, by retiring quietly into a subterraneous cavern, and closing up the entrance behind her. Thus, while the savage animals roared without, at finding themselves disappointed of their prey, the unfortunate lady blessed Heaven for bestowing on man courage, strength, and ingenuity, to assist him in time of distress.

One day, as she was offering up her adoration and homage to her Creator, at the entrance into one of her caverns, with her face turned to the south, she was perceived at a distance by the master of King Kassera's camels, who was seeking, in that part of the desert, for some of those animals which had strayed from him.

The man, astonished at so rare a beauty in so strange a situation, had the curiosity to ask who she







*Musliman you behold in me the slave  
of God and of the holy Prophet.*

she was, and by what chance she had been led into that desert place. "Mussulman," answered she, "you behold in me the slave of God and of the holy Prophet. By their sacred pleasure I have been banished into this desert, and I will serve them all my life." The camel driver soon felt his heart inflamed with love for this pious beauty, and offered her his hand, with a share of his small fortune, and every convenience that it was in his power to supply.

"Generous man," replied Ravia, "I would serve God, not men; yet I am willing to owe something to your beneficence. These rocks afford me a sure and convenient retreat, but I am in danger of wanting water, for in a few days this brook will be dry. Carry me to some place where I may find the same shelter, and at the same time a pure and inexhaustible spring, to quench my thirst, and furnish water for my daily ablutions." "I know such a place," replied the camel driver, "but it is at a good distance from hence, and unless you mount my camel it is impossible for you to endure the fatigue of travelling thither." The conductor made his camel kneel; Ravia mounted. He in a short time brought her within sight of a fine spring, with caverns in an adjoining rock, more convenient than those which she had left; and, after giving her all the provisions that he had remaining, addressed her thus:

"Madam, I am master of the camels of King Kassera, the most powerful monarch in the east. He is so passionately fond of camels, that he will suffer none to feed them but himself. I have unluckily lost three of these favourite animals, and I dare not return to him till they are found, lest



I should be put to death. You, Madam, whose fervent prayers are surely heard on high, pray Heaven, I beseech you, to make me recover what I have lost."

"Worthy man," replied the solitary beauty, "you have performed an act of charity to me, for which you shall be rewarded. Seek for your camels, and you shall certainly find them." Upon this the camel-driver, confiding in the promise, went away to seek his camels. At a small distance he found them, and returned joyfully towards the city, reflecting how happy he had been in meeting with that fair unknown lady. Kassera came, as usual, to visit his camels. Their keeper related his adventure, which had been so happily terminated by means of the young devotee. The monarch, curious to certify so extraordinary a fact, mounted his horse, ordered a proper train of attendants to accompany him, and set out with the master of his camels to that part of the desert which he had mentioned.

It was now noon. Ravia was at prayer, upon the green turf, by the brink of the spring. Her eyes and hands were lifted up to Heaven; her hair floated on her shoulders; the radiance of her complexion, and the beauty of her features shone like the lily in the vale. She was absorbed in meditation; so that the King had time to draw near, and examine her beauty unobserved. She appeared to him greatly above the praises of so indifferent a judge of beauty as his camel driver. Addressing her respectfully, therefore: "Beautiful lady," said he, "will it be indiscreet to entreat you to tell me who you are, and what has brought you hither?" "You behold a religious recluse, the servant of God; it is for his service  
that

that I remain in this desert." "You are not willing then," added the monarch, "to make yourself known. For my part, I shall be less reserved with you; but, after this mark of confidence in me, I hope that you will agree to the proposal which I am going to make you. I am Kaffera, king of the kings of the east; and I hope that the homage which I pay, when I offer you my heart and hand, is worthy both of you and of myself."

"Sire," replied Ravia, "I cannot think that the most powerful monarch on the earth should humble himself so far as to marry a wandering female from the desert, where every thing bespeaks her indigence and low birth. I have too high a respect for the order of society to aspire to share the honours of a throne." "Refuse me not, Madam; you are in no danger of violence on my part, but I cannot help being deeply impressed by beauty and virtue such as yours. You despise my grandeur, and from this moment I divest myself of it, to pass my life with you in the desert, in the service of the Eternal God, and his divine Prophet." Kaffera was sincere in what he said, as was fully proved by the first orders which he gave. He made two tents to be fitted up, one for himself and another for Ravia, and filled them with provisions, which he had brought. Ravia was not insensible to the value of these sacrifices, or the generous delicacy of his words and actions with respect to her. She reflected on the loss which his subjects would suffer, if he should abdicate the sovereign power, and on the distress which his family must feel, if deserted by him. She became, therefore, desirous to divert the monarch from persevering in so fatal a design, and spoke thus to the slave who had been ordered

to attend her. "His Majesty does me too much honour," said she, "and yet I cannot accept his offers, for my sole ambition is to serve the Eternal God. But Kaffera has other duties to fulfil; he is the representative upon earth of him whom I adore; the dispenser of his justice and mercy. It should be his care to make himself beloved and feared by the subjects, whose happiness depends upon the wisdom of his government. Besides, the monarch has already wives, and a family; his duties to them are of the most sacred obligation. He cannot seclude himself in this solitude with me, without violating the laws of nature and equity. You who seem to enjoy his confidence, express to him with what concern it is that I find myself obliged to decline his favours, and represent to him with what sacred authority religion withholds me from his bed." The slave carried this message to the king, and was charged by his majesty to reply, that in consequence of finding himself guilty of many crimes, he had resolved to embrace a life of penitence.

Ravia was perplexed with this answer, and at a loss how to act. At last, after mature reflection, she concluded it to be her duty to sacrifice herself to the glory of a nation, whose decline was inevitable, if deprived by her means of so sagacious and upright a prince. She desired a conference with his majesty in her own tent. He waited upon her: "I attend your orders with respectful submission," said Kaffera. "Sire," replied the fair unknown, "it is not out of distrust that I have concealed my name from your majesty, but from a sincere desire to end my days in this retirement. The resolution which you have taken disconcerts my project. A monarch



narch so great and renowned, a king dear to his subjects, a father tenderly affectionate, cannot, without high criminality, withdraw himself from his duty and his obligations; and were I to persist in refusing myself to your wishes, I should think myself blameable for your loss of your dominions. I must restore a monarch to his people. In return, therefore, for the sincere and advantageous offers with which you have deigned to honour me, I accept your hand, in hopes that my compliance with your wishes will confirm the happiness of your subjects. But it is time to make myself known to you." She then gave a faithful narrative of her misfortunes, and of the circumstances of her life since her first flight with her father Zorachan, till the time when she became the victim of unreasonable prejudice, and was banished into that wild desert. "In my retirement," said she, "I was somewhat uneasy concerning the reputation which I had left behind me. But now that I am become the wife of a great Prince, it is of consequence to us both that my innocence be publicly cleared. King Dabdin is the tributary vassal of your crown.—Order him to repair to your court, with Caradan, his Vizier, and the chief of his eunuchs. I may not seat myself upon your throne till I am fully justified from those odious imputations which have drawn upon me so much mischief."

Kassera was sensible of the reasonableness of her demand, and approved her delicacy. He ordered a magnificent litter to be brought from his capital, and they returned together to the palace. He assigned her a rich and commodious apartment, larger than those occupied by his other female favourites. A numerous train of officers,



and slaves of both sexes, were appointed to serve her.

Kassera, immediately after his return, dispatched an order to King Dabdin, to his Vizier Caradan, and to the chief of his eunuchs, to repair forthwith to the court of their sovereign lord. The officer who was charged with these orders marched at the head of a considerable detachment, which might enforce instant obedience.

In a desert the fair Ravia had found rest, and peace of mind; but the unhappy Dabdin remained miserable, amidst all the gratifications of luxury and pleasure. Life had no longer any charms for him, since the cruel banishment of his wife. Caradan was disturbed in his sleep by painful dreams, and frightful visions. The hand of time did not soothe their distress.

Dabdin was in this melancholy condition when the orders of Kassera were intimated to him. Caradan was struck with consternation. His remorse was renewed and deepened upon his mind. He was obliged, however, to set out with his master, who felt no less uneasiness than he, although he knew not what motives could have dictated so stern a command. Only the chief of the eunuchs proceeded on the journey without alarm. They arrived in a short time at the court of Kassera. The monarch was impatiently expecting them in his own apartment, where he was accompanied by Ravia, who spoke thus to Caradan:

“Vizier, dost thou recollect me? I am Ravia, once thy master’s wife, who was basely injured by thy calumny. Thou hast violated thy duty to God, to thy sovereign, with whose confidence thou was honoured, and to me, whom thou certainly

tainly should have regarded with respect. After I had concealed thy wicked and audacious proposal, thou alone hast committed all these crimes. Do homage to the truth, if thou hast any spark of sincerity remaining. Recur not to artifice, which can only serve to irritate the divine wrath against thee."

Caradan, confounded at these words, exclaimed, in agony of soul: "Your innocence, Madam, appears upon your forehead, while my guilt is impressed upon mine. After I had unsuccessfully solicited you to yield to my wishes, some evil spirit entered into me, and——" "Oh! wretch," interrupted Dabdin, "no punishment can be heavy enough for thy crime; the vengeance of Heaven will surely not spare thee."

Kassera enjoyed the triumph of the innocent Ravia. But addressing himself to Dabdin, who was expressing his resentment against Caradan: "Prince," said he, "your Vizier is not the only person blameable in this matter. You are likewise culpable yourself. Those who are entrusted with the government of others should know how to govern themselves; they ought to beware of rash judgement, and especially of inflicting vengeance rashly for any injury that they may suppose themselves to have suffered. They should have patience to hear the cause of the accused, and never condemn them unheard. They should distrust every assertion of accusers, and should require the fullest evidence upon every point. You have conducted yourself with a degree of rashness and imprudence, and your conduct is disgraceful to royalty. But although I am your master, I must not take it upon me to be your judge. Here is one wiser and more enlightened

ened than I, whom I leave to examine your own cause and the cause of your Vizier, and who will pronounce sentence upon both. You, Madam," added he, speaking to Ravia, "must take upon you this task. The law, on which you constantly meditate, will speak by your mouth."

"Sire," replied she, "you enjoin me a hard task; but if the law must speak here, their sentence is pronounced in the divine Koran: Every person guilty of intended murder, must perish in the same manner in which his crime was committed. King Dabdin, who is before your majesty, crushed with a stroke of his labour the head of my father, his old and faithful servant. Presuming me guilty, he devoted me to death, without taking time for reflection. He is therefore liable to be punished by the law. The Vizier, Caradan, sought my death, in order to rid himself of a witness of his criminal audacity. Upon his calumnious imputation I was conveyed into the desert, and there left to perish. Let him undergo the same fate. The protecting arm of Providence has delivered me from danger; the grace of Mahomet, and your favour, Sire, have vindicated my innocence. He who does good is sooner or later rewarded, but the guilty never escapes unpunished. The chief of King Dabdin's eunuchs was only the instrument of his master's pleasure, but he, by the law, has a recompence to claim. He was generous and compassionate; he procured my sentence to be changed from death to banishment, and, at the risk of his own life, kindly supplied me with food, and treated me with tenderness and compassion. His heart knew my innocence, while I was persecuted by persons who ought to have been better informed

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ed than he. I have stated the facts and the law ; but it is for you, Sire, to pronounce sentence."

Kassera upon this ordered Dabdin to execution by the stroke of the dabour. Caradan was exposed in the desert, and the chief of the eunuchs was honoured with the title of Prince. He was decorated at the same time with the insignia of an order of merit instituted in his favour, the motto of which was, *To the beneficent man*. Loaded with the favours of the King and the Queen, he continued to live in the palace, where he enjoyed the esteem and confidence of all. Kassera found reason to bless the day of his marriage with Ravia. His people celebrated the marriage with gladness. The taxes were diminished, and plentiful alms were distributed throughout all Persia. They learned, some time after, that the unfortunate Caraden had been devoured by the beasts of the desert. —

Aladdin paused, after relating this story. Then addressing himself again to Bohetzed : " Sire," said he, " your majesty has seen, in the story of Ravia the resigned, the just distribution of reward and punishment, the necessity of a Prince's suspending his judgement till he has received full information in every case laid before him, and the impossibility of his erring through excessive prudence. However, Sire, Aladdin silently waits your orders, and respectfully holds out his head to the blow with which it is threatened."

The monarch, being now more than ever staggered in his determination, and unwilling to hazard any thing without the most mature deliberation, again respited the criminal; and he was conveyed back to prison.

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The ten Viziers, fearing that their victim might escape, met again next day, and deputed three of their number to the King, to make the last effort against young Aladdin. They represented anew to Bohetzad, that the dangerous effects of his clemency were beginning to shew themselves. "The ordinary operation of justice," said they, "is daily employed in repressing the rash encroachments of your subjects upon the sanctity of the marriage bed. The guilty refer in their defences to the present instance; and your majesty's delays in terminating this affair are so many arguments which they adduce in their favour. We conjure you therefore, Sire, to put a stop to this disorder, which your ministers will soon be utterly unable to restrain." Bohetzad, ashamed of his excessive lenity, caused the Comptroller to be brought before him. "Thou appearest at length for the last time," said he, "on the stage on which thy blood is to be shed. Thy crime has disturbed my peace. The suspension of justice sets an unhappy example before my subjects. Every voice cries aloud against thee, and not one offers any thing towards thy justification." "Men, indeed, pursue my ruin," said Aladdin, without any appearance of confusion. "I am the object of their hatred and calumny. But if the Eternal and his Prophet are on my side, I have nothing to fear from the world. Heaven protects my innocence. And the executioner's sword cannot bereave me of it. It will shine on my brow even when my head is severed from my body. My trust is in God. I expect all from him, as did King Bhazmant, after his misfortunes :

*Story*

*Story of Bhazmant ; or the Confident Man.*

This sovereign, being too much addicted to the pleasures of the table, was one day indulging in intemperate festivity, when his Vizier came to inform him that his capital was besieged by enemies.

"Have not I good troops, and able generals?" replied the King. "Let all be attended to, but come not hither to disturb my pleasures." "I shall obey, Sire," replied the Vizier, "but consider that the Almighty disposes of thrones, and that if you invoke not his aid your power and wealth will be insufficient to support your's." Bhazmant, regardless of this advice, sunk back into the arms of voluptuousness, and, notwithstanding the valour of his soldiers, was obliged to flee when he awaked out of his debauch, as the well-directed force of the enemy had made them masters of the city.

The fugitive prince took refuge with one of his allies, who being his father-in-law, and friend, furnished him with a powerful army, with which he hoped soon to recover his dominions, and to avenge himself on his enemies. Having full confidence in this assistance, he began his march at the head of these troops, and proceeded to the capital, which he had lost. But victory again declared in favour of the usurper. His army was routed, and he owed his own safety to the swiftness and strength of his horse, who being pursued by the conquerors, plunged into an arm of the sea on the way, and carried his rider safe to the opposite shore.

At no great distance stood a fortified city, named Keraffin, then under the dominion of King Abadid.

Abadid. Bhazmant took the way to that city, and presented himself at the house appropriated for the reception of poor strangers. He learned that King Abadid had his residence in Medinet-Ilahid, the capital of the kingdom; he, therefore, continued his journey thither, arrived, and demanded an audience of the sovereign, which was immediately granted him. His figure and aspect prepossessed the monarch in his favour. He put various questions to him concerning his condition in life, his country, and the circumstances which had brought him to Medinet-Ilahid.

“I was an officer of distinction,” answered he, “in the court of King Bhazmant, and was warmly attached to that prince. That unfortunate monarch has most probably fallen in his last battle with the usurper of his dominions, to whom my duty and gratitude permit me not to attach myself. Being, therefore, to choose a new master, I come to offer myself and my services in the first place to your majesty.” Abadid, who was a man of prudence and penetration, conceived a favourable opinion of the stranger, who had with so much frankness offered him his services. He made him liberal presents, and assigned him a distinguished place among the officers of his court.—Bhazmant might have been pleased with his new situation, if he could have banished from his mind the remembrance of his former fortune, and could have forgotten that he had lost a kingdom.

A neighbouring power was at that time threatening Abadid with an invasion of his dominions. That prince put himself in a posture of defence, and used every proper precaution, that he might be enabled to repulse the enemy. He took arms  
himself,



himself, and proceeded out of his capital, at the head of a numerous army. Bhazmant commanded the van-guard. The two armies joined battle. Abadid and Bhazmant behaved as experienced generals, distinguished themselves by prodigies of valour, and the enemy were totally defeated.

Bhazmant extolled to Heaven the high deeds and the skilful plans of King Abadid. "Sire," said he, "with an army so well disciplined, and conducted so skilfully, you might conquer the most formidable nations upon earth." "You are mistaken," replied the sage monarch, "without God's assistance I should not be able to resist the feeblest animal in the creation; it is only by trusting in him that we can be enabled to exert our strength and courage to advantage, to plan our enterprizes with prudence, and to preserve that presence of mind which is necessary in regulating all our operations. If I had not made my recourse to him, my hands must have been weak, however apparently strong."

"I am convinced of the truth of what you say," replied Bhazmant. "The misfortunes which I have myself suffered are an eminent proof of it. False prudence has induced me to conceal from you hitherto my name and misfortunes. You behold before you the unhappy Bhazmant, whose too high confidence in his own strength hindered him from using the proper means of maintaining himself upon his throne." At this acknowledgement Abadid was greatly surprised, and endeavoured to excuse himself to Bhazmant for the reception which he had given him. "How could you know me," replied the dethroned prince, "when shame and confusion kept me silent? Could you read upon my forehead a character

which the justice of Heaven had effaced? Great King," added he, embracing him, "I owe to your generosity a particular detail of my errors; favour me with your attention." Bhazmant immediately proceeded to relate his story.

"Dear brother," said Abadid to him, after hearing what he had to say, "humble not yourself before a man who long cherished the same prejudices, and was corrected only by a series of misfortunes similar to yours. I have not been wiser than you. We should take instruction from our misfortunes. I once put my confidence in my own strength and capacity, but, at the head of a numerous army, I was routed by an enemy who had only a handful of men to oppose to me. Thus constrained to flee, I retired to the mountains with fifty men, who would not abandon me. Providence led me to the cell of a dervise, who had devoted himself entirely to the exercise of religion. He pointed out to me the sources of my misfortunes. He told me that my enemy trusted in God, and had therefore been enabled to attack me with success; whereas that I trusted in my lance and my battalions, and in my audacious temerity had neglected my duty, and given no orders that did not tend to mislead. "Put your confidence," said he, "in him who rules all here below; and if his arm be interposed in your behalf, five hundred men will be enough for the recovery of your dominions." The words of the sage made a strong impression upon me; I looked to Heaven, and with a salutary confidence in the goodness of the Almighty, returned towards my capital. My enemy was blinded by prosperity. He had forgotten, amidst voluptuous indulgence, those sage principles to which he was indebted  
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for his success. Every thing had the appearance of tranquillity throughout his dominions; he thought himself secure in the possession, and neglected to maintain his army in force. I arrived unexpectedly, one evening. I ran straight to the palace, with my few followers, whose numbers were, however, augmented by persons who crowded among them, out of curiosity. That irregular crowd became, within the gates of the palace, a formidable army. Dismay and terror marched in our train. The usurper had hardly time to make his escape; and next day, I found myself re-established on my throne, and in the peaceful possession of my dominions."

This narrative of Abadid's adventures produced an entire change upon the sentiments of Bahzmant. "You have inspired me," said this Prince, "with a confidence like your own; I shall soon learn to repose my trust in the same Being who helped you. Only God and his great Prophet can replace my crown upon my head; I will take no other means to recover it, but the very same by which you succeeded." He immediately took leave of Abadid, and proceeded to a desert, through which he was to pass, before reaching his own dominions. Having put his confidence in the Sovereign Arbiter of human fate, and imploring in prayer the protection of Providence, he went on till he reached the summit of a hill. There, overcome by fatigue, he lay down, fell asleep, and saw a vision in a dream. A voice seemed to say, "Bahzmant, God has heard thy prayer; he accepts thy penitence. March on, void of fear." The Prince imagined this the voice of his guardian angel, and hastened on to his capital. Hardly had he reached the frontiers



of his kingdom, when he met a party of his most faithful subjects. They lived in a tent, and were ready to retire to some other asylum, whenever the tyranny of the usurper should pursue them thither. Without making himself known, he entered into conversation with them, and told them that he was journeying towards the capital. They wished to divert him from his purpose, describing the avenues to the city as dangerous, and representing to him, that fear and suspicion were seated on the throne, and that strangers who approached were thought to be emissaries from Bhazmant, and liable to be cut off by the tyrant. "Do you then remember your former monarch with regret?" asked he, being certain that they could not recognise him. "Ah!" replied they, "would to Heaven that our worthy monarch were here! He would find a sanctuary in the hearts of all his subjects, and an hundred thousand arms to vindicate his cause. The monster that deposed him, confiding presumptuously in his strength, sacrifices all to his lawless desires, and, at the slightest alarm, has recourse to the sword of the executioner." "He is wrong," replied Bhazmant, "to trust in his army. The best support of kings is the favour of the Most High. For my own part, led thither as I am, by no other motives except the desire of gaining knowledge by travel, yet knowing that while I have Divine Providence to protect me, none can do me hurt, I will, without fear, approach a place which your master's unnecessary precautions occasion to be considered as dangerous." "We conjure you to do no such thing," replied those people, in a tone of concern. "Do not give us a new evil to weep for. Since you are so good a Mussulman, wait patiently till the justice

justice of Heaven strike the tyrant. The moment cannot be far distant, for he has filled up the measure of his crimes. If men resist him not, yet must the columns of his palace fall down to crush him to death." Bhazmant hearing these words, felt his hopes revive. He threw off his disguise, and made himself known to them as their monarch. At the same instant, those faithful subjects, who had for his sake left their country, cast themselves at his feet, kissing his hands, and bathing them with their tears. A part of the warriors composed a guard to defend his person, while the rest spread themselves through the country, to give notice of his happy return, and to form a combination for his support. He had soon a formidable army ready to advance to the capital. The tyrant was dethroned, and Bhazmant resumed the reins of empire, amidst the joyful acclamations of his whole people.

Aladdin thus concluded his story, yet not without adding to it some reflections of his own.— "You see," said he to Bohetzad, "how Bhazmant regained possession of his throne, without other assistance than that of Heaven. My throne, Sire, is my innocence; and I believe, with as much certainty as if I were inspired from above, that my innocence shall be fully vindicated, and that I shall triumph over my enemies. The more the young Comptroller intermixed such wholesome truths with his narratives, so much the more did the Prince who heard him, relent in his wrath. He ordered the punishment to be again put off, and the criminal to be conducted back to prison.

It was the seventh Vizier who was next to renew upon the monarch's mind those impressions

which had hitherto failed of the desired effect.— He came well prepared, bringing with him some seditious papers which had been posted up in public places, and a list of the disturbances which he said had been occasioned by the violation of the law, which his Majesty had refused to execute,— leaving, as he did, a crime unpunished, of which the proof was complete, and which appeared of so flagrant a nature.

These reports, seemingly dictated by disinterested fidelity, renewed Bohetzad's indignation. He resumed his first intentions, and ordered the criminal to be again brought before him. "I have hesitated weakly;" said he. "Thy death is necessary to the tranquillity of my empire. Hope no longer for pity or delay." "Sire," replied Aladdin, "there can be no crime which, in some circumstances, may not deserve to be pardoned. I have, indeed, committed a crime, in drinking of a liquor, the qualities of which were unknown to me, till it occasioned a momentary suspension of my reason. But surely such a crime as this cannot render me an unfit object of your Majesty's pardon. I am incapable of the crime laid to my charge. Sovereigns, Sire, hold one noble privilege from Heaven, that of interposing their clemency upon proper occasions. If, after mature consideration, your majesty shall have rescued one innocent person from unmerited punishment, will it not be such another glorious act as if you had raised a person from the dead? An act may often appear strictly just which is at bottom a piece of despotic tyranny? How noble is it to pardon an offence! He who has strength of mind to do so, sooner or later obtains his reward, as did Baharkan.

Aladdin



Aladdin perceiving Bohetzad inclined to listen, then proceeded to relate the apologue to which he had alluded.

*Story of Baharkan.*

Baharkan was an intemperate prince, who spared no sacrifices in the gratification of his passions, and suffered them to hurry him into all the excesses of tyranny. He never forgave even the appearance of guilt: and involuntary faults were punished by him as rigorously as deliberate crimes. One day, when he was out upon an hunting expedition, an officer in his train happened accidentally to suffer his bow, which he held bent, to discharge the arrow at a venture. It grazed upon the King's ear, and transported him into a fury of passion. Baharkan, in his rage, ordered the unfortunate officer to be dragged before him, and beheaded. When the young man appeared in his presence, and heard his death denounced by the angry monarch, he addressed him thus:

“Sire, the fault of which I am guilty was not premeditated. It is the deed of fate. I appeal to your clemency, and implore your pardon. Your forgiving me will be meritorious in the sight of God, and will appear praiseworthy to men. In the name of that Heavenly Power who placed the sceptre in your hands, I beseech you to pardon me, and your majesty shall one day receive your reward.” This prayer had the effect to soften the inflexible heart of the King; and what  
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was very unusual with him, he pardoned the young officer.

His name was Tirkan. He was a young prince, who had eloped from his father's court, to escape the punishment of a fault which he had committed. After wandering for a while from one place to another, he at last arrived at the court of Baharkan, and was received into his service. Here he remained for some time after the above accident, till his father discovered the place of his retreat, sent to assure him of his forgiveness, and prevailed upon him to return home. The message had been conveyed in terms so expressive of parental tenderness, that Tirkan could not avoid confiding fully in his father's goodness. His hopes were not disappointed, for he was restored to all his honours.

King Baharkan one day resolved to take the amusement of the pearl-fishery, fitted out a vessel, and sailed in it, to gather pearls upon the coasts of his dominions. A sudden storm arose, and drove the vessel out to the open main. It was there tossed for a while by the winds and waves. At length, having all its rigging carried away, it was wrecked on a strange shore, and broken in pieces among rocks. The whole crew were drowned, only Baharkan escaped upon a plank, which he luckily laid hold on. It happened fortunately that the shore upon which his vessel had been cast away, and where he now landed, belonged to the monarch whose son had wounded his ear, and whom he had pardoned for that involuntary fault. It was almost night when Baharkan made the shore. He wanted neither courage nor vigour. He proceeded along the first  
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road that he perceived. It conducted him to a large fortified city, the gates of which happened, however, to be shut. He was therefore obliged to wait till next day without the gates, and to spend the night in a neighbouring cœmety. By day-break the gates were opened. The first persons that came out from the city found the body of a man who had been assassinated at the entrance into the burying place. Baharkan was at that instant coming out. In coming ashore the preceding evening he had received some slight wounds from which the blood still flowed. This circumstance seemed to afford sufficient proof that he was the murderer, and he was dragged to prison.

In this confinement, the unfortunate prince, reflecting upon the circumstances of his life, could not help exclaiming thus to himself.—“Heaven now punishes thee, Baharkan! Thou wast cruel, vindictive, inexorable. Humanity had no power in thy heart. Thou didst sacrifice thy brethren to thy slightest suspicions. Now thou art reduced to a level with the lowest of human beings. This is thy desert!” As he pronounced this dreadful sentence upon himself, he looked up, and perceiving a vulture in the air above the prison, in the court of which he was walking, he mechanically took up a pebble and threw it at the bird. It missed the vulture, but, as it fell, accidentally struck the same prince Tirkan who had formerly hurt his ear. It happened by a singular chance that the stone fell precisely upon Tirkan’s ear, although it did not hurt him so severely as he had formerly hurt Baharkan. The young prince cried out with the pain, and all those of his courtiers who were near gathered round him.



him. Surgeons were called to dress the wound.

The King ordered search to be made that if it were possible the person might be discovered who had thrown the stone. Baharkan was accused by his fellow-prisoners of having lifted and thrown it. He was carried before the monarch, who believing him to be likewise the murderer of the person who been assassinated before the cœmety, condemned him to immediate execution. The executioner had removed his turban, and was drawing his sword, when the King looking attentively on the head which was about to be severed from its body, perceived one of the ears to be mutilated. "It seems," said he to the criminal, "that this has not been thy first misdeed. For what crime wast thou condemned to lose an ear?" Baharkan, who since his misfortunes had acquired a different spirit from that which before disgraced him, replied with confidence. "Sire, if I have committed crimes I am accountable for them to Heaven: And till now I was not amenable to human justice. In a word, I was a King, and your equal. My ear was mutilated by an arrow that sprung accidentally from a bow in the hands of one of my officers, named Tirkan. In the first sally of passion, I condemned him to death; but he asked my pardon, and obtained it. My name is Baharkan."——Tirkan had thrown himself into his arms, before he could say more, and eagerly recognised his old master and deliverer. Baharkan, instead of being punished as a criminal, was treated as a King, and as a King whose misfortunes rendered him the more respectable. He related the adventure which had cast him upon the dominions of  
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of Tirkan's father. Tirkan told his own, and especially that of the unfortunate accident which had hurt Baharkan's ear. "Recollect, Sire," continued he, "that when I solicited your pardon I presumed to promise that God would shew you the same kindness which you discovered to me. He has done so, and by my father's hand, when you were in circumstances similar to mine.

After these mutual explanations the two monarchs embraced, in expression of their mutual good will and esteem. Baharkan soon embarked for his own dominions in a well-appointed fleet, and with an army of fifty thousand men, commanded by prince Tirkan.

Thus, added Aladdin, was Baharkan rewarded for his clemency in a case where he had been personally offended. Heaven not only returned his forbearance by a similar favour in similar circumstances, but while he was restored to his subjects, he was inspired from above with all the virtues that can serve to form an accomplished prince; and in order to the good government of his dominions, he was ever after careful to maintain due government even himself.

This story, and the reflections with which it was accompanied, renewed Bohetzad's hesitation: he again deferred the execution, and sent the Comptroller back to prison. He pronounced this last order so faintly, that his courtiers were alarmed. Their conspiracy against Aladdin was revived, with new keenness: and it was determined that the ten Viziers should all together demand audience of the King. The danger which threatened them, if Aladdin should succeed in justifying himself, appeared so pressing, that they

they determined to leave nothing untried, to accomplish his destruction.

They repaired next morning to the palace; and he whose eloquence was allowed to be the most persuasive, spoke in name of the rest. If his majesty might be told so much, the villain-story-teller, whose arts seemed to impose upon him, owed his success in gaining on his majesty's compassion, to his skill in magic. But it became a wise monarch to guard against an illusion, injurious alike to the laws, to religion, to morals, to the glory of the throne, and to the public weal. Licentiousness would overleap all bounds, if so atrocious a crime should escape unpunished.—The other Viziers joined their voices; and spoke, each of his own disinterestedness, zeal, and fidelity. Desperate and wicked artifice, they said, were equally displayed in an attempt to defile the royal bed, and to ruin a Queen as virtuous as she was beautiful. All justice and order was confounded, if such a crime was to pass unpunished. Bohetzad could not resist the unanimous advice of his Viziers: his jealousy and resentment were renewed, and he again ordered the criminal to be brought before him.

Aladdin made his appearance, in chains. The King instantly called out: "Behead that wretch!" The ten Viziers seemed ready to impel the arm of the executioner: and, while they were striving who should be first, Aladdin found time to speak.

"Behold, Sire," said he, "how your Viziers thirst for innocent blood. Justice punishes guilt: yet without hurling an impatient arm upon the head of the criminal. Zeal, like every other  
virtue,



virtue, has its bounds. Stay your hands, ye wicked and blood-thirsty men! The King is my judge, not you: nor are you the legal executioners. Speak out; shew yourselves in your true colours. I have offended you by repressing your rapacity, and checking your extortions; you are therefore my enemies, and strive to destroy me by the blackest calumny."—"You recriminate upon my Viziers," interrupted the King, "because you are confounded by the truths which they have declared."—"Nothing from them can confound me," answered Aladdin; "not even the darkness of their machinations. Baseness is innate in their nature; it is seated in their hearts, as in the gloomy depths of hell. But, since they have reduced me to the necessity of defending myself, let me interrogate them in their turn. They are present, to reply. Does not the law state, that every accuser shall have witnessed the crime on which he demands justice? Their attestations are therefore of no value here; the law rejects them; they are only the dictates of outrageous jealousy and envy. Look on them, Sire, and on me; I dare to look up, while the sword is lifted over my head; but their eyes are downcast, and dare not meet either yours or mine: Heaven sustains me, and condemns them; their doom is written on their forehead. Great King! worthy of better ministers! beware of their machinations. Olenfa repented all his life that he had too hastily trusted a report of his ministers against one of his favourites."

"Certainly," said Bohetza, "this is extraordinary.—But, let us hear how Olenfa came to repent of his conduct."

*Story of Abaltamant, or the Prudent Man.*

“ In Egypt,” replied Aladdin “ there was a man named Abaltamant, who was prudent, modest, wise, and very rich. The district to which he belonged was subject to the government of a tyrannical prince. His subjects sought to withdraw their lives and fortunes from his power, by retiring out of his dominions. Abaltamant, among others, left his country. Carrying with him his family and fortune, he took refuge in the dominions of Olenfa, whose reputation for wisdom and virtue held out a pleasing invitation to a victim escaped from tyranny.

His first care was to take a considerable present in his hands, and demand an audience of his new master. Olenfa soon conceived a prepossession in favour of the stranger, assigned him a piece of ground on which he might build a house, and arrayed him in a splendid robe. Abaltamant built a palace suitable to his condition, lived splendidly, and entertained at his table as well strangers as all persons of distinction belonging to the country. In short, he conducted himself in such a manner as to gain the general esteem and confidence of the public: and the monarch himself formed so high an opinion of him, that he pressed him to enter into his service. “ Sire,” replied Abaltamant, “ your majesty’s confidence does me too much honour: your favours demand my warmest gratitude; my life and fortune are in your hands; but if I were allowed to follow my inclinations, and might at  
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the same time hope the continuance of your majesty's esteem, I had rather end my days in retirement, at a distance from the bustle and contentions of a court. Were I distinguished by your majesty's favour, your courtiers would soon be moved by jealousy and envy to seek my ruin, they would be naturally tempted to brand me with false aspersions, in order to deprive me of your confidence.—“Fear not,” said Glenfa, “I have had experience of a court; I am known to detest intrigue and intriguing characters; forego your ease in order to promote the happiness of me and my people; I shall answer for your safety.”

Abaltamant yielded. He was fixed near the monarch's person; and by his prudent conduct and enlightened counsels soon gained the entire confidence of his master. He was nominated Vizier; the most important affairs of the state were intrusted to his management; his colleagues sunk into inferiors, and soon began to view him with jealousy. They conspired the ruin of so formidable a rival: and, as calumny could not serve their purpose, they resolved to undermine him by flattery and extravagant praise.

The monarch's greatest defect was an intemperate passion for women. He was easily caught by beauty. What was with others only a moderate desire, was, in his breast, a furious appetite. One of the Viziers introduced at court a painter who was possessed of a curious collection of portraits of all the rarest beauties in Asia. His skill in his art had enabled him to procure them. The King expressed a desire to see those



pictures, and thus fell into the snare laid for him.

Among those charming paintings was one portrait of a lovely princess, far superior to any of the rest. It failed not to catch the King's particular notice. He asked the name of the beauty whom it represented. The painter mentioned it, and at the same time added, that his pencil had but faintly expressed her charms. The King, her father, continued he, is vainer of his daughter's beauty than of his crown, values himself chiefly upon being the father of so lovely a woman, thinks himself insulted by those who presume to ask her in marriage, and causes those ambassadors to be beheaded who are the bearers of such audacious proposals. From Tauris to Samarkand, monarchs ambitious of the princess' hand, have sent to request the happiness of becoming his sons-in-law, but their representatives have been still beheaded, and their heads exposed on the gates of his capital, as a terror to others.

This account served only to inflame Olenfa's desires, and raise his curiosity. Had he been less affectionately attached to his subjects, he would have gone in person to pay his court to the Princess. But he might well expect that some one or other of his courtiers would prove his loyalty, by undertaking so hazardous an embassy. All the courtiers, although they did not openly express their fears, yet excused themselves on the score of their insufficiency. The Viziers had secretly concerted among themselves to give an artful turn to the matter, in their representations to the sovereign. "It is a happy circumstance in any man's

man's fortune," said they, "when he finds an occasion of risking his life for the glory of his Prince; but if his undertaking misgives, the affront which the Sovereign receives in the person of his minister cannot be punished, if the scene be distant from his own dominions." "I am persuaded," said the monarch, "that Abaltamant might save his own head, and his master's honour, and bring off the Princess." "Sire," replied they, "Abaltamant is no less dear to us than to your majesty, and the rest of your subjects. He is the luminary of your councils, and we could not without pain see him depart; but if envy itself must admire his talents, we, who love him, cannot but agree, that no person ever possessed the gift of persuasion in higher perfection. He can at pleasure command approbation, or enforce conviction; and it is always strength of reason, not the delusion of eloquence, by which he succeeds. It can hardly be possible that the King of Cochinchina, whose daughter your Majesty desires to obtain in marriage, should be more able than others to resist the persuasive powers of Abaltamant, especially as the alliance offered is so glorious to that prince."

This artful language determined Olenfa to charge Abaltamant with the dangerous commission. That wise favourite, although he saw through the intriguing artifices of the Viziers, yet received, as an honour, this new mark of his majesty's confidence, and promised to conduct himself so as to avoid that barbarous treatment which former ambassadors upon the same errand had met with. Preparations were made without delay for his departure. He took care that every thing in his

equipage should bespeak the opulence, wisdom, and glory of the monarch whom he was to represent. He set out, and on his journey took care to keep up the strictest discipline among his troops.

Upon entering the territories of Cœchinchina, he redoubled his precautions, and by largesses and alms conciliated the good-will of the people, and the esteem of the magistrates and commanders of towns and castles. His fame had gone before, to secure him a favourable reception, upon his arrival at the capital.

Obtaining an audience of the monarch, he paid his homage respectfully. He presented his own sovereign's letters, and the magnificent presents which accompanied them. He was honoured with a most gracious reception, arrayed in a rich pellice, and conducted to a palace appropriated for himself and his train. He was to return at the end of three days, to receive his answer from the monarch. The Princess was soon informed by public report of the intentions of this embassy. When her father came to communicate Abaltamant's proposals, and shewed some inclination to consider them in a serious manner: "Sire," said the Princess, "I expect that your majesty will indulge me with a private conference with this ambassador. Some judgment of a Prince's character may be generally formed from his choice of his ministers. All the world praise this Abaltamant. Even your majesty seems satisfied with him. Allow me to examine whether his private conduct is as prudent and praise-worthy as his public. I shall put him to some trials." The request was reasonable.

The



The interval of three days expired. Abaltamant waited on the King. After the usual compliments were paid, he was requested to attend the Princess. The chief eunuch conducted him to her apartment. The distance to it was not great. However, the sage ambassador, as he was passing, found time for reflection, and recalled to mind the instructions of the Egyptian philosopher who had formerly directed his education.—“He who shuts his eyes is not in danger of the loss of his sight. He who restrains his tongue cannot lay himself open to the reproach of indiscretion. He who keeps his hands crossed upon his breast, shall not see them cut off.”

Hardly had he recollected these maxims when he saw himself in the Princess's presence. She was unveiled, and simply dressed, and about her were several young female slaves, each of whom had also a share of beauty, but the Princess eclipsed them all. The ambassador crossing his hands upon his breast, and modestly casting his eyes upon the ground, presented himself before her, with respectful homage. She asked him to sit down. He obeyed, and seated himself upon a sofa, at some distance from her. The young beauty thus addressed him :

“What is the purpose of your embassy to my father?” “The King, my master,” replied Abaltamant, “aspires to the honour of becoming your husband, Madam. His happiness depends on his success in obtaining your hand ; and I am charged to make this request in his name.”——

The Princess, at this answer, cast her eyes modestly upon the ground, and ordered some rare jewels to be brought forward, which she meant

to

to present to the ambassador, watching, at the same time, his looks and deportment, to discover what influence the splendour of the jewels might produce upon his mind. A soul that is debased by so low a passion as avarice must betray itself by a glance of the eye, or a single movement in the carriage. The Princess had put the former ambassadors from other sovereigns to the same trial, and they had all failed. "I accept your presents," said he to the Princess, "with respect and gratitude; but without the inestimable treasure, to the possession of which my master aspires, these cannot be mine. Your heart and hand, Madam, to consummate the happiness of Olenso, are the only objects of my wishes. Your favourable answer to the purport of my embassy will complete my felicity." So wise and respectful an answer charmed the princess. "Obtain," said she, "my father's consent. It is my wish that you should. I need not explain myself farther." Abaltamant could hardly contain his joy. He took his leave, and retired home.

The King came that same evening to visit his daughter: "I am vanquished, my dear father," said she. "If you would give me a husband with whom I may be happy, Olenso must be your choice. A sovereign, destitute of merit himself, could not have attached to him such a minister as Abaltamant. He would have been too jealous of him to grant him his confidence." After hearing the Princess thus express her wishes, the King determined to take Olenso for his son-in-law. He, however, desired to have another interview with his ambassador, and invited him to his palace. Abaltamant attended his majesty's summons. The King inquired what effect the sight of his daughter.

daughter had produced upon him. "Sire," replied the prudent ambassador, "I came not to your majesty's court to see the lady whose hand I was to ask from my master. King Olenfa, informed of her perfections by fame, and by the praises with which she has been celebrated by poets, did not direct me to lift my eyes presumptuously upon the beauty who is the object of his love. When the Princess did me the honour of admitting me into her presence, I remembered the respect due to the daughter of a great Prince, the intended bride of a mighty monarch. I recollected too, the maxims of the sage Abailassan: "If thou gazeft on the sun," said he, "the lustre of his rays will melt the crystal of thine eyes." "But," returned the King, "she offered you presents: Why did you not accept them?" "I could not, Sire, till I should first have succeeded in my embassy. Your majesty's answer will shew me how I am to act. If my master's wishes are fulfilled, I may assume to myself some degree of merit upon the occasion, and I shall then think myself not unworthy of the present which has been so graciously offered to me." "Till this day," replied the Prince, "I have scornfully refused to all the offers of monarchs, that treasure which you are going to carry from me. All the former ambassadors, who came to my court with similar proposals, presuming upon the pretended dignity of their character, behaved with the provoking audacity of madmen, deputed by fools. Not only did they give the most shameful proofs of low avarice, but they so far forgot themselves as to dare to lift up their eyes upon my daughter. I was enraged to such a degree at their temerity, that,



that, after punishing them, to prevent the like in future, I gave notice by an edict, that every ambassador that should hereafter come to demand my daughter, and should by his baseness discover the unworthiness of his master, should infallibly be put to death. By choosing you, your sovereign has given so clear a proof of his wisdom and penetration, that I should think myself inimical to my daughter's happiness were I to refuse his alliance. I entrust her to your care; conduct her to her husband. She shall depart, enriched with the presents of paternal affection; and you, Abaltamant, receive as a pledge of my esteem, this necklace set with emeralds, which I beg you to wear about your neck, in remembrance of the friendship which I have vowed to the sage minister of the great Olenfa. May the holy Prophet direct your steps."

The King ordered a select body from among his guards to attend the Princess, and she set out with Abaltamant.

After returning to Olenfa, the successful ambassador became still more and more the object of his master's favour, and the minister of his pleasure. He shared equally the confidence of the King and the Queen, who were united by the tenderest sentiments of mutual love, saw every thing with the same eyes, and had but one common will. When so happily established, who would have thought that any thing could have arisen to shake the confidence of Abaltamant! But, vessels are sometimes wrecked even in the very harbour; and dangers hang around the most secure asylum.

Jealousy

Jealousy is inseparable from love, and the heart of Olenfa was so formed as to be liable to the torments of both these passions. The Viziers, whose hatred was so much the more dangerous for being concealed under the deceitful mask of flattery, gained two pages of the King's bed-chamber. These boys had been brought up in the palace, and remained in the inner apartments. The King permitted them to divert themselves there at all hours, whether he was busy, or had lain down to take his afternoon's rest. Their prattle gave him no disturbance. He was even often amused with it, nor did he ever restrain them to silence. These were to become the innocent instruments of the calumny and intrigues of Abaltamant's enemies. They received their instructions from the Vizier's creatures. As soon as they should observe the Prince falling asleep, they were to begin talking of some curious and entertaining incident of the palace, of which they were to receive previous information. If the King listens without commanding you to be silent," said they to the children, "you may be sure that you have amused him, and that he will love you the more for it." Matters being thus concealed, the pages were left to their own address, and the project was next day carried into execution, with great success.

The King, while seemingly asleep, learned from their conversation, that one of his old eunuchs, who was in love with a young slave, had been roughly left by his mistress, when she had promised to grant him the bliss for which he sighed, to spend the night in the arms of one of the oldest women in the seraglio; and matters  
having

having been so contrived that he was detected in this situation, he had suffered a good deal of ridicule upon the occasion. The King found nothing to displease him in this adventure : irregularities were corrected by ridicule, which could not be disagreeable to him. Next day, when he lay down, he expected to overhear something similar, but, as the pages had not received their lesson, nothing very interesting passed among them. On the third day, the eldest of those children meeting one of the Viziers, observed to him with simplicity, " We said nothing yesterday in the King's chamber, because we had nothing to say : but, although asleep, we could observe that he was not indisposed to listen. Pray tell us some little story, which we may repeat for his amusement. " Tell," said he, " that the old favourite has lost her diamond, and the slave of Abdialla has got it. Let your dialogue run thus : Your comrade must ask you if you can guess who has the diamond ; and do you answer that it is certainly Abdialla, for that he cries much more than any one else." The page, pleased that he had something to relate, thanked the Vizier ; and next day the King was entertained with the story of the diamond. Abdialla was accused to him as the thief that same evening ; but the Vizier had been previously informed of the circumstance, in the morning, by a Jew, to whom the jewel had been offered. Olenfa was not the less surprized for that, at the discernment of the children, and began now to place some confidence in their reports.

The moment was now come when the expedients that had been contrived for the ruin of  
Abal-



Abaltamant were to be carried into execution.—The two Viziers sent for the children, congratulated them on their success in diverting his majesty, and assured them, that, since that time, he had treated them with unusual kindness. “Believe us,” added they, “you may become the richest and most powerful among the servants of the palace. Take this gold, in recompense for what you have already done. Conceal it carefully, however; for that strange gloomy man, Abaltamant, will suffer nobody to get rich. Were he to be listened to, it would be Ramazan all the year over in the palace. He would even blow out the lamps, on the festival days, to save the oil. Has he ever cared for you?” “Never,” replied the children, ingenuously. “Well,” replied the Viziers, “we must remove him from the court, and send him back to his farms and œconomy in the country. Let us make a little story, which you may repeat before the King, like the others; and if you succeed, you shall have an hundred such parcels as this.”

Such a promise naturally made a powerful impression upon the children. The Viziers took advantage of it, and, to fix in their memories the conversation which they were to hold, made them repeat it several times over. The simple pair, seduced by the gold, returned to the palace, with a resolution to make every attempt that might be necessary to render them masters of such a fortune.

Fate so ordered it, that Olenfa indulged more freely than usual, when he retired to his own apartment. His head was confused with the fumes of the liquor which he had drunk. He re-

clined upon the sofa, and fell a-sleep. But his slumbers were soon interrupted by the prattle of the two pages. He heard the name of Abaltamant mentioned, and this made him attentive.—“The chief of the eunuchs,” said one of the children, has promised me a pretty gift, if I will be wife, and, in order to obtain it, I mean to become as wife as Abaltamant.” “Yes,” replied the other, “and when thou art as wife as he, thou shalt share with him the caresses of the Queen.” “Hast thou seen them? very good that!—Have I seen them?—When the King goes a-hunting, I stand centinel near the closet door, and there I see them through the key-hole embracing very tenderly, and this has continued ever since their arrival from Cochin-china.”

Olenfa's head, as was already mentioned, was at this time confused, by the consequences of his intemperance. He was excessively fond of the Queen. The conversation of the boys roused his jealousy; and jealousy soon rose to a transport of madness. He could not suppose imposture to lurk within the lips of those innocent children, and therefore trusted to their apparently ingenuous simplicity. He made as if he were awaking, arose from the sofa, went into the apartment where he used to give private audience, and ordered Abaltamant to be immediately called into his presence. The favourite hastened to the King, and prostrated himself, as usual, at his majesty's feet, in token of respect and obedience. The sovereign scarcely gave him time to rise, before he said, “Abaltamant, what punishment does a man deserve who corrupts his neighbour's wife?”—“The law,” replied the minister, “decrees that every

every man should be treated according as he has treated others." "It must be yet more distinctly explained," replied Olenfa; "and what does the audacious wretch deserve who violates the honour of his Prince, in the person of his Queen?"—"Death," replied Abaltamant, "and that so speedily inflicted as to leave no interval between the crime and the punishment." "Ungrateful monster," cried the King, "thou hast pronounced thy own sentence." So saying, he plunged his scymitar in his heart, and ordered his body to be thrown into a pit, where criminals were usually buried.

The pages, in their terror at seeing the monarch start from his sofa, had fled from his presence, and left behind the purse with the ten pieces of gold, which they had received from the Viziers.

Olenfa, after satiating his vengeance, returned to his chamber. The first objects that met his eye were the purse, and the gold which it contained. He called a slave, and asked him whence the money came. The slave replied, that he had seen the purse hanging from the girdle of one of the pages, and had supposed it to be a present from his majesty." "I gave the children no gold," replied Olenfa. "Let them appear instantly before me."

They came trembling, and in confusion.—"Who gave you that gold?" asked the King, in a rage. This question, and still more, the tone of voice in which it was uttered, so terrified the poor boys, that they melted into tears, named the Viziers, and soon avowed the whole intrigue, of which they had been made the instruments, mentioning, at the same time, the recompense which



had been promised them. They had never supposed that the King would so speedily put Abaltamant to death, and now regarded the Viziers as base men, by whom they had been deceived, and betrayed into guilt.

“ Alas !” cried the Prince, tortured with remorse, “ Abaltamant had good reason for his anxiety to remain at a distance from my court.— I promised that no informer should ever injure him with me. He trusted my promise. I thought that I was strictly observing it, when I shut my ears against the insinuations of his rivals. They have contrived to deceive me, by means of two children. In an instant have I become perjured, ungrateful, a murderer. O Abaltamant ! why can I not do thee justice upon myself ! But I shall at least soothe the remorse which my conscience feels, by avenging thee on thine enemies.”

With this, Olenfa caused the guilty Viziers to be immediately brought before him. “ Base betrayers, traitors, impostors ! Did you flatter yourselves that Heaven would leave your dark crime unpunished, or that the innocent should fall unrevenged. He who digs a pit for his neighbour deserves to fall therein himself.” Abaltamant abhorred your extortions. He is now delivered from the troubles of this life, and reposes in happiness in the arms of the holy Prophet, while endless punishment is about to fall upon you. Your souls, now to be separated from your bodies, will be plunged into the fiery gulph, where they will be for ever tormented, without being destroyed.” Instantly he ordered the Viziers to be beheaded, and their bodies to be devoured by wild beasts. Abaltamant was buried in a mausoleum built for him.

The

The King and Queen went frequently to perform their prayers, and weep together, upon the marble monument. Olenfa could never forgive himself for the murder which too much precipitation had occasioned him to commit.

"You see here, Sire," continued Aladdin, "how a few moments of forgetfulness of himself embittered the remaining days of a sovereign, who was, in all other respects, worthy of the affection of his people. You see here how dangerous corrupt ministers are. It is not personal danger that alarms me. Dead or alive, my innocence places me under the protection of the Almighty. But what tears of regret must it one day cost your majesty, if you now put me to death. Providence will hereafter reveal to you the base treachery of my enemies. Heaven grant that your majesty may never be tortured with such remorse."

Bohetzad, still more sensibly moved and affected by the relation which he had heard, and by the reflections intermixed with it, could not resolve to carry into execution the sentence which he had so often pronounced, but made the criminal to be again conducted back to prison. At this instance of clemency, which his ministers blamed as weakness, those enemies of Aladdin again assembled, and concerted a last attack upon the monarch's partiality in his favour. They knew that if Aladdin should once escape, they must soon be brought to suffer for their crimes against the state, and their machinations against him. They demanded audience of the Queen, and, being admitted, one of them said: "Madam, the King suffering himself to be imposed upon by the bewitching language of that audacious wretch, who

has offended you both, with a degree of blameable weakness, defers his punishment. The people ascribe this lenity to your interference, and indulge in conjectures highly injurious to your majesty's honour. "Aladdin is guilty," say they, "but he will not be punished, for the Queen protects him."

The Queen, thus persuaded that her honour was injured by those repeated delays, broke out in complaints to the King. His majesty, overcome by her earnest solicitations, resolved to put an end to his indecision, and punish the criminal.—He repaired to the divan, and, with a stern-air, ordered Aladdin to be brought before him.

The Viziers, remarking the apparent coolness and reserve of the monarch, pleased themselves with the success of their application to the Queen. The prisoner no sooner appeared than they broke out all at once in the most outrageous invectives against him. "Wretch," said they, "the earth thirsts for thy blood; worms are waiting to devour thy body." By this they expected to heighten the passion of the Sovereign, so that the emotions of his mind might unfit him for reflection. Aladdin, unmoved, and disdaining to make them a direct reply, thus spoke:

"It is not necessary to be in a passion, in order to bear witness against a criminal. If he is convicted, justice condemns him. But the judge, while he states his crime, and pronounces his sentence, is to treat him with that tenderness which is due to one of God's creatures, fallen into so unhappy a situation. Here I see only fury and envious rage. I see men thirsting for blood, and careless of founding judgment on the basis of equity.



equity. All the injurious imputations thrown out against me are vain. An invifible hand fmooths my brow with the ferenity of innocence. An inward feeling tells me, that as I have ever lived free from guilt, I fhall not now be confounded with the guilty. Evil to him whose confcience bears a different testimony. For fuch a one, it muft be vain to attempt to efcape the threatened punifhment, as is ftrikingly proved by the ftory of Sultan Hebraim, and his fon.

Bohetzad, aftonifhed at the firmnefs of Aladdin, and at the rage of his minifters, hesitated again, upon viewing the objects before him, refolved to hear the adventures of Hebraim, and gave the Comptroller permiffion to relate them.

*Story of Sultan Hebraim, and his Son.*

Sultan Hebraim, born to the inheritance of vaft dominions, had farther enlarged his territories by the fuccefs of his arms. But the want of an heir diftrefled him amidft his glory. In vain had he filled his feraglio with the moft beautiful female flaves. He had fatisfied his defires, but not accomplished his hopes. At laft one of thofe ladies found herfelf pregnant. Hebraim, overjoyed at the unexpected news, loaded the favourite with prefents, ordered prayers fuitable to the occafion to be performed in all the mofques, and caufed the moft fkilful aftrologers to be confulted about the fate of the prince, whom he expected to be foon born. The period of her pregnancy was at length completed, and fhe bore a fon, whose birth was celebrat-

celebrated by public rejoicings, and festivals, which continued for forty days, to announce to the people the high satisfaction which their sovereign felt upon the occasion. The astrologers, on the other hand, who had now nearly finished their calculations, were perplexed and distressed to think how they should give an account of their observations to the Sultan. They could not deny that the star which presided over the birth of his son was certainly malignant. The orbit of that planet appeared dark, and discoloured with blood, and seemed to forebode disasters such as could scarcely be avoided or withstood. They unanimously agreed that the child, before he were seven years of age, would be in danger of being devoured by a lion; and that, if he should escape the fury of that animal, his hand must afterwards become fatal to the author of his days; nor could he possibly escape those disasters by which he was threatened otherwise than by becoming, through the advantages of education, an enlightened, wise, and virtuous prince.

Such discouraging predictions soon dispelled the beams of joy. Even the days of the public festivity were to Hebraim days of sorrow and of tears. However, as hope never forsakes even the unfortunate, he flattered himself with the fond hope, that, by human precautions, the decrees of fate, respecting his son, might be frustrated. It appeared to be not impossible to preserve him from any danger by a lion, till he should be seven years of age; and he imagined that if the youth could be saved from the first misfortune, he might afterwards watch so carefully over his education

as to inspire him with the love of virtue, and to instill into his mind sentiments of wisdom, which might finally give the lie to the horoscope which the astrologers had drawn.

After making these reflections, the Sultan caused a retired abode to be formed upon the summit of a mountain, where he hoped to secure his son from being assaulted by any lion for the first seven years of his life. A multitude of workmen were employed to make an excavation in the rock, which was to be an hundred feet deep, five hundred feet long, and thirty feet broad. Materials were carried down into it, for building commodious apartments. A spring of water was found within it : for this they formed a channel, as well as for the rain water, that might be collected in that cavern. Earth was carried down into it, and different herbs planted, which soon came to thrive prosperously.

After this little palace was properly repaired and furnished, the prince and his nurse were let down into it, by means of a pulley, with the necessary provisions to maintain them for a month. At the end of each moon, Hebraim went carefully to visit his son : the nurse put the child into a basket of rushes, which was raised to the mouth of the subterraneous dwelling ; and while the Sultan indulged the tender emotions of nature, and caressed his child, a numerous guard kept savage animals at a distance, by a loud noise of the most sonorous musical instruments. A new supply of provisions was then put into the basket, and the child was again let down into his subterraneous abode. The young prince grew and thrived in this solitary retreat, which a very rapid



rapid vegetation had by this time adorned with trees and plants of all sorts. The fatal term fixed by the astrologers was nearly elapsed. Only twenty days were wanting to complete the seven years, when a party of hunters, who knew nothing of this recess, happened to pursue a huge lion, which they had already wounded, to the summit of the mountain. The furious animal, terrified by their cries, and goaded on by the arrows which they poured upon his sides, found himself at the edge of the excavation, and, in the blindness of terror and despair, threw himself into it. He happened to alight upon a tree, which, bending under his weight, thus broke the force of the fall; otherwise he must have been dashed to pieces at the bottom of the cavern.

The affrighted nurse sought to conceal herself. The savage animal found the child, and wounded it grievously on the shoulder. His cries brought back the nurse; who now forgot her own danger, and ran to relieve her nursling. The lion turning, threw himself upon her, and tore her in pieces. He was proceeding to devour her, when the hunters coming suddenly up to the brink of the precipice, poured a shower of arrows down upon the voracious animal.

His body was covered with wounds, and all over blood. Soon after, they pushed a huge stone down upon his head, which crushed him to pieces upon the spot. Those hunters were curious, after this exploit, to know something more of the child whose cries were re-echoed through that gloomy abode, and eagerly descended. Great was their astonishment to find there a handsome boy, richly dressed, but besmeared with blood,  
which

which had flowed from his wound, and lying beside a woman who was already dead. Their first care was to lend assistance to the innocent creature, which still breathed: they washed his wound, and wrapped it up with medicinal herbs. When the child was quieted they buried the nurse, and proceeded to examine farther that strange recess. The furniture of that little house appeared to be very rich; and they found in it a quantity of good provisions, which they regarded as an immediate gift from the hand of Heaven. They seized all as by right of conquest, and then sought how to get out of the gloomy cavern every thing of value that it contained.

The rush-basket served first to raise up the child, and afterwards all the effects, furniture, and provisions, by means of the pulley that was fixed above. When all was removed, it was shared among the party; and their chief took the child, in whose welfare he felt himself strongly interested, and carried him with him to his own house.

Sultan Hebraim's only son had fallen into good hands. His guardian was a man of rank and fortune, who had no other defect in his character save an extravagant passion for hunting. He was charmed with the beauty and mild temper of his young pupil, and took great pains to effect his recovery. When he saw him able to answer his questions, he sought to learn from him who he was, and by what chance he had come to occupy so singular a dwelling.

"I know not," replied the child. "I lived with the woman whom you found dead, and was supplied by her with all necessaries. From time to time, a man, who was greater than you are, came

came to the summit of the hill, immediately above where you found me. I was put into a basket, and raised up to him. He caressed me with great fondness, calling me his dear child. I called the woman nurse, and she likewise called me her dear child. I know nothing more."

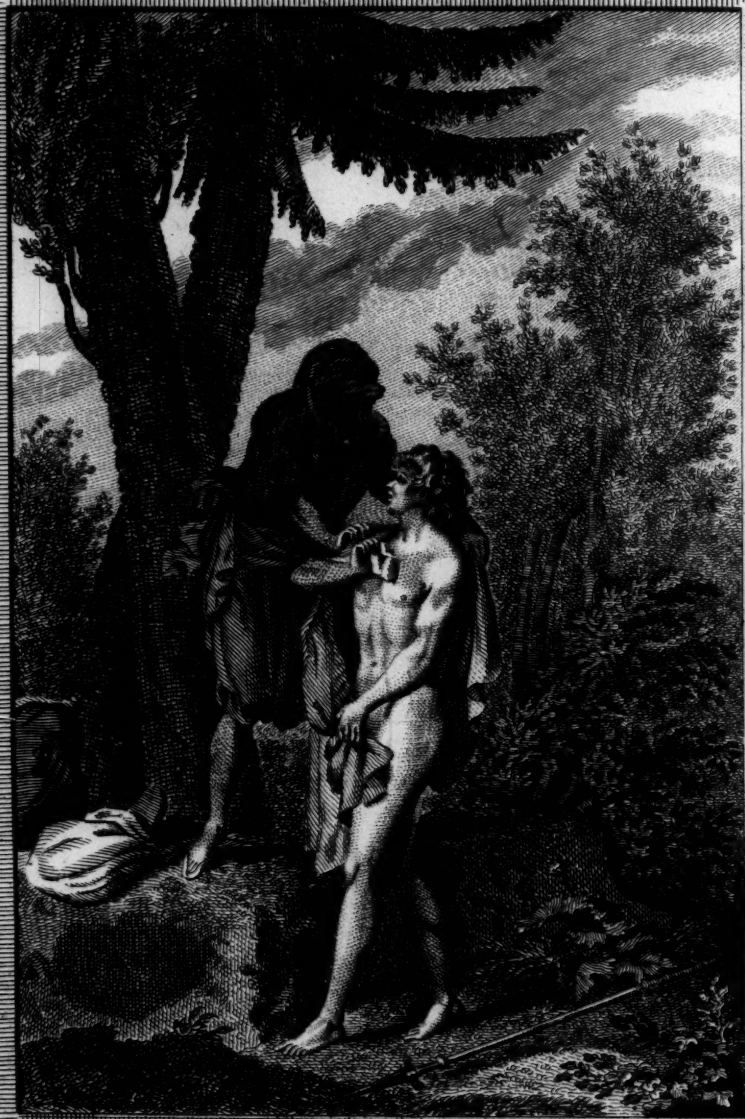
From this simple narrative, it could only be inferred, that the child owed his birth to parents of a distinguished rank, and that some extraordinary reason which he could not explain had forced them to conceal his existence, by means still more extraordinary. Expecting that time might one day clear up this mystery, the kind protector of Abaquir, in the mean time, took all due care of his education, and had him instructed in the sciences, and practised in all the exercises the most suitable for a person of high birth.

The young pupil's progress corresponded to his friend's hopes. He excelled particularly in horsemanship, managed a horse with dexterity and address, could make a good use of all sorts of arms, and was accomplished with all that knowledge, in general, which completes the character of the hunter and the warrior.

As they were one day engaged together in pursuit of some tygers, they fell suddenly among robbers. Abaquir (this was the young man's name) and his master performed prodigies of valour, but were overpowered by numbers. The elder of the two hunters lost his life. Abaquir himself received several slight wounds; and, rather in consequence of the fatigue which he had undergone, than of his wounds, sunk down, fainting, and lay as if dead. The robbers soon retired, and he revived. Being naturally brave, he attempted, in his help-  
less







*It behoves us to be ready to strip ourselves  
in order to clothe a brother, and to share  
our meat with him, however scanty.*

less condition, to travel through the deserts, till he might find some human habitation. A boar-spear, which had been forgotten on the field of battle, was the only weapon he now had to defend himself with.

After walking onwards for a few hours, he observed a man before him in the dress of a dervise. He made up to him, accosted, and saluted him.—The dervise began the conversation. “My handsome young man,” said he, “you are naked and wounded. Who has reduced you to this condition of distress.” Abaquir, without hesitation, related his adventure to one whom he took for a holy personage, and asked him for food and cloathing. “It behoves us,” replied the dervise, “to be ready to strip ourselves, in order to clothe a brother, and to share our meat with him, however scanty.” So saying, he covered the young man with a part of his gown, made him sit down, and took out from a sort of wallet some dates, and a little bread that had been baked with camel’s milk, producing, at the same time, a goat’s skin, which contained five or six pints of water. “Here,” said he, “is such a meal as a penitent like me usually makes. I carry this about with me, to supply the more pressing necessities of myself and of others; but come to my grotto, you may there take your rest, and shall find better fare.”

Abaquir, before he would eat, gave thanks to the holy Prophet for so seasonable a relief. The dervise then prevailed with him to accompany him to his grotto, which was at no great distance.

Abaquir was there entertained with every mark of beneficent charity. His wounds were washed and dressed, and more nourishing food was set be-



fore him. In this solitary abode, the tables and seats consisted, indeed, only of stones, inartificially built together, and the beds were only layers of moss; but even this was a great deal to Abaquir, who had been reduced to absolute want of every thing. The kind attentions of his host, too, made amends for the incommodioufness of the dwelling. The young man thus naturally conceived a very high idea of the profession of a dervise, which could inspire such humane sentiments.

"My dear child," said the dervise to him affectionately, "you are not to place all these cares, which I take to serve you to the account of religion, your own appearance and manners interest me in your behalf, and, if you mean to leave me, wait at least till your wounds are perfectly cured; for you will find the way out of the desert extremely difficult."

The young man expressed himself highly grateful for these proofs of kindness. They seemed to him nowise extraordinary. Having been accustomed to the tender caresses of his nurse, of his father, and of the generous benefactor who had directed his education, those of the pretended dervise now appeared natural and affectionate. By degrees, the dervise became acquainted with the whole of Abaquir's adventures, and seemed to become more and more interested in his fortune.

"Either I am greatly deceived, child," said the recluse, "or you are reserved for an higher destiny. I devote myself to your service, and am ready to be your guide in a path which promises to be so fortunate. I will conduct you back to that father who so fondly lavished his caresses upon  
on

on you." "Ah! if that be possible," replied Abaquir, "conduct me to him instantly." "In your present condition do you mean? By no means, child. You are unacquainted with the character of mankind. Among the great, nature never speaks in behalf of a stranger, cloathed no better than in a dervise's old gown. Before you could gain a hearing, you would be treated as an impostor. You would find numbers interested to bar you from all access to your father. But you are now with a man who has a regard for you, and I do not want for resources. A disgust for the riches and vanities of the world has driven me to this retirement: ~~but to-morrow~~, if I please, I can possess more than would satiate the ambition of the richest potentates on earth. I can shew you a part of my wealth. The earth reveals to me its treasures, and I can force it to yield them up.—Not far hence is a very large hoard, I will carry you thither. You shall bring away as much as may be necessary to fit you for making a suitable appearance at your father's court. Before you must march an hundred camels, loaded with the richest stuffs which the east can produce, and conducted each by a slave. You must be surrounded with a guard, to make you respected wherever you appear."

Abaquir, at hearing these suggestions, was struck with astonishment. He could not reconcile the possibility of the accomplishment of such magnificent promises with the things which he saw about him,—the coarse gown which he wore, and the simple and incommodious furniture of his entertainer. The other, after leaving him a few moments to his own reflections, thus proceeded:—

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"Oh!

“ Oh ! child, let not appearances deceive you ! The older you grow, the more will you learn to distrust these. I am by inclination a dervise ; but a different character is concealed under the dervise’s gown. I have taken you into my friendship, and will speedily accomplish your happiness. The articles of dress which I wear are not all of so little value as those you see. Here is one ornament that none but brave and powerful men can put on.” At the same time, the false dervise drew aside his cassock, and shewed a girdle of red, yellow, and green silk. “ Have courage, young man,” added he, “ to-morrow will I shew you great things ; your own fortune shall be our first concern. Even without our being obliged to run so much about, I can find the subterraneous abode in which you were brought up ; I know the architect who formed it, and, within a month after making all things ready, we shall set out for your father’s court, with a train which will command general attention and respect.”

At the discovery of so unexpected a thing as the girdle, Abaquir’s astonishment had been raised to a still higher pitch than before. He could not now refuse trusting the promises, and accepting the offers of his new protector. “ At least,” added that extraordinary man, “ when you are received by your father, whatever be the pain which our separation may cost you, I must here stipulate that you suffer me to return to my solitary retreat.” “ Certainly,” replied Abaquir, “ but you will not hinder me from attending you back hither.”

Next morning the dervise made the young man take provisions in a basket for breakfast, with  
a coil



a coil of ropes, and they proceeded together to the foot of a lofty and precipitous hill. There Abaquir's companion began to encourage him: "You must undergo a little fatigue," said he, "but reflect that you are yourself to reap the fruits, and be of good courage. Be not surprised at what you shall see. An invaluable treasure is stored up within the bowels of this mountain. Such wealth is given to magicians like me, but we scorn to use it for ourselves. Waste not your time in taking up the gold, of which you will see great abundance: bring away only the precious stones. These will most speedily enrich you."

The dervise now laid aside his gown, and appeared as a magician. His checkered vest covered his breast and loins, and its skirts hung down upon his legs. From a purse, which hung by his side, he took out an instrument for striking fire, lighted a lamp, fed the flame with perfumes, and, from a book spread upon his breast, pronounced a magic formula, in a strong tone of voice. He had scarcely finished, when the earth shook under his feet, and, opening before him, shewed a square block of marble, four feet deep in the ground; upon which the magician immediately poured out perfumes. When he supposed the air to be sufficiently purified, he bound a cord round Abaquir's waist, gave him a light in his hand, and sent him down into the aperture, in search of the promised treasure.

As Abaquir descended, his eyes were dazzled with the lustre of the riches which he saw around him; but, faithful to the instructions of the magician, he took up only the precious stones, and with these filled the basket, which his guide held,

suspended by a cord from above. When it was full, the magician drew it up: Instantly a tremendous noise was heard. The earth closed, and young Abaquir found himself buried in its bowels, without hopes of ever again seeing the light of day.

Thus treacherously abused by the magician, had it not been for the native energy of his mind, he must have abandoned himself to despair. But, after shedding some tears, he began to reflect on the incidents of his past life. Providence had saved him in infancy from the jaws of a lion: the same divine protection had again preserved him from falling by the hands of robbers. "The arm," said he, "which has hitherto defended me, will not now forsake me, since I am innocent, and betrayed!" In this pious confidence, he prostrated himself before that Being to whom the strength of hills belongs, and in whose hands are the depths of the earth.

The lamp still continued to burn, and with it he proceeded to examine the immense cavern in which he was imprisoned. He thought he saw a passage communicating with one quarter of it, and advanced that way with his light. But a strong current of air entering by it, soon extinguished the lamp, and left him in darkness. This accident encouraged, instead of diminishing his hopes. The strength of the blast was a proof that the passage communicated with the open atmosphere. He entered it with difficulty, and almost in a creeping posture. As he proceeded, he heard a hollow noise, the murmurs of which seemed to promise something singular. He soon found that he had dipped his hands and knees in a spring of fresh water.

water. He raised his head, and, seeing that he had here room to rest himself, sat down upon a stone, while he continued to hear several different springs murmur around him. He took up some of the fresh water in the hollow of his hand : it was delicious ; his strength revived, and he again advanced. The small rivulets soon united in one channel. He was obliged to enter the stream, and soon found it deepen so much that he was obliged to swim. At last a faint glimmering of light began to break in upon him. The dimensions of the cavern were enlarged, and the light became gradually more distinct. The hopes which these appearances afforded, restored the swimmer's strength. He advanced a short way farther, and found himself under the open concave of Heaven, just as the sun was retiring before the shades of night.

Abaquir's strength was now exhausted ; but he could here take the rest he needed with less anxiety. He lay down upon the earth, and, fatigued as he was, soon fell asleep. He had no clothes to put off. The rubbing against the stones in his way out of the cavern, had torn away great part of the clothes which he had received from the magician, and had reduced what remained to tatters.

The renewed song of the birds now announced the return of morn. The first rays of the sun awakened Abaquir. The young Prince, as he opened his eyes, began to reflect on the dangers which he had escaped. He recalled to mind even the slightest circumstances. He had a sort of faint recollection of having seen, in the dreadful prison from which he had escaped, the carcases of various former victims of the avarice of the accursed magician.



magician. His soul was filled with horror at the thought, and his heart overflowed with gratitude for that goodness of the Almighty, which had miraculously delivered him from the jaws of death; his eyes swimmied in tears as he raised them up to Heaven, and his lips sung the praises of God and his Prophet.

These duties discharged, he sought to gratify his hunger by some nourishment. On the banks of the small lake on which he was now placed, he found some reeds, the stalks of which he sucked, and chewed the roots. Thus were his first and most pressing necessities supplied. By care and patience he soon recovered his strength and courage. Then taking up the tattered remains of his clothes, which he had left to dry in the sun, he fastened them about with a girdle, made from the leaves of the reeds. He happened to find a staff, which served both to defend and to support him, as he walked; and thus proceeding onward, he reached, although not without enduring great fatigue, a small plain at a considerable distance from the lake. From this plain, a city appeared in view, and thither he continued his journey.

No sooner was he observed by the inhabitants than one of them ran out to meet him, and discovered the greatest eagerness to lend him that assistance of which his exterior appearance seemed to bespeak him so much in want. He carried him into his own house, where the youth was kindly received, the recital of his adventures heard with a degree of interest, and his misfortunes sincerely compassionated. Here let us leave the young Prince for a few moments, and return to Sultan Hebraim his father, who, by the accomplishment

plishment of the fatal prediction, was reduced to much greater distress than that which Abaquir suffered.

Another day after that on which the lion was destroyed, would have concluded the period marked out by the astrologers. The Sultan, therefore, expecting to reap the fruits of his prudent care, repaired to the summit of the mountain, and, presenting himself at the brink of the aperture, gave notice of his arrival by the ordinary signal. No person answered. Hebraim, alarmed, made some of his officers to descend into the cavern. After a fruitless search, they could find nothing but the paw of a lion. The father, no longer doubtful of the death of his son, returned in great distress to the palace, and sent for the same astrologers whom he had before consulted. "Unfortunate mortal that I am," said he, "your fatal prediction is accomplished; my son has been devoured before the expiration of the seven years. I have just now been to fetch him from the recess, in which I imagined I had placed him in security, but nothing was to be seen save the paw of an enormous lion." "Invincible Sultan," replied the astrologers, "since the event forces you to acknowledge the truth of our horoscope, we must congratulate your majesty on your escape from certain death, which you would infallibly have suffered from the hand of him whom you now deplore. Your son has died, without having the guilt of parricide upon his head, and you are preserved." This reflection brought some consolation to the Sultan's sorrow, and it was at length effaced by time.

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Mean while, Abaquir, of whom we must not lose sight, became weary of the inactive life which he led in the small city in which he had been so hospitably received. His host had a numerous family, and his means were scanty enough even for their support. The young Prince, unwilling to be chargeable to him, went often out a hunting through the country. He had one day slain a doe, and was preparing to carry her home on his shoulders, when he saw himself suddenly surrounded by a number of men on horseback, whom he quickly found to be a troop of robbers. "Comrades," said the captain of the gang, "you pursue your game on foot, and have no weapon but a bow to kill them with. In these deserts, however, there are many tygers and lions, and you may one day or another meet with your master. Come with us, and we will instantly mount you upon an excellent horse."

Abaquir, in his fondness for the chase, looked upon this as a favourable opportunity offered to enable him to pursue the bent of his inclination, and to compensate his kind entertainers for their hospitality. He accordingly told the captain of the robbers that he should accept the offer which they made, and was proud of the honour of being received among them. The other, supposing from his answer that he had not rightly comprehended the meaning of the proposal, replied: "Since you are willing to join us, we must confirm our union by breakfasting together." Upon this, the rest of the troop alighted from their horses, opened their knapsacks, and began all to satisfy the demands of appetite, without further preamble. "Since you are now become one of us," said the captain, "it



is fit that you should be made acquainted with the laws by which we are governed; we love and assist one another as brethren. The booty that we take is equally shared among us, and we swear mutual fidelity, which binds us to fight and die for one another." "I have lived before among hunters," replied Abaquir. "I was fond of this way of life, and shall hereafter tell you how that although hunters were not the authors of my existence, yet to persons of this character am I indebted for the preservation of my life. Your laws appear to me highly equitable." "Since it is so," said the captain of the robbers, "it only remains to acquaint you with the mode of subordination which prevails among us. I am, indeed, only your equal; but all here have agreed to honour me as your captain, and as it is necessary that I should be feared and respected, I punish with the utmost severity whoever presumes to disobey. As you are united in a band," said Abaquir, "subordination must be kept up." "Swear then upon the Koran, and by the name of the Prophet," replied the robber, "to submit to all our laws, without exception." Abaquir, when he heard them speak of the holy book, supposed that he had fallen among saints. He therefore took the Koran without hesitation, put it three times to his heart, his head, and his lips, and upon it promised to obey whatever should be required of him. He thus unknowingly inrolled himself among the most desperate ruffians in the desert. His new comrades all embraced him with joy. He was dressed in a new robe, mounted on a fine horse, and armed with a sabre, a bow, and a lance.—Abaquir was happy; nor did he become sensible  
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till next day that he had formed those engagements with imprudent rashness.

The robbers then spread through the desert, robbing and plundering all caravans, and single travellers. The success of their enterprises daily augmented their numbers. Their ravages proved at length so destructive to those countries, that the king of the land, who happened to be no other than Sultan Hebraim, came against them with a military force. They were surrounded on all sides. Abaquir happening to be at the head of the band, the Sultan's pursuit was particularly directed against him. The young man, bravely defending himself against the danger, wounded his adversary with an arrow, while, on the other hand, that Prince's followers made themselves masters of him and of the rest of the robbers. Those who fell not in the engagement were carried away prisoners, and the desert was thus at length cleared of that wandering band, who had so long been the terror of the country.

The Sultan was, however, severely wounded. Upon his return to his capital, and after some remedies had been applied to his wounds, he sent for the astrologers: "Impostors," said he, "did you forewarn me that I was to die by the hand of a robber? You threatened me with death from no hand but that of my own son." "Sultan," replied they, "what we predicted is now unhappily verified. Let your Highness only examine the criminal, and, before you condemn us, inform yourself by what hand the fatal arrow was launched."

Hebraim made all the prisoners to be brought before him, and promised them life and liberty if they

they would tell by whom he had been wounded. "It was by me," said Abaquir, boldly. "I have had the misfortune to attack the life of my sovereign, without knowing him, and I deserve death." "Courage, young man," said the astonished Sultan, "only tell me who you are, and who is your father?" In reply to this question, Abaquir told every circumstance that he knew concerning himself down to the time when the lion wounded him, and devoured his nurse. The narrative was interrupted by the discernible alteration which it produced on the Sultan's countenance. But soon recovering in some degree from the effects of his first emotion, Hebraim earnestly begged him to proceed with the recital of his adventures. The young Prince went on, and ended with describing the terror with which he had been affected, at finding himself engaged in fight against the Sultan. "Stay!" said Hebraim, while tears filled his eyes. "Come hither; shew me the scar made by the bite of the lion." Abaquir obeyed. "O truth, truth," cried the Sultan, examining the scar. "Come to my arms, my dear son; I have at least the comfort of recovering you before I go down to the grave. Astrologers," said he, then turning towards them, "you told me the truth as far as it was possible for you to know, or tell it; but I did wrong in consulting you concerning my destiny. I should have resigned myself submissively to the will of Heaven. By striving to avoid the stroke, I only encreased its weight." Then, addressing his whole court: "Viziers and grandees of my kingdom," said he, "acknowledge for your lawful sovereign Ben-Hebraim, my only son, and assist him



to discharge with honour the arduous functions of royalty."

Abaquir was forthwith crowned, by the name of Abaquir-ben-Hebraim; and his father then met death with resignation. He caused the arrow to be extracted from his body; life left him, as the blood issued from that large wound, and in his last moments he expressed due respect for the decree, to the execution of which he had himself contributed, and blessed God for giving him an heir worthy to inherit his crown.

Ben-Hebraim, although thus early called to sovereign power, yet having been taught wisdom by adversity; having been brought up in habits of active exertion, and being naturally endowed with virtuous dispositions, approved himself fully worthy of the public confidence. From his adventures with the magician and the robbers he had learned to beware of trusting rashly to appearances. The robbers he pardoned, but he was extremely desirous that Heaven might bring the magician within his power, so that he might signalize his justice upon an object so worthy of punishment.

While the young Sultan was one day passing through the markets of the city in disguise, he observed, in the Kan, a curious crowd thronging round a stranger. He was exhibiting diamonds, and jewels of great value. Ben-Hebraim attentively surveyed the stranger, and, in the dress of an Armenian merchant, recognized his old enemy, the pretended dervise. The tone of his voice, his air, and the characteristic cast of his features, marked him out so distinctly, that there remained no possibility of mistake in the person. The Sultan,

tan, without delay, returned to his palace, and secretly sent for the youngest of the robbers, whom he had retained near his person, in consequence of his having expressed a strong aversion for the way of life in which he had been involuntarily engaged, and having given some proofs of happy talents, and virtuous dispositions, which his majesty wished to cultivate.

“Margam,” said he, “you must assist me to deliver the earth from one of the most dangerous of men.” So saying, he explained to him in what manner it behoved them to proceed, in order to accomplish their purpose. After two days, Ben-Hebraim sent to the Kan his principal eunuch, with four officers of his household, and a train of slaves, to invite the Armenian Doboul to the palace, in the name of the Sultan; and they led with them the finest horse in the royal stables to bear him thither. The pretended Armenian was surprised at these honours. But, knowing no motives except those of curiosity to which the invitation could be ascribed, he took up some of his most precious effects, purposing to dazzle all eyes with the magnificence of the present which he should offer to the Sultan; put these into the hands of some of his own slaves; and proceeded himself to the palace, with the eunuch and his train.

No sooner was he arrived at the palace gates than an officer from the Sultan came to present him a box, richly ornamented, and filled with betel, (a plant which grows in India, is esteemed by the Indians highly medicinal, and commonly used among them just as we in Europe use tobacco). All the halls in the palace through which he

passed were perfumed with aloes and sandal, and he advanced till he was introduced into the King's closet. Margam, arrayed in royal robes, seated on a sofa, and previously instructed in what he was to say and do, there waited to receive the stranger. Ben-Hebraim, before concerting his project to entrap the magician, had obtained some information concerning the rites of magic, of which he now availed himself to good purpose.

At sight of Doboul, Margam hastily descended from his sofa, and, before the pretended Armenian could perform the usual ceremony of kneeling before the royal seat, kindly compelled him to take the place of honour upon the sofa beside him: "You must permit me," said he, "to do you this homage; it is what a young magician owes to his master." The astonished Doboul remained silent: "Here is the proof of my pretensions," continued Margam, and at the same time displayed his doliman, and shewed a girdle, striped red, yellow, and green, which bound his waist. "It was my ambition," continued the false Sultan, "to acquire the acquaintance and intimacy of a man for whom supernatural information had inspired me with the profoundest respect. The moment is come, and I congratulate myself upon the fortunate event."

"Sultan!" replied Doboul, "when science and power are joined in the same person, all must bend before them. The admiration with which I view you, prompts me to fall down and kiss the feet of him whom I regard as a second Solomon." "Let us leave it to ordinary men," said Margam, "to amuse themselves with external and ceremonious expressions of vain homage. Besides, how  
poor



poor is the condition of an earthly monarch, who is subject to so many toils, and exposed to such a multiplicity of dangers, in comparison of that which you enjoy ! What a felicity, to acquire immense wealth, and to distribute it generously, without becoming chargeable to any person !"—

" Sage Sultan," replied Doboul, " I cannot but applaud your noble ambition, and these elevated sentiments. We may very easily make ourselves masters of many valuable possessions, without giving up a whole people to the horrors of war, or the misery of exorbitant taxation. We need only to sacrifice one man." " This," interrupted Margam, " is precisely what I want to avoid. I would willingly save even one man, and this is the very matter on which I was desirous of having your advice." " Save him, would you ?" said Doboul. " Since he is predestinated to that fate, one could not save him even by putting one's self in his place." " In this case, I must give him up ; but I should wish, at least, that the victim might be only a slave." " Sultan, you can obtain no such thing ; the victim must be a person of illustrious birth, and of high consequence in the state." " But I should be afraid," said Margam, " of exciting a dangerous degree of resentment among my subjects by such a choice." " You can consult your fortune before hand," replied the magician. " This I did in my last magical research, and it was answered. Margam can run no risk, unless he should afterwards meet with his victim above ground. But if we can put two hundred fathoms of earth upon his head, I should have no more fears of his return."

Margam, after seeming to muse for a few moments, replied, "I must then vanquish my scruples. I have only one thing more to ask of you: While you stay here we may prosecute our operations together; I shall shew you the book which I bear upon my breast; communicate yours to me?" Doboul could not refuse, being in the place where he was, perfectly in the Sultan's power. Margam received his book, and that moment threw it into a chafing-dish of burning coals. While the magician was eagerly springing to save it from the fire, the true Sultan appearing from behind a curtain, seized him, and disappointed his attempt. "Wretch," said he, "thy hour is come. Thou art in the presence of Ābaquir, thy victim, and at the same time of Ben-Hebraim, the sovereign of this country." Upon this, speaking to his page, "Margam," said he, "lay aside these royal robes, and call my eunuchs. Infamous magician," continued he, speaking to Doboul, "see how the vain illusions of thy art have at length exposed thee to the sword by which thy life is to be terminated. Whither shall guilt flee, when Heaven pursues it? when divine vengeance rushes from the bowels of the earth, to strike the blow which is its desert?"

The magician, hearing these words, stood petrified in silence. But remorse of conscience soon appeared to burn and torture him within, with the same degree of force with which the fire in the chafing-dish consumed his book. "I burn," cried he repeatedly, uttering at the same time loud screams of pain and despair. "Let him be carried out of the palace," said the Sultan, "and beheaded."

beheaded in the presence of his slaves, and of the people there assembled."

Aladdin thus ended the story of Sultan Hebraim, and his son. After a moment's silence, he thus again addressed the Prince: "Sire, I might apply to my own adventures the just reflections naturally suggested by the story you have heard. But, unless Heaven has decreed my deliverance, no means whatever can save me from the danger in which I am involved. Characters impressed upon my forehead determine concerning my safety or ruin, and concerning the success or shame of my enemies. At all events, I am still rich in my innocence, which must triumph sooner or later."

Bohetzad, still more and more irresolute, gave a signal to the attendants; and the Comptroller was conducted back to prison.

The tenth day next arose, Aladdin's punishment having been now put off for nine days successively. This was the anniversary of a public festival. The courtiers, nobles, and grandees of the kingdom assembled to pay their homage before the throne. Among these the ten Viziers had all their creatures, among the nobility; some of these who enjoyed that privilege in consequence of their offices in the state, addressed his majesty on the subject of the Comptroller, and urged against him all the strongest and bitterest things that had yet been advanced, in order to induce the sovereign to exert the full severity of his justice upon the criminal. They ended with insinuating, that being descended from a cast of robbers, nothing but a series of crimes was to be expected from him; and each appeared to support his assertions by his looks and attitudes.

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Their unanimity and apparent disinterestedness again staggered the monarch's resolution. He thought it his duty to acknowledge those proofs of loyal zeal with grateful thanks, and to justify the indecision which had appeared in his conduct. "It was never my intention," said he, "to leave such a crime unpunished. I only wished the criminal himself to be convinced that he had deserved to die, and to be brought to acknowledge the equity of the sentence by which he was condemned." He then ordered the criminal, who was still in chains, to be brought out before him. "Audacious young man," said he, "thou seest about me the representatives of the nation, who regard the delay of thy punishment as an injury to themselves. Thy death alone can pacify the clamours of my people."

Sire," replied Aladdin, "in a respectful yet dignified manner, I scorn the imputation of the odious crime of which I am accused, and for which vengeance is demanded upon me by such a concurrence of voices. Where the nation fitly represented here, their voice would be the voice of God, and would be raised in behalf of my innocence. That awful voice, although all here be now deaf to its sounds, yet, at this moment; secretly speaks to your majesty's heart. The fowler has it not more perfectly in his power to strangle the feeble bird in his hands than your majesty to take away my life. Your clemency could not have been so long held in suspense, did not the hand of God work upon your heart, in opposition to the atrocious imputations laid to my charge; and if the powerful influence of the star, which rules my fate, did not oppose my fall. In the history of the family of Selimansha are  
many

many incidents, which wonderfully coincide with mine. His son Balavan, who sought to put one of his nephews to death, found that no human power can anticipate the period marked out by Providence as the term of any man's life."

—"I should be curious to know," said Bohetzad, "if the story of that family affords any instance of ingratitude equal to thine."

*Story of Selimansha and his Family.*

Sire, rejoined the young Comptroller, history has preserved the memory of a Persian monarch whose name was Selimansha, and who was adorned with all the qualities of a great prince. His family consisted of two princes, sons of his own: and Kalisla, his brother, had, at his death, bequeathed his only daughter to his care. Selimansha paid due respect to the dying wishes of his brother, and neglected nothing that could serve to promote the happiness or improvement of the princess. He regarded her as his own daughter, and was induced no less by an uncle's affection than by the opening graces of her mind to take the utmost pains of her education. The natural endowments of the princess happily concurred with his generous attention, and she soon became one of the most accomplished of women. At twelve years of age she was admired for her personal and mental accomplishments, as shining among the rest of her sex like the morning star in the firmament. Her memory, being highly cultivated, supplied continual resources for the exercise of her judgment. She could repeat all the chapters of the Koran at pleasure, and explained the sense  
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of every passage with a degree of clearness and precision which charmed all who heard her. Selimantha seeing that his amiable niece was now marriagable, thought that he could not do better than bestow her hand upon one of his own sons. He proposed this to the princess, but at the same time left her to the freedom of her own choice. "It is your happiness I wish to promote, my daughter; speak, and your wishes shall be obeyed." "What can I do better than refer myself to you?" replied Chamsada. "I submit myself to the tender care of my dear father, of which I daily receive so many affecting proofs. I shall rejoice to agree to whatever your wisdom may determine with respect to me."

"I feel myself flattered by your confidence," replied the good King, "and if my affection for you could possibly be heightened, it certainly should. Since you leave yourself to my disposal, I will unite you with my second son. The happy resemblance of character which I have observed betwixt you and him seems to promise happiness to this union. In him I discern the dawn of virtues which will shortly rival yours. You were born to be a queen, and I believe him to possess qualities worthy of a throne. By bestowing your hand upon him and making him the heir of my crown, I believe that I shall accomplish your felicity and his, and promote the happiness of my people."

The amiable princess modestly thanked her uncle for his favours. Selimantha gave immediate orders for the preparations necessary to the celebration of the marriage. Public rejoicings followed. These continued for sixty days; and the  
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the general satisfaction with which the nation viewed the event was fully expressed. Selimansha, desirous to spend his latter days in tranquillity, abdicated the crown, and placed on the throne his son, whom he had married to the lovely Chamfada.

Balavan, Selimansha's eldest son, had expected to ascend the throne immediately upon his father's death. He was also smitten with the charms of his fair relation, and had intended to make her the partner of his bed and throne. Disappointment and jealousy fired his heart with rage, when he saw his brother possessed of the high rank and happiness to which he had thought himself peculiarly intitled, by the rights at least of seniority, even although he might have no claim to them from personal merit. It was true that the monarchs of this part of the East were free to choose their successors in their own families, without respect to the advantages of age. But the impetuous Batavan thought that, in his case, no such liberty ought to have been used, but that his father should have complied with the practice of other nations.

The queen was happily delivered of a son, whose birth, as it presented a new obstacle to the pretensions of Batavan, exasperated his rage. In the fury of despair he secretly introduced himself into the apartment of the King's brother, and, with a parricidal hand, plunged his dagger in his breast. With the same precautions, and the same intention, he found his way into the chamber in which the child lay asleep. But, as he removed the veil that covered the young prince, who was more beautiful than the light of day, he felt a supernatural emotion, which arrested his  
arm :

arm : " thou hadst been my son," said he, " had not the heart and hand of Chamsada been unjustly ravished from me." He at the same time discerned, in the countenance of the lovely innocent, the features of her whose charms he adored. He started ; his arm shook with an involuntary emotion ; the poignard dropt from his trembling hand, and hurt, but did not mortally wound. Balavan would not even have spared his sister-in-law, had he not flattered himself with the hope that he might yet obtain her hand. The vigilance of Selimantha's guards saved him from the parricide. As he was hastening to his father's apartment with the horrible purpose of adding the murder of his parent to his previous crimes, he was discovered by a slave, who, with the aid of the eunuchs of the old prince's guards, intercepted the murderer. When he saw that he could not escape suspicion he fled from the capital, and sought refuge in a castle on the frontiers, which, by the natural advantages of its situation, and the strength of its fortifications, was absolutely impregnable.

The return of day displayed the horrors of the bloody night that preceded it. The nurse went early in the morning to suckle her infant charge, but his cradle was overflowed with blood. In the utmost consternation and horror, she ran to the royal bed-chamber, to announce the dreadful news to the King and Queen. Her despairing cries awaked Chamsada. The miserable Queen opened her eyes ; her husband lay dead beside her.—The cries of the nurse seemed to threaten additional sorrow ; she ran to the cradle where her child lay ; she took him in her arms ; he still breathed :

breathed : he might yet live. All the palace was immediately in confusion. Selimansha soon arrived with his eunuchs. Surgeons were called in. Art and assiduous care saved the babe's life. But the young monarch, whom Chamfada mourned, was gone for ever.

Aromatic and vulnerary herbs, the balsams so famed through the east, soon cured the child's wound. The hopes of his mother were revived. He was restored to his nurse's arms ; and at last the presumptive heir of Selimansha was perfectly out of danger.

In the mean time, the old monarch sought to discover the murderer of his son. The precipitate flight of Balavan, and his bloody poignard found in the apartment, soon confirmed those suspicions which the known profligacy of his character had suggested. The unhappy old man strove to support this weight of sorrow. " Oh Heaven ! remove from me the angel of death, since it is thy will that I should yet be useful on earth." He then assembled his nobles and Viziers, and informed them that he was himself about to resume the reins of empire. His first care was to console the hapless Chamfada, and to join with her in directing the education of the child, who had been so providentially preserved. They were careful to invigorate his constitution by proper exercise, and to form his heart and understanding.— His mother explained to him those passages of the law which contained precepts that might serve to regulate his conduct and manners, and the old man taught him to know the world, and to discern between different characters.



When he had attained the age of eight years, this young Prince was sufficiently robust and vigorous to handle arms, and endure the fatigue of riding. In a few years his moral qualities were unfolded, and afforded hopes that he might one day excel the great character of his father. At length Selimantha, thinking that his grandson, if assisted by good counsel, might honourably discharge the functions of government, resigned the reins of empire into his hands, in the presence of the divan, and caused him to be proclaimed king, by the name of Shafeliman. His accession was attended with the general joy of the people, who had as yet scarcely recovered from the horror with which they had been affected upon the assassination of a beloved sovereign, and were therefore the readier to regard his heir with the most loyal attachment, and to expect from him a due return of affection, and attention to their interests.

The new King, being guided by wise counsels, did not disappoint the wishes and expectations of his subjects. His Cadis and Viziers administered the laws with fidelity; and the prompt and faithful distribution of justice rendered all happy.—Punctual no less in discharging the duties of religion than in the functions of government, Shafeliman regularly performed his ablutions, assisted at prayers in the mosques, assembled his divan thrice in the week, did business every day with his ministers, and repaired, at an hour's warning, to every part through his dominions wherever his presence was necessary to re-establish order and tranquillity. The people, happy under his administration, rejoiced that Providence had blessed them with so enlightened, so virtuous, and so benevolent

benevolent a Prince. But new wickedness broke forth to disturb their felicity.

The bloody Balavan, haunted and tortured by remorse for the atrocious crimes he had committed, and not thinking himself secure among a people to whom he was odious, left the stronghold in which he had at first taken refuge, and retired towards Egypt, to beg the protection of the mighty sovereign of that vast empire. There, concealing his crimes, he represented himself as an unfortunate Prince, who had been sacrificed by a father, in his dotage, to the suspicions and artful misrepresentations of a woman. The King of Egypt gave him a gracious reception, and was preparing to assist him in the recovery of his honours, when an ambassador from Selimansha arrived, and demanded an audience of the monarch. The old King had learned from his emissaries in what direction Balavan had fled, and had accordingly sent ambassadors through all the different courts in which it was likely that he might have sought refuge, whose orders were, to describe the criminal's person, and explain the nature of his crimes. The Egyptian Prince delayed not to communicate to the criminal the dispatches which he had received, and ordered him to be immediately shut up in close confinement, till a justly irritated father had pronounced sentence upon his crime. Such was the order intimated to Balavan, and such the purport of the King of Egypt's answer to King Selimansha. But the latter, in the weak tenderness of a father, was guilty, at once, of two important errors in the management of this affair.

To provoke the King of Egypt's highest indignation against his son, he had concealed from him the escape and recovery of young Shafeliman.—

In his second letter he still held out the same account of circumstances as at first, and now asked the King of Egypt to set the criminal at liberty.—“Miserable as I already am,” said he, “I am unwilling to deepen my distress by the death of my surviving son. Let him wander through the world, destitute of all resources, with no companions but remorse, and no society save tyrants, still less inhuman than he. Thus left friendless and helpless, tortured by disappointment and regret, and odious to all mankind, he must become to himself the instrument of my revenge, which I leave to be inflicted by the King of Kings.”

In compliance with this request, the Sultan liberated Balavan from confinement, and at the same time banished him from his kingdom. Of this he gave an account to Selimansha, and at the same time opened a less disagreeable association with him. The fame of Chamfada's charms, and amiable qualities, had reached Egypt. Benfirak, the Sultan of whom we are speaking, thinking it possible for him now to obtain her hand, made the proposal to Selimansha, in the most respectful yet urgent language, and entreated him to obtain the consent of her, whom nature and consanguinity had subjected to him as his niece and his daughter-in-law.

The old monarch of Persia, satisfied with a demand which seemed to promise a very advantageous settlement to his lovely niece, immediately closed with it. A woman of Chamfada's sensibility could not think of a new marriage without shedding tears of regret. Her heart was still faithful to the memory of her former husband;  
and



and she was now required to tear herself from the arms of her uncle and her son, and to open her breast to the impressions of a second love.—“Alas, uncle!” said she, “can I possibly form any new attachments, sufficient to compensate for the loss of what I enjoy here? Can I be placed in any other situation, the duties of which may be more agreeable to fulfill.” “My dear daughter,” replied Selimansha, “one of the most powerful monarchs in the world asks you in marriage. His virtues are highly praised, and his person is very advantageously spoken of. Your son, whom I have raised to my throne, needs a more vigorous protector than I, and one whose protection he may have the prospect of enjoying longer. By your address, you may preserve a close alliance between the two monarchs. But remember, that in order to obtain the banishment of Balavan, I accused him of the double crime of having assassinated both his brother and his nephew. Shafeliman reigns in Persia as a descendant from my house. Benfirak must never know who is his mother. You will be so much the dearer to him, if he believes that no other person shall share your affections, but that your maternal regard will be confined to the children that may be born from your union with him. My experience has made me acquainted with the weaknesses of the human heart. A man in power is always suspicious of the selfishness of those about him. To your son, who is on the throne of Persia, you may render important services, in the character of a distant relation, without being suspected of sacrificing the interests of your husband, and your other children: otherwise, when you spoke in behalf

of your eldest son, what you suggested might seem merely the dictates of a foolishly fond partiality. Besides, it is happy for us that Benfirak, since he is smitten with your charms, condescends to ask as a favour what his power might ravish from us. Let us not, by a refusal, bring the scourge of war upon our subjects. Let us sacrifice to their happiness, and to our own interests, the pleasure that we might enjoy in living together."

Chamfada made no farther opposition to these reasons, that were rather specious than solid; and Selimansha immediately replied to the Sultan, that his niece thought herself highly honoured by the choice of the mighty sovereign of Egypt, and was ready to give him her hand. The Sultan was overjoyed at the news, and immediately dispatched an ambassador, with a splendid retinue, to conduct his bride to Egypt. Selimansha advanced twenty leagues from his capital, to meet the Egyptian minister, received him in a magnificent camp, entertained him royally for two days, and then delivered his niece into his hands. The ceremonies of this occasion were shortened, no less to gratify the impatience of the Sultan, than to conceal from the ambassador, that Chamfada had a son alive. The old monarch acted himself in the quality of envoy from the King of Persia.—Immediately upon Chamfada's arrival in the capital of Egypt, the Sultan called the Mufti and the Cadi to draw up the contract, and celebrate the marriage ceremonies. They were rewarded with presents of a pellice to each, and with five thousand pieces of gold. The Princess entered the bridal chamber. A train of beautiful female slaves, richly dressed, attended to conduct her to the

the bath, bearing in their hands pans, in which the most precious aromatics burned. At leaving the bath, she put on a robe, the lustre of which made the lights of the rooms appear comparatively dim. But her own beauty far outshone every other object. She was now conducted to the Sultan.

That Prince received her with every demonstration of the tenderest love, and made her sit beside him. An entertainment was served up, consisting of a great variety of the most exquisite dishes. He presented his bride with several boxes of the rarest jewels, and at last closed the day with the consummation of the marriage.

Yet, amidst this festivity, Chamsada was far from sharing the public joy or the felicity of her husband. Her heart was oppressed with secret sorrows. Separated as she was from her son, his happiness was still almost her sole object of concern. She was careful to second the politic, although chimerical views of her uncle, and was cautious to hazard nothing with the Sultan that might tend to lessen his esteem for the old man's character. Of her son she durst not speak. Yet how many evils might not she have prevented by a reasonable and candid confidence, especially as every thing might have been expected by her from the love of Bensirak, which was every day more and more inflamed.

The progress of events soon justified the Queen's uneasiness about her son. Balavan, hearing of his sister-in-law's marriage with the Sultan of Egypt, and understanding, at the same time, that Selimansha still reigned in Persia, conceived in his heart new schemes of vengeance. He saw himself frustrated of the hopes of his criminal enterprises, of the crown of Persia, the object of his  
ambition,



ambition, and of the beauty whom he aspired to possess. The guilty wretch was thus hurried by his passions to infest, by hostile incursions, the dominions which he intended to invade, upon the death of his father. He lived by rapine and robbery.

At last Selimansha, sinking under the infirmities of age, resigned his soul into the hands of his Creator. No sooner was Balavan informed of this event, than he hastened, at the head of a band of robbers, into the Persian dominions. He was successful in exciting rebellion; numbers joined him as he advanced. Some he gained by lavish promises; others by largesses of that wealth which he had accumulated by his crimes. With these men, concerting his projects, he dethroned his nephew, threw him into a dungeon, and procured himself to be proclaimed king in his stead.

Not satisfied with this success, the inhuman usurper resolved to butcher the innocent victim that had formerly, by a miracle, escaped his paricidal arm. But although he himself was unsusceptible of any feelings of compassion, the hearts of his wicked accomplices were less obdurate. "We cannot consent to the death of a child who has done no harm," said they to Balavan. "Make sure of him, if you are afraid of his credit with the nation, but spare his life." He was forced to agree to their demand, and accordingly shut up his nephew in a dungeon.

Chamsada, at learning this afflicting news, could not command her excessive grief: nor yet could she inform her husband of her son's misfortune without exposing the memory of her uncle Selimansha to disgrace, and representing him as an im-  
postor.

postor, since he had written to Benfirak, that young Shafeliman had been assassinated ; she could only repose her trust and hope in God. However, the detestable Balavan had accomplished the conquest of Persia. All the nobles in the empire had done him homage. Young Shafeliman remained four years in confinement, during which bare means of subsistence were scarcely allowed him. Under this pressure of misfortune his health was wasted, and his mother's beauty could no longer be traced in his countenance, although he had been before her very picture. At last Providence, which continued to watch over him, favoured him with a gleam of prosperity amidst his misfortunes.

Balavan, seated in his divan, with a brilliant court around him, seemed to be secured in the peaceful enjoyment of a degree of authority, which no attack was likely to shake. But, amidst the nobles in whom he confided, and the courtiers with whose adulations he was daily gratified, an unexpected voice found its way to his ear. That voice, sacred to truth, and devoted to the memory of Selimantha, spoke thus :

“ Sire, Heaven has heaped its blessings upon you ; giving you as it has the affections of your people, with the possession of the empire, and thus establishing your throne on a foundation that cannot be shaken. Shew yourself more and more worthy of the favour of the Most High. Look with compassion on a poor youth whose innocence is his only support, who never opens his eyes to the light except to shed tears, whose days have all been one series of suffering and sorrow. The unfortunate Shafeliman cannot have offended you ;  
restore

• restore him to liberty.”—“ I should consent to your request,” replied Balavan, “ had I not some reasons to fear that he might form a party against me, and set himself at the head of those malcontents who never fail to revile and disturb the government, even of the best-intentioned prince.” “ Alas! Sire,” replied the prince who had offered the petition; “ who would think of attaching himself to a young man in whom the energy of nature has been destroyed by his sufferings, whose powers are sunk into silliness, and almost into idiotism? While your subjects are so devoted to you, where should he find any foolish enough to form ambitious projects against you?” Balavan yielded to these suggestions, and affecting, in the eyes of his court, a politic clemency, he raised young Shafeliman from prison, clothed him in a rich pellice, and committed to him the command of a distant province. But the views of the monarch were not so much to place his nephew in a comfortable and respectable situation, as to expose him to danger in the defence of a country which was subject to frequent invasions by the infidels. There was reason to presume that he would fall there; for none of his predecessors had escaped.

The young prince set out with a slender train. Hardly had he reached the place of his destination when his uncle Balavan’s expectations were in part verified. The infidels made an incursion into his country. Shafeliman, having only a handful of men to oppose to them, was defeated by superior numbers, and fell himself into the hands of his enemies. His youth and beauty so far mitigated their fury, that instead of putting him  
to



to death they were content with throwing him into a dungeon in which several other Musulman prisoners were confined. The unhappy Prince, the victim of destiny, languished a whole year in this dreadful state of captivity.

Those infidels had a custom among them of carrying their prisoners, on a certain day, every year, to the summit of a lofty tower, and thence throwing them headlong. Shafeliman, at the usual time, was taken out of the dungeon, carried to the summit of the tower, and dashed headlong with the companions of his misfortune. But Providence watching over his preservation made him fall upon the body of another, at the very moment when they were both thrown from the tower. That body partly supported him, and their clothes contributing at the same time to break the force of their fall, they were both preserved from the threatened death. The rapidity of the motion took away his senses, but his body was unhurt; and a long swoon was the only inconvenience he suffered. He at length found himself restored to life, amidst the dead bodies of his fellow-sufferers. His first emotion was to raise his soul to God, and to express his gratitude through the intercession of the great Prophet. He perceived himself to be in a deep forest. The carcases would naturally draw wild beasts to the place where they lay. He hastened from it, therefore, and travelled all night. No sooner did he think himself in safety from men or wild beasts than he climbed a tree, in order to conceal himself amidst its leaves, and refresh himself with its fruits. Continuing the same precautions, he  
at

at length arrived within the territories of his uncle Balavan's empire.

Near the gates of the first town in Persia, he observed five or six men talking together. Discovering these to be Musulmans, he accosted them, and related what treatment he had received from the infidels, and in what a miraculous manner he had been saved. His narrative bearing every mark of truth, their compassion was moved; they carried him home with them, and treated him with all the kindness of hospitality. After some days rest he took leave of his benefactors, and proceeded towards the capital in which Balavan reigned. His hosts had supplied him with necessaries, and put him upon his way, without suspecting the young man whom they had thus obliged to be their sovereign's nephew.

The young prince travelled night and day. Fatigued, exhausted, and having his legs and feet torn by briars and sharp stones, he at last reached the walls of Isfahan, and sat down beside a basin which served as a reservoir to a neighbouring spring. He had hardly time to breathe before he saw several persons on horseback coming up to him. They proved to be the King's officers returning from hunting, and came to give their horses drink. They soon perceived young Shafeliman, notwithstanding the meanness and disorder of his dress and the change which sorrow and sufferings had produced upon his features; they easily distinguished all the beauty and sweetness that marked his form, and could not look upon him without feeling a strong emotion in his favour.

“ What

"What do you here, young man?" asked one of the officers.—"Brother," replied the sage Shafeliman, "you know the proverb. Ask not the naked stranger where are his clothes? It answers for me, I am hungry and athirst, I am faint and helpless." At this answer one of the officers took meat and bread from a bag and gave to him. As soon as he had refreshed himself, and seemed able to continue the conversation: "brother," said one of the principal officers, "your appearance and circumstances interest us. Shall we be indiscreet in begging you to favour us with some account of your fortune." "Before I satisfy you," replied the unfortunate prince, "first be so good as answer a question which nearly concerns me. "Is King Balavan, your sovereign, still alive?"—"Do you know the King?"—"Yes, and you see before you his nephew Shafeliman?" "How can you be Shafeliman," replied the officer? "His uncle," we know, "after relieving him out of the dungeon, in which he had been four years confined, gave him the command of a province where it was almost impossible that he should not fall by the hands of the infidels. Besides, we have learned that he was by them dashed headlong from a tower, with many others, at the same time."

The young prince, to convince them, entered into a detail of all his adventures, and told by what a miraculous interposition Providence had saved his life. The officers were all struck with admiration, prostrated themselves at his feet, and watered his hands with their tears. "You are King! my lord," said they, "the son of our lawful sovereign, and in all respects worthy of a better fate. But alas! what seek you in a court



where you have nothing but death to find? Think what cruelties you have already suffered, what usage you have experienced, what a dangerous snare has been laid for you, how that under the pretence of investing you with power, you were devoted to certain death in the post intrusted to your care. Flee to the country where the fair Chamfada reigns sovereign, by her influence on the Sultan of Egypt's heart; there may you yet be happy."—"Ah! how can I turn my views to Egypt? My grandfather, Selimansha, deceived the sovereign of that empire with a fictitious account of my death. My mother and I would be considered as impostors, if I should make my appearance there."—"You are right," replied he, "but were you even induced to live in Egypt, concealed in an inferior condition, still you might there be secure from your uncle's machinations; here you cannot escape his cruelty while you are in life."

With this advice the eldest of the officers joined his earnest entreaties. "O my master and my King!" said he to the prince, throwing himself at his knees, "only rightful heir of Selimansha! Alas! must the slave who was thirty years in his service, who beheld his virtues, and experienced his beneficence—must he see you reduced to this extremity of misfortune? Does the malice of fate continue to persecute that adored monarch, even beyond the grave? Flee, dear prince! stay not till greater mischiefs overtake you."

They all contributed eagerly to supply Shafelman's more pressing necessities. One, to clothe him, stripped himself of a part of his dress; another

ther shared with him his small stock of provisions ; and they jointly made up a little sum of money to support him on his journey. The unfortunate prince, availing himself of their kindness and advice, took his leave. At parting, the officers again expressed their attachment to him ; and Shafeliman went his way, recommending himself to God and Mahomet his Prophet.

After a long and difficult journey, he at last arrived in Egypt, where his mother Chamfada reigned. When near Grand Cairo, he resolved not to enter that large city, lest he might be discovered, but stopped in a village not far from the highway, resolving to engage in the service of some one of its inhabitants. He accordingly offered himself to a farmer, to keep his cattle. He made little difficulty about his wages, and continued to live in that obscure and miserable condition, in which the remains of his master's table were all the scanty food allowed him.

But while the presumptive heir of the Persian throne was reduced to this condition, what did Queen Chamfada ?

This inconsolable mother felt her anxiety daily increase. Agitated as she was, between tenderness for her son, and regard to the honour of her uncle, which required her to keep his secret, her situation was little less distressful than that of Shafeliman. At the court of Benfirak was an old slave of Selimansha's, who had attended the Queen into Egypt, and had continued ever since in her service. He enjoyed her entire confidence, and to him the tender mother often expressed her inward affliction. She observed him, one day, when he was alone, and beckoned to him to approach.

proach. "Alas!" said she, "you know my attachment to my son, my uneasiness upon his account, and have you used no means to learn what is become of him?" "Queen," replied the slave, "it is extremely difficult to learn what you wish to know. I am at a loss to think what means I should use. You know that you yourself have ever confirmed Selimansha's account of his death, and should your son accidentally shew himself here, how could you alter the public opinion?—How could you acknowledge him, or make him known?" "Ah! might it please God that my son were in this country! Although deprived of the pleasure of seeing him, only to know that he is still alive, would be enough to secure my peace and happiness." "Queen," replied the slave, "I am ready to sacrifice my life for you: what do you require of me?" "Take from my treasury," replied the Queen, "such a sum as may be necessary for your journey. Go to Persia, and bring hither my son." "But money is here less necessary than prudence; some plausible pretext must be used to conceal the true object of the journey which your majesty proposes to me. You know that the Sultan honours me with his favour, and that being in his service, I cannot leave the court without express permission from him. This you must yourself demand, and obtain, upon some specious reason, which may obviate any suspicion that might arise in his breast, and may, at the same time, secure our success. Tell him, that during the troubles preceding the death of your husband, you concealed in a certain place, known only to me, a box of precious jewels, which you desired to secure against all accidents. Beg his  
majesty's



majesty's permission to send me into Persia, in search of this treasure, and leave the rest to my care." The Queen, satisfied with the attachment of her slave, and approving his advice, immediately carried this plan into execution, and without difficulty obtained what she wished.

Her faithful emissary set immediately out, in the disguise of a merchant, that he might not be known in Persia. After a fatiguing journey, he arrived at Ispahan, and made secret enquiry for Shafeliman. At the first news he could obtain of the young Prince he was greatly afflicted. Some days after that, as he was walking in the vicinity of the palace, he accidentally met with one of the officers who had relieved the Prince, when he was seized, as above-mentioned, near the spring. They had served together in the reign of Selimansha. They accordingly knew one another, embraced, and soon entered into a new conversation. "You come from Egypt," said the officer, "have you met with Prince Shafeliman?" "Shafeliman!" replied the slave. "Ah! would to Heaven that he were still alive! But it cannot be, after the distressful account of his fate, which is generally reported here." "He is alive, and I will tell you in secrecy, how we have learned that he is." He then related what had happened to himself and the other officers, at their accidental meeting with the Prince, and how by their advice he had taken the way to Egypt.

The pretended merchant, overjoyed at this discovery, in return for his old companion's confidence, acquainted him with the secret nature of his journey into Persia, and then took his leave, to return to Egypt. In every place he inquired careful-

ly for the young Prince, repeating the description of him which he had received from the officer. Upon his arrival in the village where he had expected to find him, he was greatly surprized that no one could give him any news of such a person. As he was leaving the village to proceed on his journey, he perceived a young man asleep under a tree, with some sheep grazing beside him. He looked with compassion on that poor creature, whose tattered clothes bespoke his misery:—  
“ Alas !” said he, “ this cannot possibly be the man I seek. He is surely the son of some poor shepherd. All my pains are disappointed. However, there can be no harm in awaking this youth, and questioning him. Even this hopeless means is not to be neglected.” Having accordingly awakened the young man, he put his usual questions to him.

“ I am a stranger in this place,” replied Shafeliman, afraid of discovering himself, as he knew not the motives of the inquirer’s curiosity ; “ but, if I am not mistaken, I should judge from your description that you are in search of Shafeliman, the young King of Persia, and grandson of Selimansha. His father was murdered by his barbarous brother, Balavan. The son was wounded in his cradle ; but God preserved the life of that unhappy youth.”

“ O Heavens,” cried the slave, “ am I so happy as to hear Shafeliman mentioned. How, young man, could you guess the motive of my journey from Egypt into Persia ? Who could inform you of it ? Know you then what has become of that unfortunate Prince ? Shall I at last  
accomplish

accomplish the object of all my care and pains ! Where then am I to find him ?”

When Shafeliman was convinced that the person who now spoke to him was an agent from his mother, he thought that he might safely discover himself. “ It is Shafeliman you speak to,” said he. At these words the slave fell at the feet of his Prince, and kissed his hands, while his eyes overflowed with tears of joy. “ Ah !” cried he, “ what will be Chamfada’s transport, when she hears the happy news that I have now to bear her. Remain here, my Prince, till I return with necessities for carrying you with me.” He ran instantly back to the village, and brought a saddled horse, with more suitable clothes for Shafeliman, upon which they set out together for Grand Cairo.

An unforeseen event interrupted their journey. Passing through a desert, they were surrounded by robbers, seized, stripped, and thrown into a pit. In this melancholy confinement, the slave gave himself up to grief. “ Why are you thus despondent,” said the young Prince. “ Is it the prospect of death that terrifies you ?” “ Death has nothing terrifying,” replied the other ; “ but can I avoid feeling for the severity of your fate ? Can I bear to think of the loss which the unhappy Chamfada is to suffer ?” “ Console yourself on this head,” said Shafeliman ; “ I must fulfill the decrees of Heaven : all that has happened me was written in the book of life, and, if I must end my days in this dark mansion, no human power can save me ; submission and resignation are all that remain for me.” In these sentiments, and in this unhappy situation, that worthy Prince and his slave passed two days and two nights.

But



But the eye of Providence still watched over Shafeliman. The King of Egypt was led this way, in pursuit of a fawn, and lighted on the very spot where the Prince was confined. The animal that was chased, having been mortally wounded, fell down dead upon the edge of that pit. A huntsman, who went before the King's train, was the first to seize the prey. As he came up, he heard a plaintive voice from the bottom of the pit; he lent an ear, and when he was certain that it was actually a human voice, he ran back to communicate this circumstance to the monarch. He, advancing with all his train, ordered persons to go down into the pit, and Shafeliman and the slave were immediately brought out. The cords with which they were bound were cut off. Cordials were administered to revive them. When they opened their eyes to the light, the monarch knew his officer. "Are not you," said he, "Chamsfada's trusty slave?" "Yes, Sire, I am he." "How have you been reduced to this condition?" "I was returning," said the slave, "with the treasure which the Queen sent me to seek in Persia, when I was attacked by robbers, stripped of every thing, and cast alive into this sepulchre." "And who is that young man?" "He is son to the nurse of your majesty's august spouse. I brought him with me, in order to establish him in some situation at your court."

After those two unfortunate prisoners had been supplied with food, the King returned towards his palace. Upon his arrival, he went immediately to give Chamsfada an account of what he had seen, of the return of her slave, with a young man, and of the loss of her treasure. At this news the  
Queen

Queen was transported with joy: but when she understood that they had been cast into a pit, her gaiety disappeared, and sorrow seized her soul. She could hardly avoid breaking out with expressions of it; yet, repressing her uneasiness, she assumed an apparent tranquillity, and laboured to conceal her extreme distress. The King, alarmed at the changes in her countenance, which he was eagerly watching, and observing the constraint which she laid upon herself, inquired into the reasons of her uneasiness. "What is the matter, Chamfada?" said he. "How can you be so much afflicted at the loss of your treasure? Is not mine entirely at your disposal?" "I swear by your royal head, O glorious Sultan," replied she, "that I am much less concerned for the loss of my treasure than for that of the poor slave, of which I have been the cause. My heart is naturally feeling, and you know how easily I am affected at all times by the sufferings of others." However, as the King proceeded with relating the adventure of the pit, and informed her that the slave and the young man with him had been brought out alive, she then recovered, and, by the time her husband had finished his narrative, she was entirely calm.

"Make yourself easy, my dear Chamfada. If all that I possess be not enough to compensate for the loss of your wealth, suffer me to assure you, that you have an inexhaustible treasure in the tenderness of a heart which is yours for life." After speaking thus, he retired.

Chamfada was no sooner left alone, than she called her slave. He explained to her in what manner he had been informed of the adventures of the Prince, the means by which Providence  
had

had preserved him from his uncle's cruelty, the arts that had been practised to take him off, the barbarity of the infidels, and even his own thoughtless confidence, when, after he had so wonderfully escaped, by a fall which had been fatal to every Mussulman before, he went to deliver himself a-new into the hands of the bloody Balavan. He proceeded with his story till he brought it to the period when they were drawn out of the pit, and the young Prince appeared before the King of Egypt, and excited his curiosity.

The Queen then interrupted him. "Ah!" said she, "what answer made you to the King, when he interrogated you concerning that young man?" "Alas!" replied the slave, "I told a lie, can you forgive me? I said that he was son to your nurse, and had come along with me, in order to enter into his majesty's service." "Wise and faithful friend!" cried Chamfada, while her eyes swimmied in tears, and her heart was still swelled with the emotions produced by what she had heard, "what grateful returns can ever repay the service which you have done the tenderest of mothers? Continue to watch over my son. I entrust him to your zeal and prudence. I shall retain a lasting sense of the service which you have already done him, and no less of what he may still receive from your attachment." "Queen! your recommendation is needless. I know how much I owe to the blood of my sovereigns; and there is no sacrifice, which I am not ready to make for your majesty's service."

These were not empty promises; the slave was no courtier in his character. Considering what

care



and pains were necessary to repair a constitution exhausted by suffering and fatigue, he made this his sole concern. Light, yet wholesome food, the use of the baths, and moderate exercise, by degrees restored the young Prince's health and strength. Nature resumed her power; his body and mind recovered all their energy; and the fairest of Queens had at last the pleasure of regaining the loveliest Prince upon earth.

By a fortunate sympathy, he gained the monarch's heart, who came soon to distinguish him above his other pages. He became in a short time so necessary to his majesty's service, that he was the only person admitted into the private apartments of the palace. The monarch was always vaunting of his good qualities, and praising this new favourite to the grandees of his court; thus endeavouring to render him no less dear to them than he was to himself.

While these flattering praises were sounding in the ears of Chamfada, what conflicts of tenderness did not this affectionate mother feel at the thought of being deprived of intercourse with a deserving son, who was yet so near her? She often saw him, yet durst not look on him with a mother's tenderness. The feelings of maternal affection she was forced to conceal in her heart, without discovering them by any external sign. She daily watched his steps, and secretly longed for the moment when she might embrace him as her son. One day, as he passed by the door of her apartment, she, supposing that no body was at hand to see them, suddenly yielded to the impulse of maternal affection, threw herself upon his neck, and  
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in that moment of happiness forgot years of sorrow.

While this tender mother was indulging the sweetest sentiments of nature, danger hovered near. One of the King's ministers, accidentally coming out of a neighbouring apartment, was an undesigned witness of this scene. Chamfada was veiled, and he might therefore be mistaken in her, but making inquiry of the eunuchs what was the name of the lady who occupied the apartment before which he had passed, he went immediately trembling into the presence of the monarch, and impatiently revealed the secret, which he had accidentally discovered. The charming page was already in the royal presence.

"August Sovereign," said the minister, "you see me yet trembling with astonishment and horror with a crime which I have witnessed. Pardon me, Sire, if I am obliged to declare the infidelity of a spouse who has been too dear to you. Happening to pass before her apartment, I saw her in the arms of the vile slave who is now beside you, receiving and returning his caresses."

Those are strangers to the sway of the passions, who cannot conceive what a sudden and furious emotion was produced on the monarch's soul by this account of the infidelity of his Queen. Shafeliman's confusion tended to encrease it, and left no doubt concerning the truth of the fact. That very instant, the Sultan ordered the young man, with the slave who had brought him from Persia, to be thrown into a dungeon. "Horrible treason!" cried he. "So! the pretended treasure was only a slave, who was to be brought from Persia to offend me, and to dishonour at once my throne  
and

and bed!" Then running precipitately to the chamber of Chamfada: "Where now," said he, "is she whose virtues fame had not mouths enough to declare? She whose prudence, wisdom, and love, rendered her the glory of my court, and a model for the imitation of other married women? How has that mirror of perfection in an instant tarnished her honour? How has she become my shame, after being my crown? my reproach in the face of the world, after being its admiration? Alas! how have I been deceived by appearances? Henceforth shall I count all women dishonest that either have been, are, or shall be." The King went out after speaking thus. His soul was still too much agitated between love, jealousy, and resentment, to admit of his coming to any certain determination.

Chamfada was confounded at those reproaches, and afflicted at the unjust suspicions which a beloved husband had conceived; but how could she remove them? She had always confirmed to the Sultan the false account of her son's death, which had been intentionally imposed upon him by her uncle Selimansha. At present she durst not risk the discovery, for fear of raising up still greater dangers. Ah! when truth has been so long concealed, how can it be at last discovered? Can that confidence be regained upon such an occasion, which you have neglected to conciliate in due time by an honest confession? "No, no," said she, "it was my desire, and doubtless my duty, to support the reputation of my uncle. Any attempt against it would now be in vain. O Sovereign Wisdom! Divine Goodness! sole resource of the innocent, to you I lift up my heart and hands.

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By your wonderful interposition has my son already been preserved from the most alarming dangers. Although innocent, he is fallen again into the same misfortunes. The fatal influence of our star involves in the same disaster my faithful slave, myself, and even the Sultan, my husband, who, by too well-founded presumptions of our guilt, is now overwhelmed with all the distress that anger and jealous resentment can produce.— Deliver us, O God, from the horrors of suspicion; and thou, great Prophet, if thou bearest true Mussulmans in thy kind remembrance, and if all the prayers thou offerest up in their behalf are heard, convey our wishes to the ear of the God of Justice! And since all the wisdom of the universe cannot unravel the intricacies in which we are entangled, condescend to put forth thine almighty arm.” After this invocation, she put her confidence in God, and waited the consequence with patient resignation.

The Sultan was still undetermined, and in the most anxious uncertainty. His passion for Chamfada rather became more ardent, the more he strove to remove it. He knew not what part to take. How should he avenge himself of the guilty? How might he distinguish whether of the two ought to be spared? How should he strike two objects that were equally dear to him? Amidst this conflict of contending passions, he lost both health and rest. His nurse, who was still in the seraglio, was alarmed at the change. Having, through age and experience, acquired prudence, and having merited the confidence of her master, she had the liberty of approaching the presence of  
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of him, or his Queen, whenever she thought proper. She went now, therefore, to find the Sultan.

“What is the matter, my son?” said she.  
“You are not in your ordinary way. You shun those amusements of which you have hitherto appeared fondest; you no longer take pleasure in walking, riding, or hunting; you no longer call your court around you, to join in festive entertainments; I even know that you no longer take your wonted food. What secret uneasiness dwells upon your mind? Open your heart to me, my son. You know my tender attachment to you, and need not fear my indiscretion. Our sorrows often arise from causes merely imaginary, and I may, perhaps, in a moment, remove those which at present prey upon your mind. Open your heart to me, my son; I hope to give you ease.”

Notwithstanding the confidence which the Prince placed in his nurse, and although he had the highest opinion of her good qualities, he did not think proper to open his mind unto her. He should in that case have had occasion to speak against Chamfada, and the thought of this made the wound of his heart to bleed afresh. The worthy old woman would not sit down satisfied, after this ill success of her first attempt. She took all opportunities of putting herself in her master's way, and would look upon him with a degree of tenderness, as if she had meant to say, “Dear son! speak to me. Open your heart to your good nurse;” but all her pains proved fruitless.

Seeing that she was not to succeed in this way, supposing that Chamfada must be acquainted with the Sultan's uneasiness, and, above all,

foreseeing that a woman would make less difficulty than a man of discovering the secret she wished to learn, she went to wait upon the Queen, and found her absorbed in melancholy, to all appearance as deep as that of the Sultan. She used every means that natural address and experience could supply, to insinuate herself into the confidence of Chamsada, and to obtain what she wanted. The Sultana remained silent. "But why this cruel reserve with me?" said the good nurse. "Look upon this grey hair, my daughter! If age has furrowed my brow with wrinkles, it has likewise given me experience. I am not now liable to strong emotions of passion; my advice shall be such as prudence dictates." Chamsada was moved, but not overcome by what the good nurse urged. "Dear nurse," replied she, "my secret is of the greatest moment: it consumes my heart, but it cannot go farther. Before I intrust it to you, I must be sure that it will be for ever confined to your own breast." "It shall be so," replied the old woman; "I am discreet, and my lips shall never divulge your secret; but keep it no longer a secret to her who takes so warm a concern in your welfare!" At last Chamsada could refuse no longer; she related her adventures, and informed her that the young man, of whom the Sultan was become jealous, was no other than her own son, Shafeliman, who had passed for dead.

"O great Prophet! I thank thee!" cried the nurse. "Praised be Mahomet! what we have to combat is only a vain prejudice. Courage, my daughter, those clouds shall be instantly dispelled. I see the morning of a charming day begin to appear." "O my good mother, we are yet far  
from



from that : it will be impossible to persuade the world that the young man is my son. We shall be accused of imposture, and I had rather that both he and I should lose our lives, under the unjust suspicion of criminal love." "I cannot but praise your delicacy," said the nurse, "but my precautions will infallibly obviate whatever might offend it." So saying, the nurse left her, and went directly to the Sultan's apartment. She found him in the same gloomy and depressed state of mind in which she had left him. She embraced him, and took him by the hand.

"My son," said she, "this is too much. If you are a good Mussulman, I conjure you by the name of the great Prophet, and by the divine Maichonarblathasarfourat †, to tell me the true cause of your uneasiness." The Sultan could not resist such powerful intercession, but was obliged to reveal all his distress.

"I loved Chamsfada with all my heart," said the Sultan. "Her graceful form and manners, her good sense, her virtue ; in a word, all her charms appeared to me a delightful garden, over which my thoughts might wander with constant pleasure. All that fair scene is now changed into a barren desert, in which I behold nothing but dreadful monsters and gloomy precipices. Chamsfada hath proved unfaithful and false. Chamsfada, whom I adored, and whom I still love, has betrayed me ; she hath given her heart to a base slave. I am fallen at once from what I imagined the summit of

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happines,

† Maichonarblathasarfourat is the Arabic name of the hundred and fourteen chapters of the Alcoran, which were sent from God by the hand of the angel Gabriel, and fell upon the breast of Mahomet.

happiness, into a gulph, where every misery is met to torment me. The two criminals must perish. It only remains for me to proportion the punishment to the crime, and to determine, if possible, on which of the two the greatest severity of punishment ought to fall. But alas ! how dearly must it cost myself to give the fatal order ? The same blow that pierces the heart of Chamfada, whom I adore, must inevitably afflict my own with a mortal wound."

"My son, be not rash," said the nurse. "You may in a moment do what you will never cease to repent. Those whom you believe guilty are in your hands ; you may at any time punish them ; but first examine them. Time, says the proverb, is the wisest of all counsellors ; time and patience make many discoveries." "Ah ! my good nurse, what useful discovery may I expect here ? Can any person remove the force of a fact so strongly attested ? Chamfada is in love with this young man, and, under pretext of having a treasure in Persia, she abused my confidence and tenderness, so as to obtain from me an order to go in search of the adulterer who was to dishonour us." "Be calm, my dear son," said the old woman, "I have means in my power by which I can enable you to read the heart of Chamfada as you would read a book. Let your huntsman bring me an egret ; I will tear the heart out of the bird, and give it into your Majesty's hands ; and when Chamfada is next asleep, you must lay it upon her heart, and it will be impossible for her to conceal from you any one of her secrets."

The King, pleased with the idea of so easily detecting a mystery which had given him so much uneasiness,

uneasiness, immediately ordered his officers to seek an egret through his parks. A fowl of that species was brought to him, and he gave it into the hands of the old woman. She immediately tore out its heart, not, however, without accompanying this act, which by itself was extremely simple, with a magical incantation, and the Sultan had the smoking heart of the bird soon in his possession.

While that Prince reflected on the surprising virtues of this instrument of discovery, the nurse hastened to Chamfada's apartment. "All is well," said she, "let hope now cheer your heart; let your lips prepare to speak the truth without reserve. You may expect a mysterious visit to-night. The Sultan himself will enter your apartment with the heart of an egret in his hand. As soon as you see him approach to lay it upon your heart, reply with precision to all questions he may put to you, and let truth appear in all your replies, without the slightest hesitation. Chamfada tenderly thanked her nurse, and prepared to second her innocent stratagem, intreating the holy Prophet for grace to enable her to persuade him who desired to know the truth.

No sooner had night spread her shades over the earth, than Chamfada, contrary to what had been for some time her custom, expressed herself to stand in need of rest. She sent away her slaves, and laid her down on a sofa. She had hardly lain two hours there, when the Sultan, impatient to make trial of his nurse's secret, approached the door of his favourite's apartment, where he found his chief eunuch in waiting. "What is Chamfada doing?" asked he of the eunuch. "She was in  
need



need of rest," replied that officer, "and I believe she is at present on her sofa." The Sultan entered, without making the least noise, and found her seemingly asleep. He approached very near her, and when he saw that she was in a deep sleep, thought proper to venture upon his experiment, laid the heart of the bird gently upon Chamfada's, and said, "Chamfada, who was that young man whom you were caressing, when one of my ministers surprised you together?" "It is Shafeliman my son, the only progeny of my first marriage with the youngest son of my uncle Selimansha." "That son was murdered in his cradle, as I was certainly informed by your uncle's letters." "He was, indeed, wounded, but the blow was not mortal. Skilful surgeons restored him to life." "Why was it concealed from me, who loved you so tenderly?" "Because my uncle, whose memory I loved, and was disposed to treat with respect, had out of policy concealed from you the true state of this affair. If what I say appears improbable, inquire of the young man. His answer must confirm the truth."

After receiving this information, the Sultan pursued his enquiries no farther, but left his wife, whom he supposed to be still asleep, went out of her apartment, and sent to the prison for the young man and the slave, who were there confined.

The unfortunate Shafeliman lay languishing in prison, when he suddenly heard the vaults re-echo with a noise of bolts and keys. He thought that his last hour was come, and that an ignominious punishment was about to put an end to his existence.

tence. "Great God!" said he, "my life is in thy hands. I commit myself to thee; but oh! watch over the safety of my mother."

Shafeliman and the slave were brought into the Sultan's presence. He would not leave it to others to make inquiry into a fact which so nearly concerned his honour and his peace of mind. He ran up to the young man, and looked for the scar of Balavan's poignard upon his breast. He perceived it, and, in a transport of joy, exclaimed: "O God! blessed for ever, thou hast preserved me from a dreadful crime, which I was about to commit: And thou great Prophet of God, from whom Chamfada's virtues have drawn upon me so signal a mark of thy protection, add to thy other favours that of giving me power to efface by kindness the remembrance of the pain I have occasioned, and the thoughts of the injustice I was about to commit." Then throwing himself into the arms of Shafeliman: "Come, dear unfortunate prince," said he, "come to my heart! Here let your image join that of my dear Chamfada, and my tenderest affections shall henceforth be all confined in a manner to one object!—Yet deign to satisfy my curiosity: By what train of events have you been conducted hither, unknown to the whole world? How have you been preserved? Speak, Prince, I am impatient to be more particularly acquainted with him to whom I owe the return of happiness."

Shafeliman, encouraged by such affecting demonstrations of kindness, declared, without hesitation, the whole series of his adventures, from the period of his being dragged from the throne to a dungeon, until that in which he was found  
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by his mother's messenger, in the humble condition of a shepherd, surrounded by robbers, raised out of the pit into which they had thrown him, and conducted to the Sultan's court.

While this narrative engaged Bensirak's attention, Chamfada, his wife, though less uneasy than in former days, was by no means in a tranquil state of mind. Things had drawn too near a crisis. She was anxious to know with what intentions the Sultan had so abruptly left her after the above questions. She could not learn either what he had done, or what had happened in consequence of her giving him the true information with respect to her son. She was, therefore, lost in reflection, and remained buried in the same state of sleep in which she had been surprised by the Sultan. In the mean time, twenty slaves suddenly entered with flambeaus to illuminate her apartment. These were followed by the Sultan, who led in by the hand, and looked kindly upon, the beloved son of the most virtuous of mothers. He had previously arrayed Shafeliman in a rich dress, and made him put on his finest diamonds, which he himself used to wear upon triumphal and festive occasions. "Be comforted, adorable Chamfada," said he, "the blessing of Heaven restores you a husband, and a son whose dutiful attachment must henceforth secure your felicity." So saying, he tenderly embraced his wife. Shafeliman, kneeling before her, kissed her hands: the feelings of both the son and the husband burst out in tears of joy.

Next day the Sultan assembled the choice of his troops, and, with Shafeliman, put himself at their head. He took the way for Persia, sending heralds



ralds before him, who should announce to the subjects of that monarchy that he was coming to re-establish upon the throne their lawful sovereign, who had been persecuted and dethroned by the usurper, Balavan. Hardly had they reached the frontiers of Persia, when a party of the faithful subjects of old King Selimantha, who were still attached to his august family, eagerly joined the standards of the Egyptian Sultan and Shafeliman. The perfidious Balavan soon learned this alarming news. He endeavoured to draw together his forces, and dispute the possession of the empire with the powerful enemy that attacked him. But none would join his standard, and he was obliged to remain in his capital, with only his ordinary guard, and those few of his other subjects on whose fidelity he could depend.

But if virtue be often unfortunate, when attacked by superior force, what must be the fate of guilt? Isfahan was invested. Balavan's ministers betrayed him into the hands of Sultan Benfirak. The Egyptian turned away his eyes, and would not even look upon a monster who had disgraced the throne by the most horrible crimes.—“My son,” said he to Shafeliman, “I deliver into your hands a wretch, the murderer of your father, and almost of yourself, the scourge of your subjects; dispose of his fate, and give orders for his punishment.” “Oh! my benefactor, my father!” replied Shafeliman, “it is not for me to dispose of him; vengeance belongs to the most High. Let him go to that dangerous post upon the frontiers in which he placed me. If innocent, he will be preserved as I was; if guilty, his death-warrant is pronounced, and nothing can sus-  
pend

pend its execution." The Sultran was pleased with this determination of Shafeliman's, and Balavan set instantly out to expose his life to the infidels. But the measure of his crimes was now filled up. Divine justice had waited till this period to strike the tyrant and the parricide. He was made prisoner, fettered, and thrown into the fatal dungeon, where rending remorse and black despair continued to haunt and prey upon him, till his body was dashed in pieces upon the rocks beneath the tower, where the virtuous Shafeliman had miraculously escaped from death.

In the mean time, the rightful heir of the Persian crown, the happy Shafeliman, seated on the throne of his fathers, received the most earnest expressions of dutiful allegiance from his people, and began a reign, the security of which was established upon piety and justice, and which renewed in the remembrance of the Persians the exalted qualities of the great Caliph Moawias. The Egyptian Sultan, after seeing this young monarch begin his reign under the happiest auspices, tenderly bade him adieu, and returned into his own dominions, to bless with his presence the lovely Chamfada. Nothing ever after disturbed the mutual happiness of that virtuous pair. They lived together, in grandeur and felicity, to a good old age, and were at length removed to that rest which is the lot of faithful Mussulmans.

"Sire," said Aladdin to King Bohetzad, when he had thus ended his story, "you perceive by what unseen and wonderful ways Providence saved Shafeliman from the arm of persecution!—You perceive how Balavan fell into the pit which he had himself dug for another! No; God will  
never

never permit guilt finally to triumph, or innocence to suffer. Nothing can escape his vigilance, or elude his justice; he will sooner or later tear asunder the veil under which the wicked man fancies he may remain concealed. As to me, Sire, trusting to a good conscience, and persuaded that men can never change my destiny, I am yet firm, and not without hope. It is only for your Viziers who accuse me that I fear your justice."

Language so firm, wise, and modest, renewed the King's irresolution, "Put off the execution of the sentence," said he, "and carry the young man back to prison. The stillness of night, and the reflections suggested by his narrative, will enlighten my judgment, and to-morrow I may come to a decision with less difficulty."

When Aladdin was gone, one of the Viziers thus addressed the King: "Sire, your majesty is fascinated by the magic of this young impostor's discourse. May the Prophet keep you from yielding to sentiments of weak clemency in his behalf. When guilt passes unpunished, the glory of the throne is obscured. You sit on the seat of majesty, for the distribution of justice. This robber's crime is manifest. His punishment ought to follow, and should be of so remarkable and striking a nature, that it may serve for an example to deter others. "Go, give instant orders," interrupted Bohetzad hastily; "that a cross be erected upon a rising ground, without the city, and that the criminal may without farther delay be nailed to it! So awful a punishment must strike terror into all who may be tempted to follow his example. Such is my final resolution; let it be announced to the people by the public criers?" The ten Viziers



were well pleased to hear this decision. They flattered themselves that their arts had now at length brought the object of their envy to perish by the sword of justice, and went earnestly to make ready the apparatus of death.

On the morning of the next day, which was the eleventh of Aladdin's confinement, the ten Vissers came early to wait upon the King.—“Sire,” said they, “your orders are obeyed, your pleasure is publicly known, the people are assembled round the cross, and wait only for the wretched culprit who is to end his days upon it.”

Bohetzad ordered the criminal to be brought before him. The Vissers no sooner saw him come in than they raised their voices clamorously against him: “Wretch!” said they, “thou son of a robber, the sword of the angel of death is now drawn over thy head; thy arts are exhausted, and thou shalt immediately suffer the just punishment of thine audacious crimes.” “Insolent men,” said Aladdin, viewing them with a firm but modest air, “it is not for you to impress my forehead with the seal of death. If my death is not decreed by Heaven, what can all your practices avail against me? Guilt may be afraid, but, as I have nothing to reproach myself with, I should be saved from the stroke, even although the sword were already drawn over my head, as was a slave, who although innocent had been accused and cast into prison.” “Sire,” interrupted the Vissers all at once, “put that wretch to silence. He would impose upon your majesty by another tale.” “It is not I that would impose upon the King,” replied Aladdin, “but you who seek to abuse him by lies and false pretences.” Stay,” said Bohetzad, “I will yet again





*Be calm Prince, it is necessary to your interest  
that my being in life should remain a secret.*



again put my patience to another trial, by hearing the story of thy slave, and of his deliverance."

"O royal clemency," returned Aladdin, "may your majesty's heart at last guide you to the discernment of the truth, to which your court is so little accessible! I seek not to deceive your majesty by a false tale; the story which I am going to relate, is well known throughout all Chaldæa."

*Story of the King of Haram and the Slave.*

The King of Haram dissatisfied with the manner in which his Viziers and Cadis administered justice through his dominions, went one evening out of his palace in disguise, and having only two eunuchs to attend him. He happened by chance to pass near by a crevice in a building, from which he heard a lamentable and plaintive voice proceed. He understood that the place communicated with the prison in which criminals under sentence of death were confined. He drew nearer, with intent to distinguish, if possible, those plaintive accents which sounded as if they issued out of the bowels of the earth. He heard the following words:

"O Almighty Sovereign of the Universe! whose Providence watches over the unfortunate, when he is sinking under the weight of his misery; wilt thou permit innocence unjustly accused, to fall under presumptions accumulated against him by the malice of fate! O Infinite mercy! In thine eyes none of thy creatures is despised; thou who hearest the complaints even of the worm, hear those of thy slave! O God of

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goodness! and if my death be not finally decreed by thy providence, oh! arrest the fatal blow with which I am threatened."

This prayer was followed by a silence interrupted only by sighs. The King of Haram returned to his palace; his heart was moved by these lamentations, and his spirit troubled by the incident. He in vain sought to find rest; the idea of the death of an innocent person still haunted him; he waited only for the return of morning to enquire into the circumstances of the case.

Soon as the sun again irradiated the earth, he sent for his ministers, and informed them of the place from which the complaints issued that had moved his compassion. He learned that the unhappy prisoner whom he had overheard was that very day to expire on the scaffold. The process was laid before him; the crime appeared to be fully proved, and two witnesses testified that the slave whom his majesty had overheard was certainly the perpetrator. The King of Haram could not reject what human justice calls evidence, but instantly confirmed the sentence by which he was condemned.

The slave was dragged from prison. He proceeded to the place of execution with a composed and modest countenance, his hands were bound down, but his eyes were lifted up to Heaven, which was now his sole hope. He was already at the foot of the cross, and the executioners were about to strip him, when an unexpected noise suddenly changed the aspect of this scene of death. A hostile party having formed a design to seize the city waited till the people had been led out by curiosity to witness this execution. They then arose suddenly

denly from ambush, attacked and dispersed the guard. All who made any defence either fell under the sword of the enemy or were made prisoners. Only the slave was left at liberty who had been about to suffer an ignominious death, but who could not be deprived of honour and innocence.

The enemy, dreading the King's approach, retired with their booty to recruit their forces, and delayed to a future opportunity the full accomplishment of their enterprise.

The poor slave, in the mean time, now freed from his fetters, yet afraid that a party might be sent in pursuit of him, escaped to the country, travelling without interruption, night and day. At last overpowered with fatigue he halted, and sat down under the shade of a laurel, which, by its size and height, seemed coeval with the world. Opposite to that tree, and very near it, was the entrance into a gloomy cavern. Two lights which burned in it served only to make the darkness visible; he viewed these objects with astonishment, and was terrified when the two lights seemed to arise, and to advance towards him. They were the glaring eyes of a monstrous lion, who came out of the cavern, and slowly approached the unhappy slave, who had no means of defence. The huge animal seized him with his tail, without hurting him, took him upon his back, and bore him into his cave. He went instantly out, and with one stroke of his tail felled the vast laurel under which the man had been seated, laid it across the mouth of the cavern, as if of purpose to close up the passage, and then ran out through the desert in search of his mate, who

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had



had wandered abroad, seeking food for their young.

The mouth of the cavern, although so exactly closed by the trunk of the tree as to be inaccessible to all human force, yet admitted light enough to enable the slave to distinguish the interior condition of that horrible recess, to discover its inhabitants, and to discern broken bones and offals scattered upon the floor: he saw two whelps lying upon heaps of moss, in an opposite angle, which were not roused by his presence; he perceived a heap of human bones, the remains of unfortunate wretches who had been conducted thither by the same disastrous fate which had betrayed himself. Yet amidst these objects fear did not chill his courage, he turned his face towards the south, and, as became a faithful Mussulman addressed his prayer to the great Prophet, with as much zeal and fervour as if he had been in the most splendend mosque, and in the safest sanctuary.

Full of confidence in the Supreme Arbiter of all events, and restored to his usual firmness of mind, in consequence of his devotion, he continued to look around through those gloomy cavities. He perceived several suits of clothes, and putting his hand into a pocket, found in it a flint and a piece of steel to strike fire with; the ground was covered with dry moss, which served for litter to those ferocious animals. The idea of the possibility of escaping roused his courage; the enterprise was hardly sooner conceived than executed; he gathered the moss towards the mouth of the cavern, and set it on fire; the flame caught hold of the wet back of the roots of the laurel tree, the conflagration increased, and the tree being with-  
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out any proper support, fell, with a crashing noise, towards one side, and thus left the entrance clear. He had previously discovered in the cavern a bow, sabres, and poignards, which he might use for his defence; he had also observed the glittering of gold coin, unwrought lumps of the same metal, and precious jewels of different sorts. Thus provided with all that was necessary for his escape, he armed himself, cut away with his sabre some of the burning branches of the tree, and blessing God, issued once again out into the open day.

Hardly had the slave made his way out of the cavern, when he perceived the lion within four bow-shots, and the lioness approaching at a greater distance. He drew his bow, and when the lion sprung forward upon his prey, he met the fatal arrow which was launched against him. It pierced his heart, and the huge animal sunk down upon the ground.

The slave, although thus quit of one enemy, had yet another upon his hands; the lioness advanced, an arrow which he shot wounded her but slightly; this served only to irritate the animal's fury, and she sprung upon him to dash him to the ground; the slave plunged his poignard into her side; the lioness roared aloud, and made a new effort; he with his scymitar cut off one of her hinder feet, and thus rendered her unfit to continue the combat; she rolled upon the ground, it re-echoed with her cries, her whelps roared in concert from the cavern; and the noise was enough to terrify the stoutest heart. The conqueror, however, made sure of his victory, by piercing the beast through the most sensible parts of her body. She sunk at last in death by the vigour of his arm; ho

he ran instantly to the whelps, stabbed them, and drew them without the cavern. After this bold adventure, he looked about through the fields for some tree on which he might find fruit to nourish him, and a rivulet out of which he might drink; and being still sustained by providence, every thing seemed to be subject to his wishes, and all that he wanted came readily to his hand.

Having thus refreshed his exhausted strength, he again entered the cavern whose inhabitants he had destroyed, seized the treasure which it contained; closed up the mouth with branches of the tree, and being thus well armed, and having gold and silver for his necessities, set out for his native country. He arrived there within a few days, and gave his relations an account of his adventures. They dispatched camels and slaves, to bring away the rest of the precious effects which he had left behind in the abode of the lions. The slave thus enriched with so much wealth, generously shared his riches upon fit occasions among the poor. Not far from his habitation he built a house for the reception of caravans, pilgrims, and travellers, who might be obliged to pass that way, and thus converted that recess of the monsters of the desert, into a temple of charity.

“Sire,” replied Aladdin, after ending his story, “you see how this slave, although condemned upon the false testimony of his enemies, to perish upon the cross, and exposed to the devouring jaws of lions, was wonderfully delivered out of those dangers, while his accusers and enemies who had been so curious to feast their eyes were cruelly cut to pieces. The King of Haram, having lost part of his subjects, thus suffered

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ed for his negligence in not examining the process with his own eyes, or taking time to listen to complaints which must have moved his pity instead of arming his justice."

Bohetzad felt himself strangely perplexed between the consideration of his own power, the stories and reflections of Aladdin, and the solicitations of his ministers. An inward voice strongly reclaimed in his heart against the judgment which he had pronounced; but then his orders had been publicly given; the cross was erected without the city, the people waited impatiently to witness an execution which had been so often deferred; and all these circumstances tended to encrease the King's embarrassment. The Viziers seeing him hesitate, again earnestly endeavoured to confirm his resolution by stronger remonstrances, and repeating to him those motives which he had before alledged, concluded with alarming him in respect to the stability of his power. "Yet," said the King, "in spite of all that you alledge, I feel my heart averse from what I must do. However, as the crime is certain, and the security of my kingdom depends upon the execution of this act of justice, I yield to the reasons you urge; let the criminal be conveyed to punishment!"

The guard now seized Aladdin. He was gagged, fettered, and conducted without the city, to the place where he was to undergo a death of torture. The King, himself, mounted upon an elephant, and attended by his whole court, repaired to the spot. He seated himself on a throne, and waited to witness the execution. Already had the unfortunate Aladdin been stripped of his clothes,

clothes, when suddenly a stranger urging through the crowd, and pressing forwards amidst the guards and every other obstacle that stood in his way, caught Aladdin in his arms: "O my son! my dear son!" cried he, shedding a flood of tears, and he could say no more, for his grief had overpowered his voice. So unexpected an event produced a momentary commotion among the whole multitude, and the King ordered the stranger to be brought before him.

"Sovereign monarch," said he, "save the life of the unfortunate youth whom your sentence has condemned to death. If a criminal must die, let it be I, not he." "Who are you? how come you to take an interest in this criminal?" "Sire! I am captain of a band of robbers. One day when my company and I were seeking a spring out of which we might quench our thirst, I found upon the brink of one which we chanced to find, and under the shelter of five palm trees which overshadowed it, a new born infant, wrapped in fine linen, and a robe of cloth of gold. He was still alive. Moved with compassion in favour of that innocent creature, I carried him home with me, and my wife brought him up. He was not ours, indeed, Sire, but he was to us a gift from Heaven. He became dearer to us than our own children; his virtues and amiable qualities led us to regret the evil habits of our profession; for indeed I must confess to my shame, Sire, that we were robbers; he accompanied us out in our expeditions, and upon all occasions exhibited eminent proofs of valour and humanity; we lost him in one enterprise in which overpowered by numbers"—This was enough to convince the King.

King that he whom he was about to put to death was his own sole offspring by his marriage with Baharjoa. He sprung instantly from his throne, flew to Aladdin, with his own poignard cut away the cords that confined his son, and locked him in his arms, with every mark of the liveliest tenderness. "Ah! my son," cried he, "how nearly had I buried the sword of repentance in my own heart! Good God! how great is the depth of thy wisdom, and the immensity of thy power! My heart was about to be afflicted by the sight of a cruel punishment, and thou changest the apparatus of fear and terror into a spectacle of joy and triumph, the ravishing lustre of which is almost more than my soul can bear!" So saying, he again embraced Aladdin, made him ride on an elephant, and conducted him to the palace, amidst the noise of drums and the acclamations of the whole people.

Baherjoa had by this time received notice of the happy change. The King himself soon presented to her, her dear son, who was now arrayed in robes so splendid, that the unfavourable change produced on his appearance by long imprisonment could not be distinguished. The joy attending this event was soon communicated through all orders in the state. Courtiers, merchants, and artisans shared it. The mosques were opened, and the people repaired to them in crowds, to give thanks to God and the Prophet. General festivity expressed the general joy. The city of Iffessara was transformed into a scene of delights; even the birds of the sky sang the glory of the monarch, and the deliverance of Aladdin.

Only the ten Viziers, far from participating in  
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the public joy, were cast into the depth of a gloomy dungeon, where remorse of conscience anticipated in their breasts the torments of the punishment which they were to undergo after the expiration of thirty days that were set apart for public festivity. At last, by the orders of their sovereign, they were conducted to the foot of the throne. Aladdin sat on his father's right hand. Conscious of their guilt they turned away their eyes, and could not bear the sight. After an interval of silence, Bohezad thus addressed them :

“ You pretended supporters of my throne ! ministers who are so jealous of my glory, behold here the criminal whom your zeal pursued with such bitterness of resentment, such unrelenting fury : You required that I should punish him unheard ; by hearing him I have saved my glory, my peace, and the tranquillity of my empire ; justify yourselves, if you can ; I give you permission to speak.

The King in vain endeavoured to make those guilty ministers open their mouths. A mortal shivering had seized them ; their looks were immoveably fixed on the ground, their lips trembled, their limbs tottered. “ Speak, then,” said Aladdin, to them, in his turn, “ where is now your respect for justice which rendered you so eloquent against the son of a robber, guilty in your eyes of a crime which should have been expiated by the most ignominious punishment ? Where are now your courage and your zeal for the glory of the realm ? Produce witnesses to prove my criminal attempts to corrupt the queen by presents, or terrify her by threats. But guilt hangs heavy upon you, remorse crushes, shame confounds you.

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Your condemnation, already written in heaven, resumed Bohetzad, is now going to be executed upon earth. Let nine other crosses be erected, beside that which was set up for my son; and there let these ten base and guilty men terminate their worthless lives. Let the public criers make known this sentence to the people!" These orders were forthwith carried into execution.

Bohetzad carried his son back to his palace, and continued to give him repeated proofs of the tenderest paternal affection. "Ah! my dear child," said he, "how little must you have been intimidated by the prospect of death, since you could recall to mind upon that awful occasion, all the facts that you related to me! Where could you acquire such a fund of wise maxims and reflections, which can only be the result of experience and study?"

"Sire," replied Aladdin, "it was not I that spoke; I was inspired from on high. Even in my infancy my education was not neglected: But I have been perfected in useful knowledge since I have had the happiness of being in your majesty's service. She whom I supposed to have been my mother, fixed my early attention upon the divine Koran, as a code of holy laws and maxims, which ought to be the rule of my life. But what will appear still more extraordinary, Sir! is that her husband, although he had been brought up in the practice of rapine, and was so habitually addicted to it, that he made no scruple of plundering caravans,—would not have dared to break his word. He was a good husband, a good master to his slaves, to me tenderer than a father, and of all men the most disinterested in the division of the plunder.

der. He was fond of me, and then, when my mind was less enlightened than at present, I honoured him as a benefactor, and loved him as a father."

"Enough my son," rejoined the King. "The people returned from witnessing the signal example of justice which has been exhibited before them, have been called by the Mezzins, and are hastening to the mosques to prayers: let my treasurer follow you, and as you pass along, distribute liberal alms with an open hand of charity. Let the heir whom heaven has restored to me for a blessing to my empire appear before my people, with that dignified generosity which becomes him."

Immediately after the duties of religion were discharged, the King ordered the captain of the robbers, whom he knew to have remained in Issaara, to be conducted to the baths, to be furnished with proper dress, and to be brought to the palace, there to share the triumph of his adopted son. Far from reproaching him concerning the way of life in which he had hitherto been engaged, Bohetzad formed very favourable hopes of him from the goodness of his native dispositions; and that he might no longer be led astray by example, seduced by opportunity, or impelled by necessity, named him to the command of a frontier province, where his active spirit and his military talents were likely to be employed highly to the advantage of the state. Bohetzad, Baherjoa, and Aladdin, united by the ties of blood, of love and of friendship, passed many years in the highest domestic felicity, and continually found new means to knit closer the bonds which connected them. At last, age and encreasing infirmities warned



warned the monarch to resign the sceptre into firmer hands. He assembled his divan, his ministers, viziers, cadis, men of the law, princes, lords, and all the grandees of his kingdom.

“Nature,” said he, “has called my son to the succession. But heaven, by interposing miraculously in his preservation, has still more decisively marked out its pleasure concerning him. By crowning him this day I only obey the decree of heaven, and give you a master more worthy of governing you than myself.”

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The profound silence which prevailed through the palace, indicated that all were still at rest, when the Sultana finished the story of King Bohetza and his ten viziers. Dinarzade willing to lose no time, thus spoke to Scheherzade: “Sister, you possess the art of interesting us in the fortunes of your hearers. There is one whom you have long led us to expect. He is one of your favourites, for you often sing his productions, he possessed four different species of merit, which together never fail to produce great effects. He was a lover, a poet, brave, and pious.” You mean Sir Habib, sister, replied Scheherazade: I shall with pleasure relate his achievements and amours.

*Story of Habib and Doratil-goose, or the Arabian Knight.*

The tribe of Beni-Hilac, the most numerous and valiant of all Arabia, was formerly governed by Emir-Ben-Hilac-Salamis, the most famous man of

that age for courage, military talents, piety, probity, and in a word for all those great qualities which accomplish the character of the statesman and the warrior. He was acknowledged chief of sixty-six tribes, over whom he reigned with wisdom, and among whom his administration was deservedly popular. He had been prosperous in war, and not less so in peace. He had passed the prime of life, and had no favour to ask of heaven in order to complete his felicity, unless a son who might inherit his glory and his power.

In the festival of Haraphat, Salamis continually heaped the altar with victims, prostrated himself upon the threshold of the tabernacle, addressed his prayers to the holy prophet, and still waited with respectful resignation for the time when the will of heaven should favour him with a blessing so essential to his happiness. Having one day offered a more than ordinary profusion of sacrifices, he felt his mind suddenly impressed with a pleasing hope that his wishes should be fulfilled. His hope was not vain. Amirala, his wife, soon after found herself pregnant, and within nine months that princess was delivered of a male child, whose beauty equalled that of the bright luminary which in the evenings of summer supplies the absence of the sun. Amirala took the child in her arms, and caressed him with mingled emotions of tender love and rapturous joy.

"Lovely child," said she, "charming emblem of the fair tree whose fruit thou art, may my kisses be salutary to thee as the rays of the sun are to the budding plant. Come to my breast, receive the nourishment which the tenderness of a mother gladly offers."

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“ And thou, great Prophet ! Thou into whose hands the Most High has committed the key of the treasure of celestial grace ! Thou to whom we owe this dearest pledge of love ! pour upon him the benignant influence of thy sacred spirit ! At thy powerful voice may the bravest, the brightest, and yet the mildest star of heaven assume the care of his destiny !

“ Ye happy tribes who inhabit the smiling plains of Arabia ! it is to you that Habib is given ! Come, view the head of my young cedar ! You will distinguish it rising above all the rest : rejoice ! rejoice ! ye happy tribes ! One day shall it cover you with its shade.”

While Amirala thus celebrated the bounty of the Almighty, the Emir assembled all the wise men of the nation, and made them enquire of the stars concerning the destiny of his son. In the hour of his birth the eyes of all the astrologers were raised to the azure vault of heaven. They beheld a combat in the fields above. One constellation appeared to oppose another ; one very bright star was alternately darkened, hid, and extinguished, like those meteors which are sometimes seen gliding through the air, yet it still maintained its place, and within a few moments broke out with new lustre, and appeared in the most auspicious conjunction.

The eldest of the astrologers then spoke.—

“ Prince,” said he to Salamis, “ your son will be glorious, and admired in life ; but never mortal passed through such dangers as he must meet. Perils and misfortunes await him, but wonderful will be his resources, amidst every combination of difficulties. Love and glory are at last to crown



"his toils, if his courage and vigour shall surmount every trial." "What a wayward destiny!" returned the Emir. "Can no means be employed to disappoint its severity?" "Prince, we assure you the great planet, and the seven around it, did not appear in harmonious concord. They seemed to exert all their powers in order to bring assistance to the star of your son, or to counteract its noxious influence. Dreadful was the contest, and as Habib's star has again appeared, you may entertain some degree of hope. The dangers which he is to encounter have been clearly displayed to us, but as man may so far elude the strokes of fate, the virtues of Habib must avert the unpropitious influence with which he is threatened, and compel his star to be more favourable to him."

Salamis was a man of the greatest fortitude, and at the same time of the greatest resignation.

"The misfortunes which await my son will surely not exceed what the strength of humanity is able to bear. Let me form him to manly energy of character, and sow the seeds of every virtue in his heart. Amirala will second my intentions, and by our joint lessons and example, we shall prepare him to trample upon every danger that may rise up before him."

Hardly was Habib circumcised, and taught to articulate a few words, when his tender organs, instead of uttering a senseless prattle, pronounced his confession of faith. He already blessed the Creator of the world, Mahomet, his apostle, heaven, earth, the animated beings inhabiting these worlds, and the wide immensities of space by which they are separated. He made the letters of the alphabet his play-things, and learned to ar-  
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range them first into words, and these words soon after into sentences. His mimic houses were imitations of mosques; his sports, his fancies, and his early propensities, showed all a mind much above the ordinary rank.

Soon as his body acquired strength, he observed no set hours for his meals. It was necessary that he should be acquainted with want, that tyrant of humanity, and, to teach him to bear it without murmuring, he was from time to time partially exposed to it. It was necessary that he should accustom himself to difficulties; the mattresses upon which he had used to sleep was, therefore, taken away, and he was left to lie upon the bare ground. He was exposed occasionally to the inclemency of the seasons, that his body might not afterwards be too much affected by their severity.

He was taught to mount the most fiery and the most unmanageable young horses. His address having been previously exercised in adventures of less danger, he soon surmounted the difficulties which at first attended this. If he happened by any accident to lose his seat, his agility soon enabled him to recover it. Thus did Amirala form the body of her pupil. At seven years of age, he excelled all his little companions in vigour and activity. His heart and understanding were not neglected; he could recite all the chapters of the Koran, and explain their meaning. He was taught by his mother to view the wonders of nature with enthusiastic admiration, and could already describe its beauties. It became time for Salamis to think of perfecting an education which had been so happily begun. But, in order to this, it was necessary that he should find an instructor

as well qualified to form his youth as Amirala had shewn herself to tutor his infancy. There was in the camp of Salamis an old philosopher, named Ilfakis, skilled in all the sciences, and blameless in his conduct. But he was at that time afflicted by a distemper, which was conducting him slowly to the tomb. "Ah! would God restore me the sage Ilfakis," said the Emir one day, in the presence of one of his ministers. "How would you employ him?" replied the other. "I am just come from his tent. He told me that he had taken an elixir, which had made him wonderfully better. He was standing; he even walked a few steps very firmly before me, and I make no doubt but if you wish to see him, he may be able to wait upon you here." "Go, ask him," said the Emir. "I look upon his recovery to life as a miracle, wrought by Heaven for my sake even more than for his."

Ilfakis obeyed the Emir's orders, and agreed to his proposal. Young Habib was committed to his new master. They lived together in the same tent. The cares \* of the governor found a soil so naturally happy, and so well prepared, in his young pupil's mind, that it was fit to receive every degree of cultivation. Habib was soon able to tell the names of all the stars, to describe the paths of the planets, and to calculate their sizes and distances. He knew the various species of trees and plants, and could describe their properties.—

\* The Arabians were the first who taught us to study the wondrous operations of nature, they translated the Greek philosophers. There is therefore nothing improbable in what is here related of the education of young Habib.



He could discourse of vegetation, and knew in what manner heat and moisture produced fertility. He knew the sea to be formed by the influx of the rivers; he could trace the vapours raised from it by the heat of the sun to the tops of the mountains, and there behold them falling down into plenteous springs, to perpetuate the wonderful operations of nature. He knew to rank every animal in its proper class; while the wonders of instinct excited his surprize, he was pleased to see these still in subordination to the energies of reason.

While, with the assistance of Ilfakis, he strove to arrange in order all this vast variety of ideas, he was at the same time attentive to fix them in his mind, and learned the art of writing, with pens cut in seven different ways †. Salamis one day desired his son to communicate to him some part of the learning which he had acquired. "Father," said the youth, "you must apply to my master, to give you the information you desire.—As for me, I must long be all eye and all ear.—I must learn to use my hand, before I begin to exercise my tongue, and to write my letters as pure as pearls from the water." Salamis, delighted with this reply, asked his sage governor, whether there were any thing else that he could teach his son? "The young Prince," replied Ilfakis, "never puts a question to me but he is well able to anticipate the reply. I have opened to his eyes the great book of nature; its wonders are at each

† The pens used by the Arabians are reeds. Whatever be the value they may put upon the cutting of pens in all these different ways, it is certain that they reckon it a high merit to be able to illuminate these writings skilfully.

glance more and more clearly unfolded to his view. Farther instruction would only retard his progress, and detain him needlessly from the scenes of active life. It is time, Prince, for my pupil to begin his application to those arts which are necessary accomplishments to the man who is one day to rule over sixty-six warlike tribes. In those my assistance could be of no service to him. My body must soon return to the dust, and rest with its parent earth. "Why so gloomy a preface?" replied the Emir, "you may promise yourself many a good year yet, and you shall be liberally supplied with every comfort which the infirmities of age require. My treasures shall be entirely at your command." "Prince," replied the sage, "all the riches in this world are not of more value than a grain of sand in my eyes. All my desires have long since failed. This frail body, which I have no further wish to preserve, owes its prolonged existence solely to the secret views of Providence, in favour of Salamis. This day is marked out by destiny as the last in which it shall be animated.— In fulfilling my duty, I have enjoyed all the recompense I wish to receive here below." "Farewell then, virtuous Ilfakis," said the Emir. "Receive my son's embraces and mine. Your loss must cost us many tears, but we will soothe your distress by going often to visit your tent." "You shall return there no more," replied he. "My tent is like a vapour dispersed by the wind, and I myself like the dust driven before it by its fury. Farewell, Salamis; farewell, my dear Habib. Think sometimes of me, amidst the difficulties with which you are soon to struggle." Young Habib was much affected at this scene; but his sensibility was

was put next day to a harder trial. His worthy governor died soon after returning to his own tent. The body was immediately interred, to free the camp from the infection which it produced, the moment after it was deserted by the spirit which had animated it. Habib retired, and wept beside his mother. Amirala was pleased with his sensibility, while she strove to console him. She represented the things of this earth as inadequate to our felicity, and directed him to extend his views beyond it. These consoling considerations calmed young Habib's sorrow, but he wished to pay the last duties to his benefactor, to strew some flowers on his tomb, and to offer up his prayers to the Most High, in that hallowed spot. He went to Ilfakis' tent with three emblematic flowers in his hand. His soul was dissolved in tender melancholy. Tears flowed silently down his cheeks. He stood still for a moment to indulge his grief, which was thus mingled with sweet affection, and then expressed his feelings in these words :

“ I tread on the spot where my dear Ilfakis is laid. Angels of death, when you approached to receive his soul, were not your hearts moved like mine ? O great Prophet ! thou hast received this virtuous Muffulman ! Thou hast given him a crown of unfading glory ! O preserve these flowers from withering, which I lay as crowns upon his dear remains.

“ The soul of my dear Ilfakis does not wander here, otherwise these parched plains would smile with verdant plants and blooming flowers, just as his looks and words used to raise in my heart the shoots of wisdom, and the charms of virtue.

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“ Be happy, sleep, rest in peace, benevolent soul ! Deign to receive this testimony of my gratitude, while I thus adorn thy cold remains ! Thou hast cultivated my mind with reason and truth, hast taught me to love my duty, and hast opened my heart to feel the delights of virtuous friendship. Thus do I express my friendship and gratitude to thee.”

Salamis was expecting his son's return. “ Habib,” said he, “ after thus obeying the emotions of gratitude, you must now think of acquiring knowledge which may be more directly useful in your situation. You are, my son, destined by Heaven to succeed me in the command of the valiant tribes under my dominion. You must march at their head in every military expedition. You must therefore learn how you may conduct them upon such occasions, must harden yourself against fatigue, and must require those military arts which may best enable you to triumph over every enemy that shall dare to resist you. By uniting address and dexterity to strength, you may make yourself the most gallant and intrepid soldier in your armies. You have already begun to accustom yourself to bear arms. Only indolence or cowardice sink under their weight. The brave man makes himself familiar with it, and it soon becomes light to him. Ah ! why cannot I find among my warriors one as well qualified to instruct you in the exercise of arms as Ilfakis was to initiate you in science ? An accomplished soldier is a phoenix scarcely to be found.— The great Prophet performed a miracle in our favour, by preserving Ilfakis ; would that his goodness would also send me the extraordinary character to whom I wish now to commit you.” “ Father !

ther," said Habib, "in my diversions I can attack your most vigorous horses; my strength and courage never forsake me. Change this robe of linen for a cuirass of iron. Give me a heavier buckler, and a stronger lance, and you shall then find me no unworthy companion to yourself. Ah! when shall I be permitted to lay aside these clothes, which render almost my very sex equivocal, and convey no favourable idea of the vigour which nature has given me. It requires only to be tutored to discipline. All my wish is to learn how I may best employ it." "Worthy present from the hand of Heaven!" said the Emir, embracing his son. "Happy child! hope of my tribes.—He who inspires you with such noble dispositions will surely assist you in the cultivation of them."

Hardly was this conversation ended, when a warrior presented himself at the entrenchments round Salamis's camp, and begged to have the honour of being admitted into his presence. "Introduce him," said the Emir. "My heart, the first wish of which is to see peace and justice reign through the earth, desires to live among men who are their protectors." The stranger appeared.

The noble steed on which he was borne covered him with his flowing mane, so that only the crest of his helmet, and the plume of feathers waving upon it, could be seen. He approached the tent, and alighted from his horse. Habib, who had gone before, seized the bridle, and delivered him to one of the Emir's grooms. "Valiant knight," said the Emir, "with what intentions came you hither?" "I came," replied the unknown knight, "to do homage to the virtues, the courage, and the power of the great Emir,

Ben-Hilac-Salamis, and to ask young Habib to admit me to share the favours with which he is loaded by the lovely daughter of Hymen. The warrior who has her in his arms, intoxicated with the enjoyment, will soon forget the dangers to which he has been exposed."

The Emir, not comprehending what was meant by this address, asked his son to explain it. "Father," said Habib, in a tone of kind concern, "this noble knight asks leave to salute you, and to share my coffee."

Then, turning to the stranger: "Warrior," said he, "to desire the favours of the daughter of Hymen is to shew one's self worthy of those which she delights to pour into the hearts of such as love glory. Nothing of what you desire shall be refused you here. The hero whom you see is Emir Salamis, and I am his son Habib."

The two heroes then saluted each other. Salamis had never seen a man of a finer figure, or one in whom majesty and grace were more happily united. His arms of polished steel reflected the sun's rays with such lustre, that they seemed to rob him of that radiance which they borrowed. His helmet, glittered like a meteor in the sky; the blade of his scymitar flamed afar. No gold or diamonds decorated any part of his armour; its lustre was owing to its simplicity, and to the warrior's care.

While this stranger knight was drinking his coffee, Salamis was curious to learn, from his own mouth, what were the motives which had brought him to his camp.

"Illustrious and powerful Emir," replied the knight, "I am of a Parthian family, and was born



born in a remote part of India. In my infancy I conceived a passion for glory, and betook myself to the profession of arms. The fame which you have acquired in Arabia roused my emulation.— I wished for a nearer knowledge of him whom I considered as a noble model for my imitation. On the confines of your territories I learned that you at this time wanted a governor to assist you in the military education of young Habib, and although he might learn all that can be necessary from his father, Salamis, yet I conceived that as it was requisite for him to be constantly attended, in all his exercises, my services might be of use to him, and I am therefore come to offer them.”

“ Sir,” replied the Emir, “ I feel myself much obliged to you, and the generosity of your sentiments determines me to accept your services. But since my son must one day be able to rule my dominions, none shall be his instructor who cannot master me in fight. Let us try our strength against one another, and without malice contend for victory. The man who conquers me shall be tutor to my son. “ It is an honour,” replied the stranger knight, “ to which the greatest warriors might be proud to aspire. I accept the challenge of the great Salamis, nor shall I be ashamed to confess him my conqueror, whom none has ever conquered.”

Salamis’s ministers, who witnessed this challenge, dissuaded him from it, and told him that he was wrong to enter into any such contest, with a man whose birth and condition of life were unknown to him. “ What signify rank and birth ?” replied the Emir. “ It is a warrior I want, not a

king. If this knight is blinded by presumption, I can be in no danger in contending with him; but if his courage is equal to his manly assurance, neither of us will be at any disadvantage, and I shall have entered the lists with my equal." Then turning to the stranger: "Sir knight," said he, "rest yourself, and let your steed recover breath. I do not wish you to combat with me under any disadvantage. If I desire to measure my strength and courage against yours, it is not to avoid giving you my esteem, but to put it in your power to conquer it. On the day after to-morrow, we shall proceed to the camp."

Habib conducted the stranger into a tent prepared for him. The knight, sensibly affected with the kindness and attention thus shewn him, looked upon the youth with a heart already interested by his character. "The young vine," said he, "loaded with fruits, engages the passing traveller to set a prop for its support. When the grape ripens, it will offer itself to the passengers hand."

They then saluted one another, and Habib retired to his father's tent. When day returned, he ran to the tent of the knight, who had already begun to fill that place in his heart which Ilfakis had formerly held. He found him busy in scouring his arms, and examining his horse's harness. "What! you yourself do this?" said the young Sultan. "Yes, prince! He who is jealous of his glory ought to neglect nothing that can contribute to it; his arms are the only mirror a true knight deigns to use."

In the mean time the field was prepared in which Salamis and the stranger knight was to enter

ter the lists. The trumpets sounded; an immense crowd of spectators stood round the barriers.—The warriors appeared; and on both sides the advantages appeared so equal, that it was impossible to say to whom victory might incline. The lances they poised were of equal weight: their horses of the same size and strength. They rushed towards one another with the impetuosity of lightning. Furious, however, as was the shock, they both remained immoveable in their seats, and their lances were broken in pieces. Salamis, who had never before met with such opposition, was astonished to find so vigorous an assault ineffectual; and his adversary, from other motives, which it is yet too soon to mention, was himself at the same time in the greatest surprize. The Emir made a sign to his adversary that he wanted to speak with him. The stranger knight stopped, alighted from his horse, and advanced up to him.

“ Brave knight,” said the Emir, “ you have given me a high proof of your prowess, which makes me hope that to-morrow, when we meet with our scymitars in our hands, I shall find an adversary worthy of myself.” “ Great Prince,” replied the stranger knight, “ never mortal yet got the advantage over me. It is to my great astonishment that I have found one able to resist me. I value too highly the honour you have done me, to refuse the challenge you offer me for to-morrow.” After this the two warriors shook hands, parted, and laid aside their arms. Habib went to his father’s tent, to do what filial duty required, and then, at the impulse of friendship, returned soon after to the stranger, while those who had been appointed to serve him were relieving him.



of his arms : " You no longer refuse then," said Habib, " to employ those who are appointed to obey your orders ?" " No, my amiable Sultan. Let me tell you an apologue, the meaning of which I apply to my own profession, certainly the first in the world. When the sun rises he employs no hand but his own to spread out the rays which surround him. When he goes to rest, he leaves it to the waves of the ocean, into which he sinks, to extinguish them."

" I shall answer you with another apologue," said Habib, " or rather with a truth with which you impress me. The hero who has sustained unmoved the enormous weight of my father's lance, has dazzled my eyes with his lustre, and he whom I see still shine can never be extinguished."

" A young eaglet," replied the stranger, " who is scarce yet fledged, opened his eyes to the light for the first time. He saw a glow-worm on the foliage of a neighbouring tree, and was not dazzled with the sight. The prince of birds then no longer doubted that he would one day gaze on the sun with a steady eye."

" Sure," said Habib, " the phoenix which speaks to me is continually revived from his ashes; and at each renovation of his existence, looks back with contempt on all the advantages he before enjoyed." " With you, charming Habib," said the warrior, embracing him, " I have no advantages, unless, perhaps, in the affection with which you have inspired me." " Could I open my heart to you," said Habib, " you would acknowledge yourself outdone, but my father must no longer be deprived of the pleasure of seeing you. He loves heroes, and you, although you say not so,  
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are an hero." "It may happen," replied the stranger, "that one of us two may one day become a hero. At present I see no heroes here. As they spoke thus, they walked hand in hand to the tent of Salamis. The Emir was pleased to remark the rise of a mutual attachment, which he was determined to strengthen.

Salamis no sooner saw the stranger knight than he accosted him with expressions of the warmest esteem. "I know," said he, "that you can no longer find difficulty in any trial I can put you to. It is not to settle my own opinion with respect to you, that I require a new display of your courage and vigour, but I command a warlike nation, jealous of their glory, and am desirous of leaving them no shadow of doubt concerning the superior merit of a man who is to be honoured with a preference above them. I must carry my delicacy so far, (and you will not disapprove of my doing so) as to open the lists to whosoever may think himself able to dispute your triumph, when you shall have finished your trials against me. In the mean time, let us enjoy the present moment together. To-morrow we shall force envy to admire you."

Next day displayed the most surprizing combat that the Arabians ever beheld. The two heroes opposed buckler to buckler, and laid on the most terrible blows. The stroke was felt before the arm had been seen to be raised. They then laid aside the buckler and scymitar, and prepared to try their strength in wrestling. The winds, in all their fury, in vain assail the cedars of Lebanon. The earth trembles beneath them; but they cannot be torn up by the roots.

Emir

Emir Salamis did not chuse to keep up the astonishment of the spectators longer. He was better pleased to have met with an equal, than he could have been with victory in the contest.——

“ Let us stop for a moment,” said he, “ brave knight ! my surprize is every moment heightened : I never before found any one able to withstand me : I was, indeed, less elated with my victories than moved with pity for the weakness of our nature. When I compared our resources with the natural advantages which certain animals are possessed of, I confess I was wrong. I think less of the vigour of the lion, since I have proved yours. Let us cease from this fatiguing exercise, saddle our steeds, and attack each other with javelins.”

This new species of combat afforded new matter of triumph to both the combatants. Every means that address, dexterity, and strength, could furnish, were practised upon this occasion. The Emir, however, was beginning to lose his advantages. Youth gave his adversary a superiority which his valour could not surmount. He was, besides, convinced that the stranger possessed, in the most eminent degree, all the qualities requisite for the employment for which he intended him. He stopped, therefore, and made a sign to the stranger to do the same, and they returned hand in hand to the camp.

“ Knight,” said Salamis, “ my son will find in you a second father. You know how your own vigour has been improved by continued exercise, by which means only you could add to it such amazing dexterity and address. You know also how necessary it is that we be accustomed to dangers, in order that we may acquire due coolness  
of



of temper, and firmness of mind. I give up to your care the only object of my hopes. Teach him to know what true glory is, and how attainable by the warrior."

Young Habib had, by his wishes and inclination, already anticipated his father's intentions. He, therefore, joyfully followed his new master. "I come," said he, "to profit by your lessons. I must imitate my father and you, and may I approach near to the perfection of the models I aspire to imitate!"

"We will portion out our time to our different tasks, my dear Habib," said Il Haboul, "for this was the name of the Indian Knight. The day we shall spend in such exercises as may improve your vigour and address, to equal your courage. In the evening we shall converse of those qualities which will be necessary to fit you to rule over the most independent people on earth. They have at all times preferred liberty to luxury. Valour, joined with prudence, are the qualities they adore. These are the titles by which the Emir, your father, reigns over sixty-six tribes. You cannot inherit his power, unless you acquire his virtues."

On this plan did Il Haboul direct Habib's education, and it soon produced the happiest fruits. Emir Salamis was soon after engaged in a war, in which the young Sultan distinguished himself by prodigies of valour. Being ordered upon a difficult service, he distinguished himself by his prudence and firmness, and when called to assist in his father's councils, he astonished the ministers by the wise advices he offered.

Il Haboul's task was now finished, and he was obliged

obliged to part from his pupil. It was proper to acquaint the young Prince with the necessity which called him away. "My son," said he, "I must leave you. I am called into another country by the orders of my superiors." "What," said Habib, "and will you leave me?" "I am no longer necessary to you here, and am besides obliged to yield to the commands of fate!" "How unfortunate am I?" replied the youth. "Death deprived me of my former master, Ilfakis, whom I still remember with regret, and a harsh command now forces you to part from me! But, do we part for ever? May not I know why? Cannot my father prevail with you to alter your resolution?" "No human power can," replied Il Haboul; "but I hope to see you again. However, my dear Habib, I can offer you at least a partial consolation. He whom you loved under the name of Ilfakis is not dead, but still remains attached to you." "How," replied Habib, "I myself attended his funeral, and wept over his tomb."

"My son," replied Il Haboul, "the story of the death you speak of, is connected with various others, in which you are concerned, perhaps even with yours and mine. Listen to what I shall relate. Remember your horoscope, and be not surprised at the story you are about to hear. In the first place, know that he who loves and speaks to you is not a human being, but a Genie, employed by destiny to conduct you to the high fate for which you were born."

*Story of Illaboufatrous, of King Schal-goafe, and of  
Camarilzaman.*

It is well known to you, my dear Prince, that some of the genies of the race of Eblis bowed the knee to the great Solomon. Illaboufatrous was one of the first of these. I am of the same race, and took the same steps. Among my own people I am called a *cadi*, by the grace of God and of Solomon. To escape the resentment and vengeance of the party whom we had forsaken, and to induce the Prophet, to whom we have submitted to alleviate the yoke imposed upon us, we form alliances with the children of Adam, and through their means partake of the blessings of the earth.

Illaboufatrous had by a woman a daughter of great beauty, whom he named Camaulzaman.—To secure her peace and happiness, he wished to marry her to one of the greatest monarchs of the earth. At that time there reigned over the isles in the middle of the seven seas, the most distant region of the east, a potent monarch named Schal-goafe, Illaboufatrous appeared to this Prince, in the form of an old man, and proposed an alliance between them, of which the fair Camarilzaman was the pledge. The monarch saw the Princess, fell in love with her, and married her. Many of the genies who were subject to Illaboufatrous settled in the dominions of Schal-goafe. The circumjacent sea was peopled with them, and in no place under heaven did the genies and the children of men live in better amity. This happy correspondence promised to be farther confirmed and improved, upon the birth of the charming Dorathil-goafe,



goafe, the first iffue of the marriage between Schal-goafe and Camarilzaman.

Were the gifts of Heaven always pledges of prosperity in this world, nobody fure could have been happier than this lovely Princess. Her infant beauty feemed to irradiate the cradle in which fhe was laid; each day fhe difplayed opening graces; but when her father and grandfather confulted the ftars refpecting her destiny, the fame confufion which appeared to difturb the planetary fyftem at your birth, difcovered itfelf upon the occafion of hers, and that with fuch perfect fimilarity, as to prove that you were the Arabian Prince, fprung from the Prophet's favourite tribe, to whom fate had deftined the poffeffion of the Princess, to be obtained through a feries of dangers equally alarming to both, and this union alone could infure her peace and happinefs, her fortune, and yours.

From this time Illaboufatrous entrusted me with the care of your education, but Solomon's orders did not yet permit me to approach you. I could obtain no commiffion favourable to our purpofe, till fuch time as your father became defirous of finding you a preceptor. Ilfakis, whom the Emir your father had in view, was dying. I came to the tent where he lay, and at the very instant when the angel of death was parting his foul from his body, I fubftituted my own fpirit in the room of his. By means of a potent elixir, I re-animated his body, and to this miracle you owed your governor.

When I faw that it was time for you to apply to the manly exercifes, I carried the body of Ilfakis

his back to his tent, and withdrew that influence by which it had been withheld from dissolution.

My next care was to find you a valiant knight. In this search I soon found one expiring on the field of battle, after he had covered it with the bodies of his fallen enemies. I seized his body, stopped the blood flowing from the wounds, healed them with a balsam much more powerful in its operation than that of Mecca, restored all his former vigour, armed him with a lance, which had been wielded by the hand of Solomon, and you see before you that knight. In this form I presented myself to Emir Salamis, and demanded to share the favours of the daughter of Hymen; upon which you became my pupil.

My dear Habib, you have formed a tender friendship for me under both forms. Your heart has never deceived you. Never did a being of my nature conceive so tender an affection for one of the children of Adam as that which I feel for you. You have no distrust of me. Recollect the lessons I gave you in the character of Ilfakis. When I instructed you in the knowledge of talismans, I explained their use; but I at the same time put you on your guard against the spirits to which they might subject you. The race of Eblis are, in general, extremely corrupt and wicked. Happy he among us, who has been sealed with the great seal of Solomon! The rest are continually busied about our destruction and yours.— Thus do they persecute the fair Dorathil-goase, who might rescue them from the effects of the curse pronounced against them, as she is the daughter of a man by a female genie. Hence have they already become suspicious of you, as a

faithful Muffulman, and the hero destined to avenge the wrongs of Dorathil-goase, and defeat their treacherous attempts against her.

This Princess has ascended the throne, in consequence of her father's death. Illaboufatrous, her grandfather, has given her some of his ablest genies for viziers; but the isle in which the capital stands is the only one that remains at present in a state of tranquillity. The other six, with the seven seas, forming the rest of her dominions, are either at present in a state of revolt, or have been infested by hostile incursions: only one resource now remains to save the lovely Queen, and by this the constellations have destined that she shall be saved. Young Habib, on whom she has bestowed her heart, shall soon come to deliver her from her enemies.

During this recital by Il Haboul, the young Sultan, led alternately from hope to fear, from surprise to surprise, and from wonder to wonder, stood with his eye fixed, and hardly breathing. His whole soul was agitated with emotions, to which he had hitherto been a stranger. Called by destiny to the throne of the seven seas, and to receive the hand of a Princess whose felicity depended upon him alone, he felt an involuntary emotion, and burnt already with ardour to expose himself to the dangers which threatened him. The feelings of love and the desire of glory alike encouraged him to an enterprise in which success was to be doubly crowned.

“Dear and powerful genie,” said he to his protector, “what road am I to take? Deign, before you leave me, to acquaint me by what means I may soonest haste to the assistance of her who expects



expects all from my valour. The sacrifice of my life and quiet is but a small matter to justify the partiality by which she is determined in my favour, and the decrees of destiny by which our union is appointed."

"By these noble sentiments," replied Il Haboul, "I know my pupil, the son of Emir Salamis; but remember, my dear Habib, that the genies, your rivals for the hand of Dorathil-goase, and indeed your avowed enemies, will act keenly and vigorously against you. They will combine in the execution of their enterprises; wicked men, who will obey them, without knowing what they do; the brute animals, the elements, and, in short, all nature will be united to accomplish their odious machinations." "God and my courage will not forsake me," said Habib, "and you yourself will contribute to my success." "Ah! to be sure," replied the genie, "I might be of great service to you, were I not obliged to return the body of the Indian warrior to the dust, but I am constrained by a rigid law, which I cannot elude. Persevere courageously in your noble intentions. Expect not that I should now point out the road you are to take. You are divided from your mistress by the whole length of the earth, and only the orders of destiny can open to you her dominions, which are at present shut up on all sides by the malice of her enemies."

"You once told me, my dear Il Haboul, that the brave man might bend destiny to his wishes." "You may, indeed, take such violent measures when no choice remains. But have patience till some event shall direct you how to act; I fear that whatever you might undertake at present, would

turn out against you. Go, attack lions, one of which you have already destroyed, without other weapons than your poignard. Make yourself beforehand familiar with dangers, that you may be prepared for those which await you. Farewell, my dear Habib, I return no more to the camp of Salamis. I must avoid coming to any explanation with him; and if you let him know who I am, and who I have been, at least, let every one else remain ignorant of these circumstances. Depend upon retaining the friendship of him who has not always been a friend to mankind, but whom you have fully reconciled to them. Embrace me!" Il Haboul now mounted his steed, and rode away.

As soon as he was out of the young Sultan's sight he struck into the desert, and halted at the foot of a hill. There he left the horse on which he rode; and having dug a grave, deposited in it his mortal body, and availing himself of the two last days which the orders of Solomon yet left him, proceeded without delay to the frontiers of the dominions of Dorathil-goase.

A black battalion withstood his approach; but he learned from a spirit which had deserted, that the white isle, the yellow isle, the green, the red, and the blue isles, had been subdued by the genie Abarikaff, who, although at first master only of the black isle, had now obtained possession of all the others, and of the seas by which they are divided.

The Princess, shut up in her capital Medinaz-il-ballor \*, was no longer mistress of any part of her

\* The city of crystal.

dominions,

dominions, but the territory in which this city stood. This was all that the protection of her grandfather, Illaboufatrous, and the exertions of the genies whom he had placed as her viziers, could save from the rebel, who had collected a legion of revolted spirits from the depth of the sea. The six isles, thus reduced under the power of the malignant genies, were governed by rulers still more mischievous and tyrannical. The people were the victims of their vices, and the continual sport of their diabolical enchantments. Dorathil-goase called in vain on the deliverer promised her by fate. All the passes were guarded, and the place of her residence was inaccessible to men.—All nature seemed subject to those malignant genies.

Il Haboul was inwardly distressed to see so many obstacles opposed to his pupil's valour; but he himself was now reduced to silence and inactivity, and could only wait with impatience for the time when his protection should become necessary. He returned, therefore, to the duties of his former post, and waited for the issue of events.

Habib, upon the departure of his master, had returned hastily to Salamis and Amirala, and acquainted them with the wondrous things of which he had just been informed. The sparkling of his eyes, the elevation of his voice, and the confusion of his discourse, well expressed how much he was affected by the dangers and the charms of Dorathil-goase; the perplexity which he felt, and the hopes he had conceived. "On me only is she to rely," said he, with a noble assurance. "I can know no rest, till I have deliver-



ed her. The moments are precious. No person can point out or open the road by which I am to proceed to her assistance ! In this state of uncertainty, what can I do ?”

His parents saw that this uncommon passion was produced, not so much by sympathy, as by the influence of the stars, which they could not counteract. Instead of combating his resolutions, therefore, they only laid his duties a-new before him, and reminded him of the sage advices he had received from his governor. The young Sultan, to avoid habits of sloth and inactivity, and to accustom himself still more and more to hardship, retired from the tents of the tribe to a solitary recess, which he and Il Haboul had formerly prepared together, in a sequestered vale, surrounded by the hills adjoining to the camp of Salamis.

Here, they had amused themselves amidst their martial exercises, with forming a dyke to dam up the course of a small rivulet, by which its waters were collected into a natural basin. The surrounding trees afforded a delightful shade, and diffused their branches so thick, that the surrounding hills could scarcely be seen through the foliage. The greatest variety of flowers, the rarest plants, the most precious aromatic herbs, grew in abundance on the banks of the rivulet, and the ground being preserved by the coolness of the water, by which it was so liberally refreshed, from suffering by the heat of the sun, displayed in profusion all the riches of nature. At a small distance stood a hut, or rather a palace, formed of the branches of trees, covered with rushes, and spread with mats. The skins of wild animals, which they had slain, formed their sofas. An  
outer

outer fence of stakes secured this little dwelling against any hostile assault.

Il Haboul, when he persuaded Habib to form this rustic abode, taught him how he might one day supply all his own wants. Sitting down by the door, he invited his pupil to contemplate the noble amphitheatre before him. "Have you not a pleasure," continued he, "in thinking that for the enjoyment which these afford, you are indebted to yourself alone? Thus we never can be perfectly happy, but through ourselves."

This retirement, of which Habib was very fond, was well calculated to feed his growing passion. He had retired to think of the sole object of his wishes, and of the means by which they might be united.

One day, as he was musing, with his eyes fixed on the Almos, yet without reading, and his imagination absorbed in the ideas of love and war, he heard a sudden noise in the air. He kneeled down upon this, and, moving the branches aside with his hand, perceived a large shade descending over the pond. After continuing its progress for a small space, the object which produced this shade halted upon the brink of the water. It was a bird of a dark grey colour, and bore upon its back a pavilion, the sides of which seemed to be gauze, and the door and windows were decorated, all about, with flowers.

The bird alighted, and the pavilion opened. A golden stair-case was let down from it. On the top of this appeared a figure, supported by others no less remarkable for beauty. On her head she wore a tiara, formed of the tresses of her own hair, interwoven with strings of pearls. The  
lily

lily and the rose vied in her cheek ; the lustre of her eyes, her vermilion lips, and the lovely dimples around them, bore at once an expression of smiling sweetness, and of keen sensibility.

She raised her eyes to heaven, and the sun was eclipsed. She turned them upon the ground, and it was bespread with flowers ; she smiled, and all nature seemed to smile around her ! But how was Habib affected, when he saw her move and walk with grace and majesty ? She leaned on the arm of one of the beauties who attended her, and thus proceeded to the Sultan's recess, and there sat down upon the grass, within two paces of him, yet without perceiving him.

She looked just to one side, then to the other ; then sighing, said, " I have been deceived. He is not here : this is not the place of his retreat ! But these smiling arbours, the sweet murmur of these waters, these flowers which art and nature conspire to rear, all here, in short, is his work ! But he is not here ! Oh ! thou flowery turf, ye blossoming bowers, cherished by the care of my dear Habib, lend an ear to my words, borrow a voice to tell my tale, and inform my lover when he shall come hither, that the tender Dorathilgoase came to the midst of Arabia, in search of her hero, to offer him her throne and her heart, and to accomplish his destiny. Must she then leave these regions, without seeing the idol of her soul ?" Thus spoke the Princess sorrowfully, and held her hands to her eyes, to stop her tears, which were ready to flow. Habib at this moment cast himself at her feet, which he bedewed with his tears, before she could perceive or prevent him.

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"Is it you then I see!" cried she, looking at once upon the young hero at her feet, at his picture, which she wore constantly in her bosom. "Is not this an illusion, my dear Habib?"—"It is your lover, your deliverer, O Queen of my soul!" replied he, passionately kissing her hand. After which silence was for a while the only expression of their mutual love and admiration.

But this pure and exquisite enjoyment was only of a moment's duration. A sudden noise was heard, a bird appeared in the air, approached, and by an instantaneous transformation became a genie in the human form, who presented himself to Dorathil-goase. "What," said the Queen, "is it you, Ilbaccaras? What urgent occasion brings you from Medinaz-il-ballor, to find me here?"

"Queen," replied the genie, "by your absence you expose yourself to lose all your dominions. The rebel Abarikaff has taken advantage of this circumstance, to attack the only isle which remains to you. Your Grand Vizier in vain opposes so numerous an host of enemies who infest your shores. All the rebel genies have ranged themselves under the banner of your adversary; they darken the sea, and overspread all the coasts. Your subjects are terrified with the roaring of lions, sea-bulls, and hippopotami, which are re-echoed through the air, and make your capital tremble. Come, and oppose this rage with the magic of your talisman; seize the only pass which remains open, and hold your way through the middle region of the air."

At hearing this relation, Habib felt his blood boil within his veins. His eyes were fired; his stature seemed to rise to a new elevation; his voice  
founded

founded terrible, "Let us march against these monsters," cried he; "I will clear the earth and seas of them; I will avenge heaven and the Queen. "Prince!" replied Ibaccaras in astonishment, "if you were properly armed, you might be equal to this enterprize; but the enemies of the great Solomon can only be vanquished with the arms of Solomon. These you must seek on the heights of mount Caucasus, and a thousand dangers block up the way." Then speaking to the Queen; "Let us begone, Madam," said he, "the moments are precious; if we lose but one, the wicked Abarikaff may triumph!"

The two lovers tenderly embraced each other, and parted with a degree of fortitude becoming their love. Dorathil-goose seated herself in her pavilion, the roc arose into the air, and disappeared. Habib followed the flight with his eyes, and now gave himself up with greater ardour than ever to the tenderness of love, and ambition for glory.

"Adieu! gentle rivulet," said he, "whose waters have so often quenched my thirst, and bathed my limbs! thou canst be of no farther service to me; my heart, my blood, and vitals burn with a flame which thou canst not quench.

"Adieu! thou flowery plain, on which my love has deigned to tread. Preserve, if you can, the print of her foot-steps, that my eyes may trace them, if I shall ever return hither.

"Adieu, ye tender shrubs which lent her your shade; well may ye boast of having served as a canopy to such charms!

"Adieu, thou land which has witnessed my felicity; never shall Habib forget thee! The palaces of the kings of the world shall be worthless  
in

in my eyes, in comparison with thee. Here my soul expanded itself for the first time to happiness; here I first felt all the ardour of love! but here too have I felt the most cruel loss I could suffer; for hence was Dorathil-goose ravished from me! Yes, I will not fear to brave the dæmons of darkness, who dispute with me the possession of my lovely mistress! Great Prophet! Oh! do thou open the path which is to conduct me to glory and happiness! I will pierce the heart of the traitor Abarikaff; and thou, great Solomon! if I am not unworthy of wearing thine armour, give me wings on which I may fly to mount Caucasus! Covered with thy buckler, may I overthrow the enemies of the queen of my heart!"

Habib having after this performed his prayers and ablutions, returned to his father's tent, determined to take the road to Caucasus, as soon as he should have obtained permission. It may be easily imagined how forcibly he would describe to Salamis and Amirala the circumstances of his last adventure; his words absolutely painted. But great was the surprize of his parents, when he uttered a solemn vow before them, not to rest his head in any tent, till he should first stand on the summit of mount Caucasus.

"What a desperate enterprize, my son," said the Emir; "know you not that mount Caucasus is situate at the utmost limits of earth; that you must traverse dreadful desarts, before you can reach it? Men you may vanquish; but how will you bear the severity of climates to which you are a stranger? How can you provide against the famine which desolates the immense regions through which you will have to travel?—These are enemies



mies you cannot overcome.—“ Ah ! father,” replied Habib, “ can any fear hold me back, when I go under the impulse, glory, and fate ? And even though I were a stranger to the powerful influence of these, my heart naturally glows with a detestation for tyrants ; I could descend into the bowels of the earth to tear out and punish the base Abarikaff.”

Salamis was obliged to yield to sentiments which he had himself instilled into his son’s heart ; he could not reply, without contradicting his own principles. He chose twenty men of tried prudence and courage to attend his son, and gave them commodious and suitable equipage, with two camels to bear the tents and the baggage.

The day for their departure came, and the Emir was forced to tear himself from the arms of his affectionate and beloved son. Their parting scene was sorrowful ; the tender Amiralá wept and cried :

“ My cedar, fastened by strong roots, surpassed in beauty the cedars of Lebanon. The birds of the air built their nests upon its branches ; our flocks pastured under the shade ; but, lo ! it is suddenly borne away through parched and sandy deserts.

“ Ye furious winds, strive not to shake it. It was made to brave your fury !”

“ Ye gloomy clouds, ye lightnings, ye tempests, which precede the bursting of the thunder, respect a stem impressed with the seal of the great Prophet !”

“ Enough, my dear Amiralá,” said Salamis, “ our son’s intention is noble ; he is bound by his vow to prosecute this enterprise ; the lioness nurses

ses not her whelps for herself alone ; when age and enemies call, she sends them to face the ferocious tigers."

The company at length departed. Habib wore a massy cuirass of Haoudi. His buckler seemed to him light, but would have wearied the strongest arm. A tree of the thickness of his lance would afford a considerable shade ; the weight of his scymitar would have crushed any body which might not have been pierced by its blade.

The fatigues of the journey were nothing to him who marched on to glory and to Dorathilgoase ; the way seemed to be strewed with flowers : yet now was Habib in the midst of deserts, destitute of all the comforts of social life, and exposed to all the pains of thirst and hunger : from time to time, chance offered some wild fruits, and the scanty tricklings from some distant springs ; these little supplies were sufficient to make him forget all the wants and inconveniences he suffered. But the soldiers who accompanied the young Sultan were neither lovers nor heroes ; two months of toilsome travels began to tire them ; but their first complaints were moderate. By a lucky accident they found on their way a place inhabited by shepherds, which afforded them enough of milk to fill their skins. Habib expected that this unhopèd-for refreshment would renew their courage, and dispel their ill humour ; but his attendants thinking it impossible to climb to the summit of mount Caucasus, without being exposed to the greatest danger of perishing by hunger and fatigue, communicated their thoughts to the young Sultan.

“ I imagined,” said he, “ that my father had given me men to accompany me ; but you are only women in the armour of men : I will not abuse the weakness of your sex. However, I must observe that you have already come too far to turn back without exposing yourselves to great danger ; but, since you think the dangers before us still more formidable, give me my part of the treasure which my father put into your hands. Take with you your baggage and camels. I can lie in the open air. It was not to receive your assistance that I accepted you for my companions, I supposed you men fond of glory, and destined to attain it. I was willing to share my own glory with my brave Arabian brethren. This is a title which can no longer suit you ; let us part. Go, return to Salamis, and tell him that you have left his son following out the path to glory, armed with vigour and courage, under the protection of the great Prophet, and animated with the strongest hopes of success.”

The firmness of this language astonished the young Sultan's companions, but did not move them from their purpose. They regarded him as a mad and obstinate youth, disposed to sacrifice all that was valuable to vain chimeras. We are accountable for our lives, said they among themselves, to our wives and children ; and should be mad, were we to yield to the caprice of a foolish youth who runs headlong upon death, while he is seeking this mount Caucasus, which seems to fly before us ; our harness is worn out ; our horses are dying ; we shall soon be left without resource amidst these deserts. However, added they, if we return without him to Arabia, Salamis will  
look



look upon us as cowardly deserters from his son, and we shall not escape his vengeance. If this Habib should die here there is no lack of plants to embalm him; we could put his body on one of our camels, and carry it quietly back to his father."

Cowardice leads to ingratitude; and ungrateful sentiments to wicked actions. Those perfidious friends soon concurred in the base design of murdering their young master. But, how should they surprize his vigilance? He was always in arms, and always ready to sell his life at a dear rate if any should attempt to ravish it from him. By night he rested on his buckler, and the least noise would awaken him; his valour and activity never sunk into deep sleep.

Among the conspirators was one who viewed the criminal enterprize with abhorrence, but durst not speak his sentiments. He feared the resentment of the rest so much the more, because he had murmured as well as they. By revealing their designs to Habib, again, he would expose the whole troop to his vengeance, and might find the issue fatal to himself. If the hero were victorious, he alone would remain to attend him.

In this uncertainty he spoke thus to his companions:

"Why," said he, "would you expose yourselves to the danger of a contest? Habib has his poniard always in his hand. Before you could deprive him of motion, even although covered with your cuirasses, his sword would find its way to your hearts. But there is a surer and less sanguinary measure which you may adopt. I know an herb which grows in these places; its leaves

are covered with a white powder, which operates with greater energy than opium. I will gather some plants of it; and as I have the care of the evening provisions, I can find a time to administer to him this specific; and then you may execute your purpose without danger. If we can fulfil our intention by laying him asleep, why should we stain our hands with his blood? He never offended any one of us. If he requires us to hazard our lives in pursuit of a chimerical object, he exposes his own with sufficient gallantry at the same time. His reason is disordered; and he hurries forward to his destruction; but cannot we provide for our own safety, without attempting his life. He is son to the brave Salamis, in whose dominions our wives and children sleep in peace, under the shadow of whose buckler our flocks pasture in security. To us he was always a kind father. Is there one among us with whom he has not shared his provisions to the last morsel? Let us then beware of shedding innocent blood! The great Prophet will one day demand him at our hands. Let us leave Habib in these deserts; after we have deprived him of his arms, and of all means of help or support, we need not fear that he shall ever come to tax us with ingratitude."

The conspirators hearkened to Rabil's advice, and he was employed to put their project in execution. He culled some stalks of a plant which he knew to be a mortal poison; he was careful to prepare it in such a manner that death would not be the immediate event of swallowing it; and on that very evening an opportunity offered for administering it.

The

The company arrived in a plain where the cool water of a small rill nourished on its sides a quantity of fresh and luxuriant herbage. Habib, at their earnest intreaty, lay down to rest, yielding to their advice rather out of prudence than because he had any need of repose. He retired in unsuspecting security to his tent, took some food, and with it swallowed a part of the poison which had been infused into a cup of milk. The conspirators took advantage of the deep sleep which soon seized upon their chief, removed from him every thing they could, and departed in all haste, leaving young Habib nothing but his buckler under his head, his cloak upon which he slept, and his poniard which he had stuck in his girdle. Thus did these twenty knights chosen by Salamis to attend his son abandon the young hero; they returned towards Arabia, and after undergoing many fatigues, arrived within sight of the flags which waved from the Emir's tents.

That moment which might have been expected to be to them an occasion of exulting joy, overwhelmed them with anxiety, perplexity, and remorse. "How," said they, "shall we appear before Salamis? or how tell him of the loss of his son, Rabir! you who contrived, and have hitherto so well managed the scheme by which we rid ourselves of the youth, help us to bring it to a happy issue"—"You were mistaken in respect to my purpose," replied he; "when I saw you resolved to shed the blood of young Habib I sought to divert you from the crime by pretending to assist you in accomplishing it. With this view only did I become your accomplice. I am now, however, tortured with remorse. I cannot invent a



lie to conceal my treachery. My looks, my silence, my confusion will all tend to betray us. Let the boldest among you tell the fabricated tale. I cannot. It is impossible for me to help you. "Well!" replied one among the number, "I undertake the task."

The caravan arrived in the camp of Salamis. The Emir and Amirala came eagerly to meet the company, in hopes of again seeing their son. But great was their surprize when they saw tears flow from every eye. He who had undertaken to speak, advanced before the rest, and thus addressed Salamis:

"Powerful Emir! we return in sorrow for the mournful news we must tell. But, why should we seek to hide what you cannot but discover! You seek your son, but Heaven has ravished him from your hopes. The desarts which we have traversed are full of venomous serpents which lie concealed among the sands. The young Sultan kneeling down one evening to pray, spread his mantle before him on the ground, but, just as he kneeled upon it, a serpent sprung up and stung him in the face. The most alarming illness instantly followed, and death shortly after terminated his sufferings. We would have embalmed his body and brought it back with us, but it was so infected by the poison that we were obliged to cover it up hastily in the sand, in order to avoid the pestilential contagion with which it threatened us."

At this news the Emir rent his robe, tore his beard, and threw dust upon his body. The camp resounded with the cries of the inconsolable Amirala,

rala, and Salamis's sixty-six tribes put on the garb of mourning.

In the mean time, what did young Habib! Had he again opened his eyes to the light? or had the force of the poison deprived the Queen of the seven seas of her sweetest hope?

The sun appeared in all his glory in the east, through a horizon entirely clear from vapours, and darted his rays on Habib's eye-lids. The birds, already awake, trilled their notes upon the tops of the trees which shaded the meadow; the balmy fragrance of the flowers entered the nostrils of the hero; a gentle breeze waved his hair, and softly fanned his cheek; all nature awaking from the stillness and repose of night, concurred to rouse him, and the power of the liquid which had been administered, being now gone, could no longer chain down his senses. He opened his eyes; and being charmed with the ravishing sight before him, imagined himself to be enjoying the illusions of some enchanting dream.

But this error did not long last. He arose, and recovered the use of his senses and his memory. He sought to discover where he was; but all around remained silent. He lifted up his eyes, and saw only deserts extending in the distant prospect before him. He called for his companions, his arms, and his steed; but all were gone. "Oh! treason!" cried he, "thy knights are base and faithless; they dread toils and death; to escape from danger they have not feared to expose themselves to infamy; mourn, hapless Arabia!"

"Hapless Arabia! thy glory is no more! Tear thy hairs; cast dust upon thine head; bathe thy face with tears, cry, groan, howl, lament; let the

the tigers and panthers hear with terror ! thou hast given birth to base and disloyal men ! Ah ! who on earth can be loyal, since an Arabian knight ceases to be so ? Men ! you shall be for ever abhorred ; the great Prophet has despised his own nation. Ye fertile lands of our country, the seed shall wither or change its nature in your bosom ; henceforth shall ye bear only wild fruits. Ye happy flocks in our vales ! your udders shall become dry.

“ Active and industrious people ; who bear rich abundance even through the parched plains of Hesebon and Philarioth ; who said to the desert, thou shalt be desert no more ; see the flags of your tents stream through the air ; enjoy your success ! And you, who were once a happy people, descend from those strong places, where are all your possessions ; disarm yourselves of those bucklers and lances, which vainly load your arms ; prepare for flight or slavery : the darts you throw, the arrows shot from your bows, are become useless reeds, now since the honour of Arabia is no more ! Hold out your hands to receive the conqueror’s fetters ; where virtue resides not, liberty can no longer subsist.

“ Insult no more the effeminate son of Egypt, or the Syrian, who, in pursuit of riches, commits himself to the inconstancy of the billows. Remember you have none now to defend you.

“ O Salamis ! O my father ! when you shall demand back from those base cowards the treasure with which you intrusted them ; when your awful voice shall say, *where is my son ?* ah ! how will their souls be filled with terror ! The bowels of the earth shall yawn when it is too late, and swallow them up. Ye coward souls ! return not

to



to Arabia. Afflict not by your hateful presence those whom you have dishonoured. You feared toils, famine, and death, if you should follow me: but may toils and famine pursue you from desert to desert!

"Thou star, which didst preside over the birth of Habib, and hast called him to an high destiny through thickest dangers, cast an eye now upon him. He despises the present danger, and marches on to encounter others. May thine influence thus enable him to brave all dangers, and sustain him in his career."

"Strength of the Mussulmans! fall at his feet!" With these words, Habib fell on his knees beside the spring, performed his ablution, and prayed to God and the great Prophet, with more fervour, no doubt, but with equal calmness as if he had been in his father's tent.

He looked towards the polar star, which was henceforward his guide, and perceived a steep and lofty mountain, which he determined to ascend. He saw beside him his mantle and buckler. "Dear gifts of heaven!" cried he, "you have been torn out of the hands of treachery, you shall be my defence!" He next found his poniard in his girdle: "Fear not, dear Dorathil-goase," said he, "your Knight is not disarmed; enough is left him wherewith to avenge you on your enemies."

Before setting out, he provided himself with some wild plants, of which Il Haboul had taught him the use, and of which the roots were to serve him for food. He then proceeded on his journey with less anxiety than when he had twenty men accompanying him with reluctance.

His

His bare head bore, without inconvenience, all the torrid heat of the sun. Being no less agile than vigorous, he proceeded with great speed; he stopped only to pray occasionally; and from time to time refreshed himself by chewing the roots which he had gathered.

Before night he reached the mountain which he had seen before him in the morning. He there saw a deep gully full of water; but so deep that it could not be reached without great trouble. A tree hung over this cavern, which had been hollowed out by the force of torrents from the mountains. He cut the roots of another tree with his poinard, joined this to the former; and by means of the two, glided softly down to the bottom of the gully, and there quenched his burning thirst. Yet, so much was he affected with this unlooked-for favour from heaven, that he would not satisfy his necessity till he had first performed his ablution, and thanked the Author of nature, and Mahomet his prophet. After this he drank, and came up out of the cavity.

He was obliged to pass the night here, and to keep on his guard against wild animals. At the distance of a few paces he perceived a rock hollowed out by the waters. He soon gathered a number of large stones, and formed a sort of cavern, in which he could sleep safely. He then spread his mantle, laid his buckler under his head, and fell asleep, yet not without first reflecting on his situation.

“The brave man,” said he to himself, “finds every where a tent; whereas the coward knows not where to lay his head.

“Happy

"Happy he who learns in camps to sleep while the trumpet sounds ! Even thunder will not disturb his rest.

" Il Haboul and my father taught me to become a man ; and here I am the man formed by my father and Il Haboul.

" Salamis ! Il Haboul ! Dorathil-goase ! behold your son, your pupil, your lover. He rests in peace upon a rock, confident that he shall awake to glory.

" Ye stars, inimical to our happiness ! you oppose the decrees of heaven, and shall one day be driven from it : I brave you under the vast mass which shelters me ; a pavilion framed by the hands of men would leave me exposed to your malignity."

Habib having uttered these sentiments, fell asleep. The savage inhabitants of the forest discovering the tracks of the traveller's footsteps, came to prowl round the cavern. They uttered dreadful yells, and contended for their prey, before they reached him. Love might have held the lover of Dorathil-goase awake, but fear could not disturb him. He was in need of repose, and Sleep, notwithstanding the frightful noise of lions and tigers, kindly strewed her poppies over him.

At length the sun arose, and his rays penetrated through the chinks of the cavern in which young Habib lay. He awoke, came out, went down again to the water, washed himself, prayed, and then refreshing himself with the few roots he had yet in reserve, resumed his mantle and buckler, and went on his way.

Hardly had he reached the summit of one mountain when another still more inaccessible, rose  
be-



before him. No road nor path by which it was possible to climb up, appeared. He might indeed ascend, by leaping and scrambling from rock to rock. In the plain he had to travel over a heavy and scorching sand; not a tuft of grass was to be seen even on those spots which were best sheltered from the sun; not a drop of water; nature had dried all up, and seemed to be leading the traveller on the way to the world below.

Habib, worn out with fatigue, with thirst and hunger, now found all his provision of roots exhausted. He quickened his pace, that he might reach the mountain before him ere it were night. He at length gained it, but found no spring nor gully. He hastily reared a hut of loose stones, within which he shut himself up, overpowered by fatigue, and tortured with hunger. However, he tried the only means which remained by which he might cool his tongue and palate. Having observed the dews fall in great abundance in the countries through which he was travelling he spread his handkerchief on a rock without the cavern, intending to squeeze the dew from it, when it should have imbibed enough.

After taking this precaution, which saved him from a greater evil, he performed the duties of a pious Mussulman, and lay down to rest. But he could not fall asleep, without communing with himself.

“Speak,” said he, “Habib, answer! When thou wast destined to pursue glory through the midst of dangers, did fate at the same time decree that thou shouldst find means of support by the way?”

“Thou art in a desert. Ask Mahomet why he has

has not ordered Moses to rain honey and manna upon thee, as they were rained upon the children of Abraham?

“Born to fight, thou dost fight! Be firm, Habib. Heaven is for thee; but thou must also act for thyself.

“The applause of Salamis, of Il Haboul, of Amirala, of heaven itself, the heart and hand of Dorathil-goafe, the throne of the seven seas,—these are the prizes reserved for thy valour. Pass firmly through the fire; thou marchest on to glory.”

Habib, thus recovering patience and courage, slept in peace. He awaked with the dawn of morn, and went out to take up his handkerchief. O Providence! O goodness! the linen which he wrung into the hollow of a stone furnished him a cup of blessing; a most delicious beverage, since it was seasoned by want.

His heart overflowed with gratitude, and as he pursued his journey, he said, “He who gave me the dew taught me how to avail myself of it! Blessed by the Author of the universe! Ye pointed rocks, calcined by the sun, at your Creator’s word you once poured forth gushing springs! Thirst and hunger flee before the Lord of nature. The stores of abundance are opened up at his pleasure.”

The traveller, proceeding on his way, found, between two rocks, a tiger’s den. The female was there with her young. At sight of the hero her eyes glared with keener fires: her hair stood on end; she lashed the air with her tail, and the rocks re-echoed her roar. She sprung upon the hero; he opposed her with his buckler, and

drawing his poniard, plunged it with a firm and vigorous hand into the animal's heart. The tigress fell, and the hero, to avail himself of the adventure to the best advantage, made a mantle of her skin, cut away such parts of her body as he could use for food, and thanked Heaven and Mahomet for his victory.

It was late, and he therefore needed to think of a retreat for the night, the tiger's den afforded him one ready prepared. He killed the young tigers, arranged things in the most commodious manner within, and shut up the mouth with a large stone, upon which he laid out his handkerchief to receive the dew. He then lay down upon the skin of the tigress.

After the dew of the evening was fallen, he took in his handkerchief and squeezed its contents into the skull of the tigress. Some bits of her flesh dried in the sun afforded him a few delicious morsels. Having thus satisfied his wants, he lay down to rest from his fatigue, and after elevating his soul with the most sublime ideas fell asleep.

"The blessings of the Almighty," said he, "are diffused through all nature. When she holds them back, the industrious man can force them from her.

"Thanks to thee, O Mahomet! thou hast looked with favour on young Habib, deserted by his friends and countrymen! Thou hast given him for a companion one of thy subject spirits!

"Every thing is easy to me. The enemy which rose up before me fell by a single blow: her skin serves me for a garment, her flesh feeds me, and I drink out of her skull.

"Tremble,



" Tremble, ye audacious enemies of Dorathilgoafe, the Knight has been victorious, even unarmed. He marches on under the protection of the Prophet, to win the arms of Solomon."

Habib, invigorated with new strength and courage, anticipated the dawn of day, and proceeded on his journey with greater activity than ever. But he saw not yet the term of his toils; new obstacles and dangers seemed still to rise before him. Precipitous hills appeared in endless succession; and from their summits nought was to be seen but wide spread deserts. In those pathless ways which man had never trode, where no living creature was to be seen, but wild beasts which fled before him, or met his poniard; and monstrous serpents, which he was obliged to crush with broken rocks, courage was unnerved by uncertainty, and the natural vigour of the hero began to diminish.

Upon the declivity of one of the highest hills he had yet crossed, when he had no food remaining except a few roots, he looked before him, and saw a sandy plain terminated by the horizon. He could hope for no relief or refreshment, till he should have crossed that wide desert. To an ordinary man this would have been matter for despair, but Habib thought only how he might best overcome the new difficulties to which he here saw himself exposed.

He could not travel over this plain by day without being scorched by the reflection of the sun's rays, and losing the use of his feet among the burning sand: Nor could he find a drop of water to quench his thirst. By night, how should he form a place of retreat amidst burning sands? The tigers and panthers which prowl in the hours of darkness

might seize him unawares, and make him their prey. Habib resolved to rest by day, and by night to proceed on his journey, under the guidance of the bright northern star.

At sight of the ocean of sand which opened before him, while the sun was yet in his meridian, he stopped, and by means of his poniard, disposed his buckler so as to shelter his head from the sun's rays, and then lay down upon his tiger's skin, and fell asleep.

Night no sooner spread her curtain, than he arose and went on. The handkerchief for receiving the dew was bound about his neck, and floated over his shoulders; thus he could quench his thirst; but how should he satisfy his hunger? Only two of the roots were left; and he knew not when Providence would afford him another supply. However, he went cheerfully on; and he proceeded with wonder at the spectacle which the heavens displayed to his eyes.

"The splendid vault of heaven," said he, "surrounds all nature, and covers even the naked desert. Is there a single spot on earth where man will not find himself forced to admire the wonders of his Creator's power? Should I go down into the bowels of the earth, there would I find gold and rubies, and rivers still more precious. The moon rises in the horizon, to supply the place of the absent sun. The stars, dispensers of the dew, have already advanced before her. You shall be refreshed, ye barren sands. But the sun, when he darts his rays upon you, cannot move you. Nothing can ever fertilize your barren nature. The ungrateful heart is like the sand of the desert. The favours of heaven are showered upon it, without

out making any impression which may shew them to have been there.

“Courage, Habib! thou hast never despised what has been done for thee. Behold that emotion in the sky. There, at this very instant, is thy destiny weighed! Away then with fear! Put a steady and vigorous foot on the balance; thou shalt thus weigh it down to thy side! See how calm the upper region! There are thy judges; Mahomet and his seven prophets are soliciting for thee!

“Great Prophet! friend of God! a Mussulman cries to thee in the desert; hear, hear his voice!

“The object he pursues is worthy of a hero. Thou wast on earth a model for heroes. Glory and love inflame his heart! Thou disdainest none who bear the stamp of virtue.”

Thus Habib, as he travelled, forgot his wants and fatigues. As he looked towards the desert he thought he discerned a small black spot. “At last,” said he, “this plain has limits; what I see is no doubt a mountain, or a collection of vapours, over some tract of inhabited country. Thou shalt see men, Habib. The passions, indeed, arm us against one another; but man always rejoices at the sight of his fellow. These have, perhaps, never seen the child of Providence: I shall shew him to them, and force them to believe in Providence. I will not say I must have gold, silver, flocks, tents, or slaves! I will only ask a pitcher of water, a handful of rice, and the road to Caucasus!”

Habib in vain made prodigious efforts to reach the black spot. It still appeared at the same distance. He was tortured to agony by hunger and



thirst, and scorched by the burning heat. He stopped at length, and lay down. His imagination, filled with ideal hopes, soon soothed him into sleep. The coolness of the evening awakened him. He had been tossed and agitated with painful dreams. A rivulet seemed to run backwards to its source, to refuse him drink;—abundance of sumptuous meats were set before him, but before he could taste them, they were removed by invisible hands. He arose, greatly fatigued, and hoped that after continuing his journey through the night, by morning to have reached the object toward which his eyes were constantly directed. He exerted all his strength, and used every means to withstand the fatigue which exhausted him. Strong in his own courage solely, he yet triumphed, and rose superior to himself.

Day at length returned; but still the black spot appeared at the same distance as before. Habib's feet were uncovered, and the torrid sand scorched them; one cloud of dust was still blown upon him after another, and his strength was entirely exhausted; every thing seemed to fail him, and he became almost hopeless. He spread the tiger's skin upon the sand, fell down with his knees upon it, and raising his hands, thus addressed his ardent prayer to heaven, calling out in a voice of grief mixed with confidence:

“ I am lost in an ocean of sand, the limits of which I cannot perceive. The earth flees before me like a cloud. I have called on the burning sand to afford me water for ablution, it obeyed, and I am purified. The Creator will bring the earth to meet me, and supply my wants.

“ See,

“ See, my feet refuse to bear me ; my legs stagger, my knees bend ; yet will I crawl, even on my belly, to the place whither I am called by the decrees of fate. But what wilt thou say, O great Prophet ! to see a child of thy tribe crawl like a worm ? ”

While he thus spoke, and his eyes were still fixed on the object towards which he seemed to be vainly travelling, he observed a point parting from it, and moving towards him through the air ; it sailed for some time through the firmament, after which it came down. It proved to be a bird of a monstrous size. It was a roc. It alighted within fifty paces of him, and there rested for some time motionless.

Habib arose, and advanced towards the bird. As soon as he was near enough to be heard, “ Bird, said he, “ thou art a creature of the Lord ; and I respect thee as a production of his power. If thou art sent to the assistance of an unfortunate but faithful Musulman, abandoned by his brethren, I command thee in the name of God and his Prophet to give some sign by which I may know that thou art sent by them.”

The roc immediately extended its wings, clapped them three times, and bowed its head to Habib. The young Sultan went close up to it, and perceived a damask cushion suspended between its feet by silken cords ; he caught hold of the cords, and seated himself upon the cushion. No sooner was he thus placed than the bird arose, and flew aloft in the air.

“ The earth, which seemed to flee before me, now recedes under my feet,” said Habib, as he was carried upwards among the clouds. “ Ye frightful  
piles

piles of sands, ye are now no more than a grain of dust to my eyes ! Present famine and death to the monsters and venomous reptiles which inhabit you, you can do nothing against the slave of God, the servant of the great Prophet ; a path is opened to him through the air.—Thou bird, who art the messenger of the Most High, obey the orders of a faithful Mussulman ! Bear him to mount Caucasus, where the arms of the sage and powerful Solomon are deposited.”

The obedient roc bore young Habib to the mountain which was the destined term of his journey. His senses were confounded by the rapidity of its flight, which increased his weakness. Il Haboul received him, and bore him to a place where an agreeable warmth soon revived him.

When with the return of his strength he recovered sense, his lips opened with expressions of gratitude. “ What ! is it you, my dear Il Haboul ! you have not forsaken me, then ! ”

“ The orders of my superiors, O valiant Sultan, have brought you hither,” replied the genie. “ A bird of the great Solomon’s has borne you from the desert ; I am appointed to receive you ; you will easily judge how pleasant I find the task. I am not unacquainted with the treachery to which you have been exposed, or the distress which you have suffered in the desert, or the affliction of Salamis, your father. I am the keeper of the treasures of Solomon which are deposited in the bowels of the earth, and without his orders dare not remove ; otherwise I should have come to your assistance. It is the will of Heaven that virtue be proved by trials ; and you have undergone a very severe trial. The sufferings of Emir, Salamis,



Salamis, and Amirala are not less than yours. Crowns of glory await you; but they must be taken by violence. Such is the lot of all who are highly favoured among the sons of men!"

While he spoke thus, a collation was set upon the table, consisting of such meats as were not too heavy or cloying to a stomach of which the powers were worn out by long abstinence. Habib proceeded to refresh himself; but was surprised at the same time to find such plenty, even of delicacies, amidst the most dreary desert in nature.

"This is the abode of enchantment," said Il Haboul. "No resource can be wanting to the great Solomon. To his wisdom all nature is subject. Before he went to take his place beside our great Prophet he buried his treasures here, to hide them from the daring avarice of men, who seldom find enjoyment except in the abuse of what Providence bestows. Here are the arms deposited with which he combated rebellious men and spirits. Illaboufatrous, grandfather to Dorathil-goase, I, and the genies of the race of Eblis, felt our inferiority, ere it was too late, and submitted without resistance. Others were less wise than we, and are shut up in dungeons not far distant. The formidable Abarikaff, with whom you are to contend, with a number of others, have made their escape by flight, by fraud, and even by force.

"Hitherto, my dear Habib, you have shewn unshrinking firmness, and displayed your strength and courage in combating wild beasts. Want and difficulties have not slackened your valour. The eye which watches over you has assisted you when you could do nothing for yourself. When the roc alighted before you, you had yet five icy moun-

mountains to pass before you could have reached the summit of Caucasus, which you had seen at two hundred leagues distance. But the dangers which now await you are of a different sort. It is not by the exertion of strength they are to be opposed, but by calm fortitude, by courage which no terrors can move. Thus shall you penetrate into the treasury of the great Solomon, and bring out the arms which no power can resist. As soon as your body shall be reinvigorated by rest, I will speak to you concerning the tasks you have to fulfil, and the means to be employed."

After this Il Haboul made his pupil enter his cavern, and then furnished him with conveniences for rest after all his fatigues. Exhausted as Habib was, more than one day was necessary to restore his health and fit him for the enterprise in which he was about to engage. Had it not been for the authority which the genie had assumed over him from his infancy, it might have been difficult to restrain so passionate a lover. But the sage Il Haboul could avail himself of a power which long habit had confirmed; and he accordingly prevailed with his pupil, to expose himself to no new trials, till he should have fully recovered his strength. In the mean time, he informed him what was to be done, in order that he might accomplish the purpose of his journey to mount Caucasus.

"My dear Habib," said he, "you are called by destiny to be the avenger of Dorathil-goase, and to punish the rebellion of the barbarous Abarikaff. The dominions of that princess lie at a vast distance. Deserts as immense as those you have traversed divide you from the seas which surround

surround the seven islands; and if you should think of going by sea, the road to the shore is neither short nor open. The only way is through the centre of earth. But what care and prudence are requisite, that you may travel successfully by this line! What energy of mind must you possess, my dear Sultan, if you can undertake so dangerous a journey! If forty brazen gates, guarded by malevolent genies endowed with extraordinary strength and courage, shall stop you; if confusion and forgetfulness surprise you but for a moment, you will be exposed to the greatest of all misfortunes!

“ You must pass through all the rooms in which Solomon’s treasures are deposited. The first of these contains the most precious of all, those very arms with which he attained that high degree of power which astonished the world. This part is the least strictly guarded, and the most open to the researches of men. Happy would they be, if they could content themselves with penetrating this far, and acquiring those arms, without desiring to advance farther!

“ Solomon surpassed all the men on the earth in knowledge. He fixed its principles and illustrations by three hundred and sixty-six hieroglyphics, each of which required a day’s application from even the ablest understanding, before its mysterious sense could be understood. Would you then take time to penetrate into these mysteries? “ I love Dorathil-goase,” said Habib; “ she is in danger; I must have the arms to fight with Abarikaff! I shall endeavour to acquire this knowledge after I have conquered him.”—“ It is possible to be less excuseable for such a failure than you;



you ; but since Solomon left the earth, five hundred knights have penetrated into these deserts ; all have neglected the studies which I propose to you, and gone in search of the treasures deposited in the cavities of this immense subterraneous recess. They would, first of all gratify their passions, and not one of them has returned ; they have all failed through ignorance. Let us, however, strive to save you from the same disgrace.

“ I will conduct you to the first gate ; at your feet you will see a golden key, pick it up, and open the gate ; the bolt of the lock you may move by the slightest effort. Be careful to shut the gate behind you, so gently that it may not make the least noise.

“ In the first hall you will find a black slave of a gigantic size. Forty keys of the other apartments through which you are to pass are suspended by a chain of diamonds which hangs from his left hand. At sight of you he will utter a tremendous yell, which will shake the vaults of the subterraneous rooms, and will at the same time raise over your head an enormous scymitar. Preserve your soul unmoved with fear ; look upon his sabre ; you know I have taught you to read the talismanic characters. Pronounce aloud the words written upon the blade ; commit them to memory, so that, whatever trials and dangers you may be exposed to, they may never be effaced. Your safety depends upon them.

“ The slave will then become subject to you. You must disarm him, and take from him the keys, and the scymitar of the great Solomon ; but you will look in vain for the talisman ; it will disappear at the  
mo-

moment you pronounce the words of which it consists. You will then open the first of the forty doors, and shut it behind you, with the same precautions as before. There you will see the arms of Solomon ; but touch not his casque, his cuirass, or his bucklar. You have his scymitar, and it is not with steel you are to arm yourself. Solomon was victorious through courage, vigour, patience, and prudence. Four statues, engraved with hieroglyphics, will exhibit before you representations of these four virtues. Reflect long upon those emblems, and learn to decypher their meaning.— These are arms which can never be taken from you. Examine carefully the arms of the Prophet, as well as the scymitar of the slave. The knowledge you may acquire from them will enable you to vanquish all enemies who may rise up against you ; but without this, and without retaining in your memory the characters engraven on the sabre, remember that you have in your hands nothing but a piece of steel, which rust, and the teeth of time, will consume away.

“ When you have stayed in the first apartment as long as you think proper, you may then, with a bound, advance over the space which leads to the second hall. Open and shut this door with the same care as before. The sabre which you wear, and the words which you pronounce, will make you master of the slaves who guard the door, whoever they are. I shall not enter into a particular detail of the immense riches which you will find here. In the eyes of Solomon gold and jewels were things of small price, although he employed them in constructing works, the memory of which shall last for ever, yet he restored them with pleasure

to the bowels of the earth, from which his knowledge had enabled him to extract them. He thought them not necessary to the happiness of men.

“ If in passing through these forty halls you meet with any one object whose nature you cannot comprehend, rub the blade of your scymitar, repeat the words, which you must have taken care to remember, and you will thus discover the sense of the enigmas presented to you.

“ I have no need, O virtuous Sultan, to warn you against avarice, or indiscretion, the first causes of the loss of those knights who tried this perilous adventure before you. You have learned, in the tents of Emir Salamis, in what true riches and real power consist. Gold gave no lustre to his pavilions, nor was he forced first to gather and then to scatter it. A formidable army marched when he gave the signal. A wise choice of things useful, and contempt of superfluities, constituted his abundance.

“ Curiosity is also a fault against which you must be upon your guard. Remember that whatever can move curiosity in the path on which you are entering must be extremely dangerous to the man who is unacquainted with the three hundred sixty and six truths, the only principles of the wisdom of Solomon.

“ Above all, when you have opened the fortieth door, within which your subterraneous journey terminates, beware of looking curiously at what you shall see. A veil of silk and golden characters, in relief, shall meet your eyes. Turn from them. If you read, it is your death warrant, and will be instantly executed ; but lift up the curtain, and  
you



you will be struck with the most beautiful sight that can be beheld, if you have wisely observed all the rules of prudence which I have taught you. You will see the first of the seven seas, which you must pass before you can join Dorathil-goase, and will find every thing ready to conduct you thither. But if you fail in a single point of the instructions which I have given you, you will be exposed to the most dreadful dangers." "It is, perhaps, unfortunate for me," replied Habib, "that I am a stranger to fear, and if it be so, I may blame you, and Salamis and Amirala. You taught me to arm my breast against every sentiment of terror, and, perhaps, to depend with too much confidence on my own strength. But I shall strive to practise the lessons which you taught me."

"March on then, valiant hero, under the eyes of the great Solomon. May his spirit accompany you. I form the warmest wishes for your success, and in it shall I find the recompense for the pains which I took in your education."

Il Haboul deposited in his cavern the skin of the tigress, the buckler and the poniard which the Sultan bore. He dressed him in a light and simple garb, the most suitable for the enterprise in which he was engaging. The genie then took him by the hand, and led him through a winding alley of the cavern to the first brazen door, of which they perceived the key.

"Take this key," said his governor. "Forget not when you shall see the sabre of the first slave raised over your head to pronounce aloud the talismanic characters inscribed upon its blade. Read them with such care that you may never forget them. Repeat them upon every appearance

of danger, as well within as out of the immense cavern you are going to traverse. Open and shut the doors with the greatest caution; remember that in this recess all is symbolical, and that your actions must correspond. You will not forget my other advices, but I have insisted more particularly upon the most important. Embrace me, my dear Habib! I return whether duty calls me." Il Haboul retired. Habib opened and shut the first door softly. He perceived a gigantic black, who, when he saw him, uttered a cry which resounded through the vaults of this first grotto. The monster raised his dreadful scymitar. Habib, watchful, cast his eyes upon the blade, and pronounced aloud the word *Power*, which he saw written upon it in letters of gold. The slave was instantly disarmed. The scymitar and keys fell together from his hand, and he bowed down before his conqueror.

The young Sultan seized the redoubtable weapon, advanced to the second door, and it opened to admit him. Seven different roads appeared, but all were dark. Uncertain which to choose he pronounced in a loud voice the enchanted word. A pale and glimmering light then became visible at the entrance, upon the fourth road. He pursued the light down a flight of fourteen hundred and ninety steps.

He came then to the third door, still continuing to conduct himself with the same prudence. — He was received by two monsters, who were half women, who brandished two enormous grappling hooks of iron to seize him. He pronounced the word *Power*, the iron became soft, and the monsters fled.

Habib

Habib was struck with a ravishing sight. A lustre of carbuncles illuminated a round hall, the roof of which was supported upon columns of jasper. The armour of the great Solomon appeared as a trophy in the centre; the phoenix, expanding all her feathers, crowned the casque. The glance of the cuirass and the buckler was brighter than the eyes of man could bear; the steel-pointed lance sparkled like fire. There was no scymitar; but Habib with pleasure observed that the scymitar he held in his hand corresponded to the other pieces of the armour. Mysterious characters were engraven upon all those weapons; of these he tried to discover the sense, and read on the cuirass: *Firmness of soul is the best cuirass man can put on.* He proceeded, and found on the other parts of the armour; *Patience is his buckler. His tongue is his strongest lance. Wisdom must be his casque. Prudence his vizor. Without valour his arms are defenceless: Without constancy his legs infirm.*

"O great Solomon!" cried the hero, "the phoenix still proudly expands its feathers on the crest of your helmet.

"Cover yourselves with coats of mail, ye feeble warriors of the earth! The Prophet of the Almighty marched on to victory through the aid of virtue."

Habib next contemplated the three hundred sixty and six hieroglyphics which ornamented the walls of the saloon. One of these was singularly simple in its nature, yet he could not comprehend its meaning. Another more complicated immediately discovered its mysterious import. The three hundred



sixty and six hieroglyphics explain themselves, yet can only be explained one by one.

“Science!” said he, “thou wast made for my heart; I feel it; but my understanding is far from thee. Who shall give me the eyes of the lynx, to penetrate thy mysteries? The lustre with which thou shinest in my eyes forces me to turn them downwards. Habib! march on to thy destiny; a crown of glory is promised thee. Wisdom descends from the heaven of heavens; desire it still more and more, and proceed on thy career under the propitious influence of thy star.”

As he spoke thus, he advanced towards the door by which he was to be admitted into the apartments where Solomon's riches were deposited. Descending by new flights of steps, and by winding paths, he came to the different doors, which he successively opened and shut, without noise. Wherever he advanced he met with monsters that strove to terrify him, by displaying their deformity, and by their cries and menaces. Of one the head resembled a human scull, armed with horns, and terminating before in an eagle's bill. In another the three forms of a lion, a tiger, and an elephant, were monstrously blended together. A hydra, having three women's heads, with twisted serpents for hair, presented itself among the rest, to terrify our hero.

But Habib, armed with undaunted courage, and faithful to the counsels of the genie, awed with a word these threatening phantoms, and looked with indifference upon the heaps of gold and diamonds, and the broken idols which lay before him. He passed rapidly from one door to another, where the objects which he saw exhibited

no sign symbolical of the Prophet's victories. He stopped, however, at one place.

It was an immense hall, around which an infinite number of beings in the human form were seated. They appeared to be listening to the most venerable person in the company, who was seated upon an elevated seat, before a reading-desk, and read aloud. When Habib entered the whole assembly rose, and bowed to the hero. The reader paused out of respect to him, and the Sultan addressing himself to that venerable person, spoke as follows:

"If you are at liberty to inform me, tell me who you are, and what it is you are reading?" "I am a genie slave to Solomon," replied the reader; "my task is to instruct my brethren, whom you see here; they will be set at liberty when they shall have acquired all the knowledge necessary for the direction of their conduct. The book I read is the Alcoran. Alas! I have explained it to them for these several centuries, and yet there are still an eighth part of my hearers who understand not even the first line! Proceed young Mussulman: you have nothing to learn either from them or me; follow your destiny, and continue to be as circumspect as you have been."

Habib left this school, reflecting with himself how difficult is to understand the word of God when we are not disposed to listen to it. He blessed God and his Prophet that he had been instructed in his earliest years in the truths of the Alcoran.

The young Sultan had now opened and shut nine and thirty doors. He had been five days in passing through those subterraneous recesses;  
places

places where the sun comes not to indicate the lapse of time; where ages after ages roll on unperceived; places inhabited by those beneficent spirits who are ever actively employed in promoting the happiness of the faithful, and are not subject to the malignant power of their neighbours.

Habib passed not into the dungeons where the wicked genies live, under a law in its nature and tendency directly opposite. Over them the scythe of time moves with a motion which cannot be calculated. All the vices of the world spring up and thrive in their perverse souls; and they are subjected to the tyranny of every lawless appetite and passion.

Our hero had not counted the number of the doors through which he had passed. Still as a new one obstructed his progress, its key sprung from the bunch in his hand, and spontaneously placed itself in the lock. At last he stood before the fortieth door. It opened, and he perceived the fatal silken curtain of which the genie had spoken. He hastily drew aside the curtain, and saw the sea upon which he was to embark, in order to reach the end of all his toils. He sprung hastily forward, but at that same instant the fortieth gate, which he had forgotten to shut, fell back upon its hinges with a dreadful noise, at which Caucasus trembled to its foundation.

All the doors through which he had passed, and all those of the dungeons in the bowels of the earth were overturned and broken, with a noise which seemed to shake the arch of heaven. Legions of spirits, in the most hideous forms, issued forth and attacked Habib. The most frightful  
signs,



signs, the most terrifying threats, accompanied their steps and gestures.

Habib turned to oppose them. Had he been susceptible of fear he must have been terrified. But the extraordinary nature of the danger rendered him firm and cool. He recollected the formidable word, and displaying at the same time the sword of Solomon, pronounced it with a firm voice. The affrighted crowd instantly retired with precipitation; the door which opened to the sea was violently shut: but all the malevolent genies did not return into their dark abodes.

Part of them plunged into the sea. Its waters were raised with fury from the deep abyss; the billows rose mountain high in the air; vast masses of vapour were spread through the sky. The day disappeared, the sun was darkened; thunders began to roar; the accumulating clouds struggled against the raging winds, and the billows of the sea dashing against one another, exhibited a black and liquid surface, which the flashes of the lightning seemed to tinge with blood.

The tempest burst from all quarters. The imprisoned winds and the thunder broke through the passages that were opened to them. The sea fled before them to its deep abysses. The dashing of the waves, and the blustering of the winds, shook the very foundations of the rocks; while the blaze of the lightning, and the doubling peals of the thunder, seemed to threaten this part of the globe with the return of the primitive confusion of chaos.

This tumult and confusion of the elements was not wholly natural. Il Haboul, the guardian of the Prophet's armour and treasure, had, at the moment

moment that the rebel genies made their escape, left his usual post at the head of the genies under his command; and the earth, the sea, and the air, were become each the theatre of a furious and desperate combat.

Habib, struck with the disorder which he beheld around him, could impute the cause to nothing but his own imprudence. When he had opened the fatal curtain, both heaven and earth appeared with a smiling aspect, and the sea was calm. He prostrated himself with his face to the ground, and cried,

“Where is he who thinks himself wise? Let him look upon me and tremble at his presumption. Where is he who always acts prudently? Let him come hither and confound me. My eyes have had a glimpse of happiness, but it has vanished from my view. I had the key of my fate, but it has dropped from my hands. Dorathilgoase! your lover loves you with a passion which deprives him of reason. He is unworthy of you. In my present situation how shall I invoke to my aid the powers of the earth? If I should seek to move heaven, I hear a voice crying from the depth of my soul; *Give an account of the benefits which heaven has bestowed.* The Arabians of our tribe have betrayed me; but can I reproach them when I have betrayed myself? Salamis, Il Haboul, Amirala, you have sown on an unprofitable soil. How shall you reap the fruit? I shall weep like the timid soul! Confusion must cover my eyes when I have laid aside the bandage of pride. O great Prophet! a criminal dares not to lift up his voice to heaven. But thou didst vouchsafe thy favour in a signal manner to  
Habib

Habib when he merited nothing at thy hand ; but now when he confesses his faults, look down in mercy and forgive him."

Habib, having uttered this prayer, arose and looked around on the scene where he now found himself. He was on the height of a ledge of rocks, the foot of which was violently lashed by the breaking waves of the ocean. The mountain was precipitous and insulated all around, and seemed in a manner detached from the rest of the world. He proceeded for a mile, by scrambling and leaping from rock to rock ; the light of the sun was intercepted by thick clouds ; the flashes of lightning which broke forth from these gave all surrounding objects a fiery and cupreous glare : An infectious saline vapour composed the atmosphere in which he breathed. The day which illuminated these terrifying appearances was formed to augment the horror of the scene. Habib stood and contemplated for some time the disorder which the warring elements presented before him. Then looking on his scymitar, he saw the talismanic characters shine with extraordinary lustre. Il Haboul had formerly taught him that Providence never performed a miracle, unless for some very important cause. The new glare of the talisman, he hence concluded, must be intended to prompt him who bore it to call its virtue into exertion, in order to still the raging elements. He therefore drew the mysterious blade, and striking the air thrice, cried, " Powers of fire, of earth, of air, of the waters ! I command you to return to your wonted order, otherwise I will reduce you to dull inaction."

That instant, a blaze of light was emitted from  
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the scymitar before which all other lightning was pale ; a confused noise was heard like that of hills of sand sinking down, one upon another. The sea grew calm. The tempest ceased. Gentle breezes of the west wind succeeded the boisterous blasts from the north : and the bright star of day gilded with his rays the stupendous rock on whose summit the hero stood.

At so astonishing a change upon the face of nature the Sultan could not avoid feeling a degree of terror with his joy. " What power," cried he, " has deigned to employ my weak hands, guilty as I am, thus to still the rage of nature ? How are the elements subject to my voice ? Creator of the world, thou hast not turned away thy face from me. Great Prophet ! Habib is still in thine eyes a son of the tribe of Beni-Hilac."

As he ended speaking, with his face prostrate to the earth, he heard a motion near his side, which prompted to raise his head ; and Il Haboul appeared before him.

" O my protector ! my master ! you, no doubt, are the author of the miracles which I have witnessed ?" " No, my dear Habib," replied the genie, " they are wrought by the influence of the great Solomon, whose instrument you have been. You know not what disorders your negligence and forgetfulness of my counsels have produced. The mischief you have done could hardly have been repaired, without your exertions.

" Instead of shutting the fortieth door after you, you hurried to the sea-shore. The gates of the dungeons which confined the rebel spirits, instantly burst open, and the prisoners swarmed forth. You yourself would have been the first victim

victim of their rage, had you not employed the talisman to whose name they were once subject. Terrified at sight of it, they ascended into the air, and raised the storm which you have witnessed.

“ I followed them at the head of the spirits under my command. We began a violent combat, the effects of which you have also witnessed, without understanding them. You then employed the only means which remained in your power. Their success was certain in the hands of a faithful Mussulman. The arms instantly dropped from the hands of the rebel genies. They were seized with a sudden stupor, and sunk down, like so many lumps of dead earth. My warriors fettered them, and conveyed them back to their dungeons. But, had it not been for your aid, the contest had not yet been terminated.

“ I will not reproach you for an act of imprudence which sets your success at a distance, and subjects you to unspeakable toils before you can accomplish it. It is not so much your fault as love's: and your passion is owing to the influence of your star.

“ Recollect the knowledge you acquired when you surveyed the treasures of the great Solomon, you will find everywhere, and in yourself, arms to ensure the success of the true Knight. He knows that these are more at his command in adversity, than in happier situations.

“ The advices I now give you, are the last you shall receive from me. In the career upon which you are entered, success would be dishonourable if obtained by trivial means. Only from heaven can one receive at all times without shame; and to heaven may one always confidently apply,

when one's views are wise, and honourable, and when insolent triumph is not the object sought. Adieu, dear Habib, I leave you exposed to wants of all sorts, and ready to be hurried into new adventures : but I believe your courage equal to all."

Il Haboul left Habib on a rock. The sea had receded, and its waves no longer lashed the foot of the rock upon which he stood. He might descend from one rock to another ; but how should he shelter himself through the night ? or where find relief from the cravings of thirst and hunger. This was the hero's situation when his guardian genie disappeared. A soul of less firmness and elevation than his would here have been abandoned to anxiety and despair. But the scymitar of Solomon still hung by his side, a terror to the enemies of the Most High. He had no enemies to dread, but himself. " My error," said he, " had laid me low, but the hand of God raises me up again. Caucasus, boast of thy stupendous bulk, or of the hardness of the mass of which thou art composed ; God willed it ; and I have penetrated through thy bowels. Earth, thou appearest behind me as a lonely wall ; thou seemest to be boundless, and offerest only a dark abyss of waters to my view. But, hope emerges above thy waters, and shews herself through the vapours which cover thee."

And indeed Habib at this time saw land without suspecting so much ; it was the nearest point of the White Isle which formed a part of the dominions of Dorathil-goase. Night, however, came on ; and to avoid suffering from its cold, he lay down between three rocks, which served to shelter him from the blowing winds.

At



At day-break the young Mussulman performed his ablutions and prayers. He then ran out over the adjoining land, in search of some resources for his subsistence. The caverns were full of shell fish, and among them were some broken remains of roots and herbs brought thither by the billows. He with these satisfied his present wants, waiting till destiny should call him to act in a more important scene.

One morning when Habib leaned on the rock nearest the sea, and looked out if any vessels were approaching, he happened to fall into a light slumber, upon which three daughters of the sea suddenly raised their heads above the waters.

"He sleeps, sister," said one of the nymphs to the other two, "let us approach, and strive to learn who he is. You will enjoy a pleasure in seeing him; he is beautiful as the rising day. Yesterday, I saw him stooping over the water, to wash; his cheeks communicated a lovely colour to the waters: you would have said that the bottom of the sea was bespread with roses. But that we may have a better view of him, let us beware of making a noise, to awake him. Give me your hand; and let us turn round, till he be found asleep."

When the daughters of the sea saw that their enchantments had taken effect they came out of the water. On their shoulders they displayed their fair hair bound up in tresses, which waved gracefully in the breeze. Robes of stuff, formed of sea-plants, and fine as gauze, hung down from their shoulders upon their loins; pearled buskins adorned their legs; on their arms were coral bracelets; their whole appearance was in the high-

est degree lovely and captivating. They all three surveyed their own charms in the water, and being pleased with their dress and appearance, approached and stood round the Knight. "What a lovely young man!" said the eldest of the three; "Can he be a Knight?" "He is undoubtedly so," said the youngest.—"View his sabre, but touch it not: for I put my hand to the hilt, and it burnt me."

"Ilzaide," said the eldest to her youngest sister, "we must know who he is, and whence he comes. He may have been brought hither in a storm. However, nothing about him bespeaks his having been shipwrecked. Bring me one of these large shells on the beach, and fill it with water."

Ilzaide obeyed. The shell was brought. The eldest of the daughters of the sea then gently pulled one of Habib's hairs. "Here is a hair," said she, "which shall tell us all the secrets of the head on which it grew." She then threw it into the water in the shell, and walked round the shell with a circular movement. "Shake the water well," said she to her sisters, "it will become turbid, and so much the better shall I see." "Look there, sister," said Ilzaide, "I believe the hair is melted. The water is now coloured like the firmament: the stars appear in it, and the bottom of the shell is no more to be seen." "So much the better," returned the eldest. "After night comes the day. See here is a country covered with wood, under the shade of which are flocks feeding. Stoop down, and you will see the whole scene.—There are tents.—He was born in Arabia."

"In

"In Arabia? Sisters," said that one of the three who had not yet spoken, "thence does our Queen Dorathil-goose expect her deliverer.—Happy should we be to have the hero here! Soon would he deliver us from Racachik, and all his race; but the water says nothing of him. Shake it again, that we may know whence he has come."

"Ah! sister," said Ilzaide, "it becomes black, black!" "Good!" returned the eldest, "the truth will come out so much the clearer. Shake it with a brisker motion." "Sister," said the second, "see it grows white. Oh! what a sad sight it exhibits!" "These are mountains, sands, and deserts," added the eldest. "He has travelled over all these alone, for he appears by himself, and without any companion. He must be strong and valiant, then. Shake, shake the water again, for the way I see him take could not bring him hither." "Oh heavens!" cried she, "I see the bowels of the earth." "Enough, my sisters.—This water cannot tell us the secrets of his heart, but I know more natural means, by which we may come to the knowledge of them. It is a matter of the greatest concern to us, you know, to be acquainted with them. We are informed that we are to be delivered from our evils, and our tyrants, by a man who is a perfect lover, and yet not in love with any of us." "Certainly a Knight, be he who he may," replied Ilzaide, smartly, "cannot be our lover, without having ever seen us." "But when he opens his eyes," replied the eldest, "he cannot but see us. Take you care, sister, not to meet his eyes with yours. There is a magic in them, of greater power than what we have



in ours, and were he to fall in love with you we should be undone, and our hopes disappointed."

"He will fall in love you, sister, rather than with me," replied Ilzaide. "May Solomon keep him from falling in love with any of us," added the eldest; "yet there seems to be a great danger of it. However, as we must gain his good graces, that we may have a right to his services, let us think what we may do for this purpose.

"In the first place, I see that he is in want of every convenience. He has found nothing for sustenance, but some marine plants, and shell-fish, which he has eaten raw. Let us prepare for him, against he awake, such a repast as these places can afford. You, Ilzaide, are nimbler than the mountain-goat; go, bring some of its milk, in a shell, which you may cover above and below with aromatic herbs. In the cavities of the mountain, you will find fruits and flowers. Chuse what appears the most agreeable to the sight, taste, and smell. My sister and I will take care for the rest, and we shall thus offer as handsome a collation as can be prepared in this desert place."

Hardly had Ilzaide gone to perform her task when the eldest sister explained her intention to the second. "I know of branches of coral," said she, "at the bottom of the sea, two of which would load a camel. Let us go find some of them. We will place four of them in a square; cover it with stuff like what we wear: thus form a pavilion: then gather moss, and dry it for a sofa; form a table of stones, and cover it with a tissue which has never been dyed. We will then provide some of the best fish the sea affords; dry and roast them in the sun. The birds eggs which I shall

shall bring, and the fruits and milk with which our sister will furnish us, will compleat the feast. When a genie is out of his element his power is limited. Here industry must supply the defect of power. Order and taste must make amends for the want of variety. Necessity will confer a value upon any thing. Gratitude will ascribe even to the slightest favour the highest consequence.

Ilzaide returned. The pavilion was set up, and ornamented. The table was covered. All that now remained was to suspend the magic influence by which Habib's sleep was prolonged. But it was requisite that he should awake on the sofa before which the table stood, and that the three sisters should be seated opposite to him.

"Let us now see, sisters," said the eldest, "whether this be the Arabian knight who is the lover of Dorathil-goase. I will try an expedient to know, the success of which cannot fail. Raise up your hands, and move them, while I speak: *"By the great Prophet Solomon, Knight, I awaken you, in the name of Dorathil-goase."*

"Dorathil-goase!" cried Habib, awaking, and springing up. He then looked about him, and remained stupified and confounded; three beauties, half naked, a table plentifully covered with inviting food, fruits, flowers; a pavilion, where all was coral and purple; and all these conjured up by the name of Dorathil-goase! "Dorathil-goase!" cried he again, sitting down and looking about him, "where is my dear Dorathil-goase?"

"She is not here, Sir Knight," replied the eldest of the three sisters: "But you are within sight of one of the isles of which the rebel genies have

have deprived her. You may see it over this arm of the sea; yonder bluish vapour which terminates your horizon."

"Are you attendants of her's? Whither am I transported?" said the young Sultan, greatly moved.—"In our hearts," replied the eldest of the daughters of the sea; we are still her subjects, although subjected, in spite of us, to the law of the rebellious Abarikaff, and to the immediate domination of the monstrous Racachik.

"Where are they?" interrupted Habib, "I will drive them from the face of the earth." "Sir," answered the eldest of the daughters of the sea, "they are at present both out of your reach. Abarikaff is upon the Black Isle; and you have six seas to cross before you can meet with him. Racachik is upon the White Isle, which you see there." "I will attack him instantly," said Habib. "The thing is possible, but you must employ new expedients." "These shall be easily found out," said the hero. "I am here amidst an enchanted scene, for which I am undoubtedly indebted to the goodness of Il Haboul, or of Dorathil-goase; but where am I?"—"On the same rock on which you fell asleep yesterday; we have endeavoured to make it more commodious to you." "I thank you," said Habib, "your power seems to be founded upon charms of more than one sort. But, if you are disposed to continue your goodness to me, cannot you by a very small exertion of magical power, transform this pavilion into a bark which may instantly carry me to the isle in which the enemy of Queen Dorathil-goase commands?"

"Sir



"Sir knight," replied the eldest of the daughters of the sea, "although we be three sisters, daughters of genies, and genies ourselves, yet here are neither charms nor enchantments. 'This pavilion, and this frugal meal are prepared by natural means. The fatigues you have undergone since your departure from Arabia must have exhausted your strength; eat freely and cheerfully of these dishes; they were dressed for you by friendly hands. You will not suspect the sincerity of our inclination to serve you, when you understand, that by avenging our queen of the tyrant Racachik you will do still more for us than if you should restore us peace and rest.——But, I can say no more, if you refuse to taste the food we offer."

Habib suffered himself to be prevailed upon, and the daughter of the sea continued her narrative in the following words: "Since Abarikaff has made good his attempt, by kindling rebellion through all the provinces of Dorathil-goase's dominions, he committed the government of the White Isle, the frontier of his territories, to Racachik, the most cruel and infamous of the genies under his command.

"This monster, before he joined the standard of Abarikaff, had ranged through the ocean, under the form of an enormous shark. When he observed a vessel under sail, he pursued it, and, by his poisonous eye, fascinated the sailors and passengers. Hapless were they who chanced to look on him! Their heads became giddy, they dropped into the sea; the monster dragged them under water, and made them his prey. Nor was his hunger satiable; when strangers were not to be found,

found, he glutted his voracious maw with the blood of the queen's subjects. The tyrant Abarikaff authorised him to do so; for both had made a vow to exterminate the children of Adam.

"As for ourselves, he cannot, it is true, deprive us of life; but we are subjected to torments more cruel than death itself. He chooses from amongst us his wives and his slaves. These he changes every moon. My sisters and myself, at next new moon, must enter into a great salt-water pond, which serves as his harem. The fatal time will arrive in three days! If you shall attack the monster, be assured of our earnest prayers for your success; yet can we not hide from you the dangers you must encounter.

"For his convenience while he is on land, the monster has in part assumed a human form, reserving, however, his shark's head, armed with a triple row of teeth, because he found that so well suited to his sanguinary nature. His gigantic body is covered with enchanted scales, which are his armour. The shell of a huge tortoise forms his shield; and he wears on his head an enormous twisted shell, by way of helmet. His lance is the horn of a sword-fish, six cubits in length. He mounts on the back of a sea-horse, and thus rushes on to the combat; the steed mingling his horrible cries with those of his rider.

The rib of a whale, which he has rendered harder and sharper than steel, serves him for a scymitar. His arms cannot be resisted by human force; for his weapons are enchanted.—"How, Madam!" interrupted Habib with vivacity, "can I not be transported in less than three days to the isle that is ravaged by Racachick? Find me a conveyance

veyance to the spot, and I swear by the holy Prophet that I shall not rest till I have executed the vengeance of heaven on this wicked enemy of humanity !”

While Habib uttered this oath, his eye displayed somewhat more than human, and his look was such as might have inspired a whole army with courage. He made a few steps within the pavilion, and his graceful air, and majestic carriage, still heightened the noble expression of his countenance.

Ilzaide, concealed herself behind her elder sister : “ There,” said she in a whisper, “ there is a hero ! How charming he is ! I never saw his like ! O sister how I tremble lest I should love him.”—“ I doubt,” answered the other, “ it is no longer time to fear it.”

“ Brave Knight,” continued she, addressing Habib, “ we are as anxious as yourself to procure you the means of delivering us from the oppression of our tyrant. In the defiles of this mountain there is a marsh, which produces reeds of an extraordinary strength and size. We will form a raft of those materials, sufficient to bear you through the calm sea to the White Island, to which place we ourselves will conduct you. In the mean time, finish your repast, and enjoy repose till the morning. “ Come sister,” said she to Ilzaide, “ let us set about making the raft !”——“ I will attend you,” resumed Habib ; “ I am surely able enough to participate in your labours.”

“ My sisters and I are sufficient,” answered the eldest. “ We must pass for a great way under water, to a place where it would be impossible for you to follow us. We will soon return ; for our  
zeal



zeal and impatience for the accomplishment of your vow are not less than your own; and to-morrow, by day-break, we shall be ready to set out for the White Isle."

The three sisters took their leave of him, and passing with vast agility over the rocks, came to a small eminence on the brink of the sea. There, while they bound up their tresses, and prepared to plunge into the water, the younger sister asked her companions; "how can we leave him alone? He will soon weary in such solitude."—"I dare say, sister," answered the eldest, "you would willingly keep him company, and while we prepared the raft you would take care to render our labours vain. My dear sister! you are no stranger to the dangers of the ocean; but you are not yet acquainted with all its shoals and quicksands! Let us go where our duty calls us." They all threw themselves into the sea and disappeared.

In the mean time, Habib having made an end of his repast, and seeing night approach, performed his ablution, and said his prayer; after which he enjoyed an easy sleep, waiting the return of the daughters of the sea.

When the first rays of the sun struck his eyelids, Habib awaked; he looked anxiously toward the White Isle, and with his eye measured the distance. He suddenly perceived a remarkable commotion in the water, though the sea was scarce ruffled by the gentle breeze. He observed an object advance with rapidity toward the place where he stood, and saw several heads above the water, who called to him, "Come, brave Knight, come on board of this raft!" He knew the voices of the three sisters, and sprung upon the slender vehicle,

hicle, which, however, bore him on the surface of the waves.

Eight dolphins were yoked to the raft. The elder sister, with half of her body above water, supported the stern with both her hands, and served as a rudder to the vessel. The two younger sisters swam one on each side, keeping it in equilibrium with one hand. Habib, having his mind full of the enterprise in which he was engaged, was seated on the raft.

They soon discovered the shore of the White Isle, and the palace of the tyrant, which was built of shells and coral, on a promontory projecting into the sea. When the sentinels perceived the warrior approaching they gave the alarm, and announced the news to Racachik. The monster regarded him as a fresh prey ready to fall into his hands.

"Let him come on," said he; "ask him what he wants? he shall soon know to his cost, that no stranger can set foot on this isle till he has tried my strength and courage; but I must arm myself to give him a suitable reception."

In the mean time the raft approached the land, and Habib leaped ashore. One of the sentinels, who was an amphibious monster, came up to interrogate him, as Racachik had commanded.

"Go tell thy master," said Habib, "that I am come to challenge him to single combat."—"You are not armed," answered the monster, "nor have you a horse."—"Know," said the young Sultan, "that my turban is my casque, and my scymitar is instead of a helmet and buckler. I need no horse let thy master come on! I here defy him and all his powers!"

No sooner was this message delivered than the furious Racachik, clad in his strong mail of shells, and mounted on a hideous sea-horse, whose clumsy gallop raised about him a cloud of dust, advanced toward the shore to attack the hero.

“ Despicable son of Adam ! vile slave of Mahomet ! thou art proud forsooth that thou dost not creep on the earth like other reptiles, but canst raise thy head three cubits above the clay from which thou art sprung. Darest thou insult the genie Racachik ! Take then the reward of thy temerity.” While he pronounced these words, he pushed on his horse against Habib, and aimed a thrust at him with his enormous lance.

The young hero opposed his scymitar, and the lance of his adversary was shivered in pieces, before the stroke reached him. The shock, however, stunned the arm of the tyrant. His horse became restiff, reared on his hinder legs, and fell backward on his rider. Racachik saw his danger, and called to his assistance all the monsters subjected to his power. In a moment the ocean was agitated, and poured forth a legion of sea lions, hippopotami, and sea-calves : whales approached the shore, and spouted up a torrent of water, which seemed to form a barrier between the young Prince and his enemy. The shore resounded with horrible shrieks ; for the whole army of monsters united in their efforts against the hero. He for some time kept them at bay with his scymitar ; but fearing least he should be overwhelmed by numbers, he waved the sacred weapon thrice in the air, pronouncing the formidable word *Power*. The effect was instantaneous : the monsters that had escaped the edge of the sword, constrained by



a superior force, plunged into the abyſs from which they had iſſued. Racachik again attempted to renew the fight; he dared to encounter the weapon of Solomon with his monſtrous ſcymitar, formed from the rib of a whale, but in a moment it was broken into a thouſand pieces. His ſcaly armour, and enchanted weapons, fell into duſt: "Go, wretch," cried Habib, "go lament thy crimes eternally, in the caverns of Caucasus!" In an inſtant the ſhore was cleared of every veſtige of the monſters, and no trace of Racachik's enchantments remained.

A diſmal ſilence ſucceeded to this ſcene of horror and tumult. The victorious Habib, grateful for his deſtiny, fell proſtrate, and adored the Being to whom he owed his ſucceſs:

"Great Power," cried he, "whom none can reſiſt, thy breath hath diſperſed thine enemies like chaff, and left not a wreck behind! The fire that conſumes the ſtubble leaves the field covered with aſhes: thy foes are conſumed, but no mark of them remains. The ſlender reed in the hand of thy ſervant, O God, is more powerful than the ſturdy oak in the graſp of the wicked. I am like an arrow in the bow of Mahomet, and of Solomon. I have been ſent againſt this accuſed race, and they are deſtroyed."

Habib aroſe, with a humble ſenſe of the kindneſs of Heaven, and did not at firſt perceive the ſnare that was ſpread for his virtue. The whole ſhore was covered with the beautiful daughters of the ſea, adorned with crowns and garlands of marine flowers. They had aſſembled to expreſs their grateful thanks to their deliverer, and to lay at his feet all the riches of their element. The harmo-

nious concert of their voices, and their graceful address, while they did homage to the hero, might have moved the most savage heart. The young Ilzaide, and her sisters, were more earnest in testifying their gratitude than the rest. But the modesty of Habib would not permit him to accept the praises they lavished on him. "I have done nothing for you," cried he, "I have only fulfilled my duty, and deserve not such acknowledgments. Where are the mosques? Let us go to the temple, where we may give thanks to God. I will lead the way. If there be any faithful subject of your Queen Dorathil-goase, in this place, let him stand forth, that I may put these your gifts into his hand, for I can only accept them in her name."

A genie, in his natural form, immediately presented himself. He was bent under a load of years: his wings were shattered, and his body galled by the chains with which the tyrant had loaded him. His name was Balazan.

"Sir," said the genie, "when our good Queen Camarilzaman reigned, we had three mosques in this island, but Racachik profaned and demolished them. That heap of rubbish you see before us, is the ruin of a city which he sacked, and of which he devoured the inhabitants. The isle has remained without culture, and without commerce. Illahoufatrous bestowed on me the government of this place; but Racachik, on his arrival, threw me into a dungeon, from which I have been liberated by your victory. I come to do homage to the messenger of Solomon, who displays on this coast the sword of the Prophet, and to offer my services to him who is the deliverer of the children

dren of God, and the avenger of Dorathilgoafe."

"Well," answered Habib, "Balazan, in the name of the great Prophet, and of Dorathilgoafe, whose Knight I am, I restore thee to all the powers with which thou wert formerly invested. Take those treasures that lie at my feet; make the mosques be rebuilt, and let the muczin proclaim from the lofty turrets, that all the Queen's faithful subjects, wherever they are dispersed, may repair thither without fear. Govern here in the name of Mahomet, of the great Solomon, and of your Queen. Re-establish good order, and procure me the means of transporting myself to Medinaz-il-ballor."

"Noble and valiant Knight!" returned Balazan, "I accept with confidence the authority you have bestowed on me, and I submit to the decrees of heaven. But, Sir, it is impossible to assist you in going where your destiny calls you. This isle is deprived of every means of navigation; and the path through the air is equally impracticable; for my wings are disabled, as you see; but though that were not the case, Abarikaff has so guarded the passes that all my efforts to break his enchantments would prove in vain. You must pursue your journey from one isle to another, by the same means you employed in coming hither. Avail yourself of the enthusiasm with which your person and valour have inspired the genies of the sea; and they may perhaps be able to conduct you to the chief seat of our enemy's power. The event will depend on your own courage and the decrees of Fate."



“Already has the terror of your arms spread to the Yellow and Red Isles. Mokilras, the tiger of the sea, tyrannises over both. He is the son of the monster from whom you have just delivered us. Informed of his father’s overthrow, he is at this moment using every precaution his fear can suggest. You will have many difficulties to encounter; but if you shall prevail against him, you need only erect on your standard the skin of the monster, and the Red Island will at once submit.”

Habib then addressed the eldest of the three sisters. “If I could find here a fisher’s boat, or a small skiff,” said he, “I would embark in it for the Yellow Isle; but as I may be unable to obtain such assistance, will the genies of your element refuse me their aid?”——“If fear should hinder them from engaging in the noble enterprise,” answered she, “if they are ignorant of the degree of confidence due to a Knight of your merit, my sisters and I will shew them their duty. Our dolphins can at least conduct the raft within a league of the shore; but it would be dangerous for them to proceed farther, on account of the precautions taken by Mokilras.”——“A league is but a short way to swim,” said Habib, “in the eyes of a man who is determined at all hazards to do his duty.”

“O generous Knight!” resumed the daughter of the sea; “who could refuse to follow you, were it only to have the pleasure of seeing you, and hearing your discourse? But are you not afraid that you may at last fall a prey to those terrible sea-monsters!”——“I know no fear, Madam, but that of failing to second the decrees of destiny,

destiny, or falling short of my duty to your queen!"  
——"Valiant Prince, you may rely on our fidelity; my sisters and I will reserve to ourselves the honour of serving you."

At that moment the raft was afloat, and bore them through the waves with immense velocity. They were now able to distinguish the commotion that their approach had occasioned in the Yellow Isle. It was at the distance of about a league, and the dolphins, actuated by instinct, suddenly stopped, and endeavoured to break the harness by which they were yoked to the raft. One of the sisters advanced and set them at liberty, while the vehicle remained motionless on the surface of the water. A wave was at that moment raised by the sea-monsters, which approached the raft, and seemed ready to overwhelm it; Habib saw that no time was to be lost in saving his amiable companions from the danger that threatened them. He took his scymitar in his hand and plunged into the sea, pronouncing aloud the sacred word inscribed on the talisman.

The waters seemed to arrange themselves to afford him a passage; the billows subsided, and the sea became smooth. At last the hero arrived at a shallow sand-bank, on which he proceeded to the shore without interruption.

He saw his enemies dispersed in small parties, who seemed ready to betake themselves to flight at his approach. He advanced toward those that appeared most formidable, flew on them with the rapidity of lightning, and whoever ventured to oppose him, instantly sunk under the dreadful strokes of his scymitar.

Mokilras,

Mokilras, the enormous tiger, came up, walking on his hinder feet, and aimed a blow at the hero with a monstrous club; but instantly resuming his own nature, ran off on four feet. Habib pursued him; but human strength and agility were insufficient to this contest; he therefore pronounced the sacred word, adding, *Mokilras! I arrest thee in the name of Solomon.* The monster remained immoveable. One stroke of the scymitar severed his head from his body, and his skin was immediately stripped off.

As soon as the tyrant of the Yellow Isle was dispatched, the elements returned to their natural order, and a calm succeeded to the dreadful storms by which they had been agitated.

When the three daughters of the sea were again assembled about the raft, the young Ilzaide raised herself upon it, and, with a long marine trumpet, called together the frightened dolphins, and they were obedient to her voice. Innumerable inhabitants of the ocean crowded about the place, who united their voices in joyfully singing the victories of the hero, and thus approached the shore at the moment of his triumph over Mokilras.

Habib returned to the raft; but refused to accept the homage, or rather adoration that was offered to him. "Creatures of God," said he, "worship your Creator; lift your eyes to heaven, and thank the Almighty for your deliverance. It is to him alone your gratitude is due. "Subjects of Dorathil-goase!" cried he, "reserve those expressions of submission and respect for your Queen; her Knight will join you in doing her homage, and in offering up prayers for her prosperity."

When



When he had finished this speech, a multitude of people assembled about him from all quarters, whose presence at once encreased his triumph and his embarrassment. Every one was more forward than another to swear allegiance to him, and to demand a renewal of the laws. Happily the old genie Balazan came to his relief. As soon as all the inhabitants of the White Isle had submitted to the authority of that genie, he had made a vigorous effort to rise into the air, that he might follow the successful hero to whom he owed his deliverance; and, after a hard struggle, he now joined the young Habib in the Yellow Island, at the moment when the inhabitants of that country were doing him homage.

“Subjects of Dorathil-goase,” cries the old genie, “this gallant Knight accepts your testimonies of gratitude. Return to your possessions, and again enjoy them, while you live under the laws of our Sovereign. And you, valiant Knight,” addressing himself to Habib, “you may now take a little repose. The conquest of the Red Isle is not an enterprise worth your while. I will go alone on the raft, and bear with me the skin and the arms of Mokilras. At the sight of that terrible trophy, the rebels will, of their own accord, submit their necks to our chains. Reserve your strength for the conquest of the Green and Blue islands, and, above all, that of the Black Isle!”

Habib despised a victory that might be obtained without danger; he therefore committed the conduct of the enterprise to Balazan, and took repose, that he might be invigorated for his future labours.

The

The young hero was still asleep when Balazan returned from the Red Isle, carrying in his hand two bags formed of goat-skin. "These," cried he, while he waked Habib, "these, my brave Knight, are all the remains of our dangerous enemies to be found in the country which I have just now restored to the dominion of our Queen. I have inclosed them in these bags that I may forthwith send them to the caverns of mount Caucasus. To-morrow you may proceed without obstruction to the Red Isle, and then consult the means of pursuing your victories: but it is impossible to foresee all the dangers you must encounter. The tyrant Nisabic governs the Green and the Blue Isles; the enchantments of this genie are almost as powerful as those of Abarikaff himself. It is impossible to inform you of the various means he may use to repel your attacks, your own prudence and ingenuity must direct you in avoiding such dangers as are visible, and in guarding against the secret snares that may be laid for you. We, alas! could do nothing; but what power can oppose the gallant Knight of Dorathilgoase!"

Opposition and difficulty only served to inflame the courage of the Arabian Prince. At the earliest dawn he set out with the raft; and the dolphins conducted him to the Red Isle. He went round the point of the island, that he might be ready to depart for the Green Isle, which he resolved to attack next day.

The daughters of the sea never quitted their deliverer, but obligingly served him in whatever he wanted. He now called to mind the sage counsels of Il Haboul: "I am less afraid of the open force,"

force," would he say, "than of the secret machinations of your enemies." The young Prince therefore determined to be on his guard against those of the genie with whom he was about to contend. He fell asleep, confiding in the goodness of providence, and arose next morning with a heart glowing with courage and hope.

The hero was proceeding on his voyage with tranquillity, when, all at once, the three sisters uttered a dreadful shriek, and the head and hands of Ilzaide, who swam by the side of the raft, suddenly disappeared. Habib instantly threw himself into the sea, with his scymitar in his hand. He found himself intangled in the meshes of a net: he pronounced the terrible word, and employed the edge of his weapon. The net was cut to pieces. He laid hold of Ilzaide, placed her on the raft, and flew to the relief of her sisters. When he had placed them in safety, he perceived that the raft was agitated without moving forward; and that this was occasioned by the dolphins being intangled in the same sort of netting. He disengaged them; and that he might open a passage, he mounted on the foremost dolphin, and proceeded toward the shore, striking on the right hand and the left with his scymitar, which cut the enchanted net that had been spread to oppose his course.

From the summit of the highest tower in his castle of steel, the tyrant beheld an object approaching toward the shore. He saw its progress through the magical netting he had spread in the water, but he perceived not the Arabian Knight. He, however, discovered three female figures,  
half



half naked, seated on the raft, which advanced with great rapidity. He knew not what species of danger he had to apprehend. None could be so weak as to imagine that his heart might be assailed by female charms; and the precautions he had taken were, in his opinion, sufficient to guard him against the power of enchantment. His palace was constructed of solid steel; and it was only accessible by a vaulted passage in the rock, armed with iron pikes; the whole vault being supported by one key-stone, which was retained in its place only by a slender thread. This defence was, he thought, proof against all the arts of magic.

Nisabir, confiding in the strength of his palace, came out by the formidable vault, and prepared to meet his antagonist. The group of females still advanced, and the Knight, at last, leaped ashore. The monster, who was clad in strong armour, despised such an assailant. He had consulted his horoscope, and discovered, "that none could vanquish him, without being master of his steel house." It appeared to him almost impossible that his enemy could escape the danger of the mysterious vault; and if he should even be so happy as to pass through it, he thought he could still make no impression on a fort which he regarded as impregnable.

Nisabir, bearing in his hand a steel club of enormous weight, advanced to Habid: "Audacious stranger!" cried he, "what madness has induced thee to rush on certain destruction?"—"I am the Knight of Dorathil-goase;" answered Habib firmly; "I come to punish the rebels against God and the great Solomon."—"Vile reptile!" replied the enraged genie, "receive the death I inflict

inflict on the meanest of my slaves!" While he pronounced these words, he raised his dreadful club, and aimed a blow at the head of the young Prince. The hero warded off the stroke with the blade of his scymitar. The effect was terrible. At the sight of the awful talisman the club dropped from the hands of the genie, and he fell motionless on the earth. He saw himself in the power of his enemy, and muttered some dark words of conjuration. Habib flew on his vanquished foe, and endeavoured to pierce his body; but he was surprised to find that it was only his armour that lay at his feet, and that he had obtained no more than the *shell* of the warrior. The material substance of Nisabic had disappeared; and the Arabian Prince did not at that moment know, that his victory was greater than if he had seized the body of the genie. In short, the prophecy was explained and accomplished, which declared, "that he who should vanquish him must first be master of his steel house." The oracle meant the armour in which he was incased, and which Nisabic thought impenetrable.

Habib trampled under foot this enormous suit of armour; and by three or four strokes of his scymitar unloosed all its joints, and scattered the fragments. Thus was another prediction of the oracle fulfilled, which said, "that the power of Nisabic should be disjoined and scattered."

The monster, by rendering himself invisible, and retiring under the vault that led to his palace, had made the last effort in his power. He presented himself at the entrance of the vault in his natural form, with his sword in his hand, as if he would challenge his antagonist to single combat. The

young Prince fell into the snare; the genie retreated a few steps, and cut the thread which retained the key-stone of the vault, and the rocks instantly began to fall with a horrible crashing noise.

At the first alarm the hero pronounced aloud the sacred word of the talisman; and opposed the falling rocks by the dazzling blade of his scymitar. The vast fragments of stone arranged themselves on his right hand and his left, without doing the least injury to the young Sultan: But he heard near him the most piteous cries and groans, and was involved in a cloud of dust. It was the tyrant himself who uttered these lamentations: "Arabian Prince!" cried the genie, "I am made acquainted with thy destiny and my own, by my present misfortune! The oracles have deceived me; I have long expected thee, yet I knew thee not! Thou hast disguised thy power under a shew of weakness, and I have been vanquished through my own imprudence. Abuse not thy victory: I am buried under these ruins, in a situation altogether insupportable. Make me, I beseech thee, be transported to the dungeons of Caucasus, where I may, at least, have the comfort of mingling my groans with those of my companions!"

"Genie!" answered Habib, "thou art indeed guilty of many crimes; yet, as I have the soul of a true Knight, even an enemy may demand a favour of me! I must, however, take advice; and I will not return thee an answer till I have offered up three prayers."

Habib was inclosed in a sort of pit amidst the rocks. Scarce was the cloud of dust dissipated, when



when he saw what he might have taken for two stars over his head,—they were the bright eyes of Ilzaide, the youngest of the three daughters of the sea.

“Are you then safe, my Prince!” cried she, “How happy are we! We trembled for your life when we beheld this mountain tumble on your head! Lay hold of my hair, Sir. Fear not that you hurt me. I have strength and resolution sufficient to sustain your weight.” While she said these words she threw down her long flowing tresses, of which he gently took hold, and by this means ascended from the cavern.

His first care was to thank his benefactress:—“I have done nothing, Sir,” said she, “that merits your acknowledgments. Were it in my power, I would make you the happiest of mortals!” She then lent him her hand, and assisted him in passing from one rock to another, till they came to the exterior rampart of the steel castle, the residence of the genie Nisabic.

Scarce were they arrived at the outward fosse when they observed the other daughters of the sea at a small distance. “Come, sisters,” cried Ilzaide, “here he is!” Nothing but a true and sincere passion could have preserved our hero from the attacks of the charming Ilzaide, which were the more dangerous, as they were the effusions of innocence, and pure simplicity of heart: But his choice was fixed by destiny, and the beautiful Queen had nothing to fear.

The conquest of the Green Isle was not yet accomplished. The steel castle was inaccessible; the fortifications were guarded, the gates shut, and the bridges drawn up. “I know not,” said

Habib, "how I shall set about this arduous enterprise. This fort seems impregnable to human force. I have no confidence in my own powers; the decrees of fate must guide my steps. Perhaps," continued he, addressing the three sisters, "the pretended submission of Nisabic might be a snare laid to bring me into new difficulties and dangers, in which it would be improper that you should partake. Return then to your own element. Offer up your prayers for the Knight of Dorathil-goase; at least, let your absence make me easy on your account." "We will not leave you," answered they. "We fear no danger, while you are with us. If you were by my side," added the youngest, "I could brave the fury of the tempest, while it tears up the foundations of the rocks!"

Habib approached the draw-bridge with his scymitar in his hand. "In the name of Solomon," cried he, "and by virtue of his talisman, I command this bridge to be let down!" In a moment it began to move on its hinges, descended, and offered an easy passage over the fosse.—The hero, with his sabre, cut the two chains that served to raise it, and entered the court of the fortrefs.

In the midst of that court stood a lofty column, on the top of which was placed an iron cage.—This pillar was covered with talismanic inscriptions. On the bottom was written, "Thou canst not be destroyed but by the power of Arabia."—Habib struck the talismans with his sword. A sudden noise resounded from the caverns, through the vaulted roofs of the castle, and the pillar sunk into dust. The subjects of Dorathil-goase, whom the tyrant had loaded with chains, now issued from

from their dungeons. The iron cage stood on the earth, and Habib perceived that it contained a very extraordinary object,—a naked woman, whose face was covered with her long hair. “Who are you, Madam?” asked the hero. “Sir,” answered she, “I pray thee deliver me from this prison, and give me some garments, that I may appear with decency before you? This cage is shut by means of a talisman, which the cruel Nisabib always carries about with him. Restore my liberty, and I shall never cease to bless God, and Mahomet, and yourself”——“You will not, I hope, forget the great Solomon,” interrupted the Knight, “in whose name I break these bars.” At the same time he cut them in pieces with his sabre.

The three daughters of the sea each contributed a part of their dress, to afford a covering to the prisoner, so that she might present herself before the hero, without offence to modesty. As soon as the subjects of Dorathil-goase saw themselves relieved from their fetters, they made haste to show their respect and attachment to the unknown lady, by falling prostrate at her feet. Habib expressed his surprise at this behaviour:——“What means all this? Who is this lady?” asked he. “Alas, Sir,” answered they, “it is the Lady of the beautiful Tresses. She was our Queen before the rebellion of Abarikaff. She is the near relation of the fair Dorathil-goase.”

“O heaven!” cried the Arabian Prince, “a Queen, the kinswoman of Dorathil-goase! How shall I be able to restore to her what she has lost?”

“Nothing will be easier,” answered they.——

“The tyrant has collected in this fortress, not



only all the riches of our Queen, but the whole spoil of the island. While you are master here, you possess abundance of treasure. Those poor women whom you see at the further end of the court, and whose situation forbids them to approach you, were the servants of our royal mistress. They showed too much attachment to her after her misfortunes, and a long imprisonment has been the reward bestowed by the tyrant on their fidelity."

"Bring hither," cried Habib, "all those who have been attached to the person of your Queen. Let them take possession of this palace, which belongs to her."

"I myself was in her service," said he whom he had formerly addressed, "and held a place of some consequence." "Thou mayst resume it," returned Habib, "if your mistress thinks fit. In the mean time, use every means to relieve her present wants; and when you have made her easy, since you know this place, you can point out to me the most magnificent apartment in the castle, that I may have the pleasure of conducting her into it."

In a moment the whole servants who had formed the household of the Lady of the beautiful Tresses were assembled. Habib presented them to her, and at the same time begged that she would favour him with her hand.

"To you it belongs," said he, "to command in this place. Permit me, Madam, as the Knight of Dorathil-goase, to have the honour of re-conducting you to your palace."

The Lady of the beautiful Tresses cast down her eyes, and suffered the hero to lead her into the splendid apartment that had been prepared for her  
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by the genie, but to which she had preferred the iron cage she had just left. Every thing was in the most superb style. A profusion of riches was accumulated around her, and the Lady found no difficulty in providing suitable garments for herself, and her whole court.

The three daughters of the sea followed her, and, as the companions of the Arabian Knight, claimed the honour of being permitted to trim her beautiful hair.

"Alas!" cried she, "these locks have been the cause of my misfortune, yet they have also been a resource during my sufferings, and I do not regret the care I have taken to preserve them. With pleasure, therefore, I commit them to your care." The beautiful Queen arose from her toilet, with a triple crown on her head, formed of her braided hair, entwined with strings of rubies and pearls, while two loose tresses waved gracefully on her back, and descended lower than her girdle.

She was no sooner dressed than an usher entered to announce that dinner was ready. She invited the three sisters to dine with her, and the gallant Habib led her into the hall. Now was the Arabian Knight seated at table with ladies for the first time in his life; nor had he enjoyed a repast that was not the immediate produce of his own industry, or that of others, for six months before. The entertainment was sumptuous, for there was no want of provisions in the kitchens and stores of Nisabac.

The Lady of the beautiful Tresses was in the flower of youth. Her stature was graceful and majestic; her shape perfectly handsome; her  
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bright eyes were expressive of languor and keen sensibility: In short, it was impossible to behold her without sympathizing with her misfortunes; and no heart, but one entirely pre-occupied, could have resisted her charms. Habib regarded her with a look of tender compassion, and Ilzaide, meeting the glance of his eye, felt the sting of jealousy, without suspecting the cause.

During the repast, the company reciprocally shewed each other the politest attentions; and when it was finished, they retired into another apartment. There, as soon as they were seated, Habib entreated the fair Queen to favour them with a recital of her ill fortune. The lady, heaving a sigh, and wiping the tears from her lovely eyes, began in this manner:

*Story of the Lady of the beautiful Tresses.*

My father swayed the sceptre over the Green and the Blue Isles, under the favour of his brother, (the father of Dorathil-goase), to whom he annually did homage, and offered a tribute. I am, like my cousin, the only offspring of a marriage contracted between a Prince and the daughter of a genie.

Ilaboufatrous, father to my aunt Camarilzaman, and chief of the spirits subjected to Solomon, had formed the project of establishing in this country all the genies obedient to that great Prophet. To prevent their relapse, he wished them to intermarry with the children of Adam. Many of them refused these terms, among whom were Abarikaff, Mokilras, and Nifabic. They offered



offered many pretended reasons for their revolt, but their true motive to rebellion was their ambition to possess sovereign authority.

I lost my parents about the same time that my cousin Dorathil-goase was deprived of hers. I saw myself thus seated on a throne under the guidance of an old Vizier, whom my father had chosen for me. The insolent Nisabic, a favourite of Abarikaff's, became in love, not with my person, but with these locks of hair.

He had convinced himself, by prognostics drawn from his enchantments, that, if he could espouse me, he might subject to his power as many genies as there are hairs in my head, and that each individual hair would serve to chain one genie.

The monster had the audacity to communicate to me his extravagant project, and to represent, by way of inducing me to comply, the great power I might by this means enjoy. I rejected his offers with disdain, and bestowed my hand on the young Prince Dalilsha, who already possessed my heart. Scarce were we united, when the rebellion of Abarikaff was declared. He drew into his revolt all the inhabitants of the Black Isle, over whom he had been placed as Vizier.—Legions of rebel spirits came to join his standard, from the most distant parts of the earth. Illaboufatrous, and his grand-daughter, could scarce maintain their ground, in the island of Medinazil-ballor; nor could they afford the smallest aid to those who were subdued by Mokilras and Nisabic, under the authority of Abarikaff.

Dalilsha, my husband, was sent prisoner to the Black Isle, where the traitor Abarikaff kept him

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as a hostage, while the wicked Nisabac again renewed to me the offer of his odious hand.

"My Queen," said he, "your hand is now disengaged, nor can you reserve it for my slave. It belongs in right to the conqueror." "Vile rebel," cried I, "the malignant stars that have favoured thee will one day receive the punishment due to their crimes!" He retired in a rage, and shut me up a prisoner in my palace.

Every day he renewed his importunities, which I constantly repelled with the utmost contempt: but, blinded as he was by the horoscope he had drawn, he still continued to require my hand in the most imperious tone.

At last, when he found he had nothing to hope from entreaties or commands, he determined to employ the most terrible severities against me. I threatened to pull out the fatal hairs by the roots. "I shall soon prevent that," cried he; "they shall henceforth be your only resource."

The monster then inclosed me in the iron cage from which you delivered me. In my miserable captivity my life was sustained by his enchantments. I was allowed no food but the air, no drink but my tears; my hair was my only protection against the inclemency of the weather; the only covering that remained to conceal my confusion, exposed, naked as I was, to the eyes of so many spectators. Thus did he force me to preserve these locks, which were the source of my misfortunes, and the object of his vain hopes.

Each morning he came to the bottom of the pillar, and asked if I was weary of suffering, and would now consent to give him my hand. I entreated that he might permit me to die. He answered

swered me by sprinkling some water from his hand into the air. "Live, suffer, weep, comb your hair with your fingers!" cried he, with an air of cruel triumph. Every night he urged me to come to his bed, repeating the same ceremonies, and the same words.

This, brave Knight, is my sad history. It is impossible for me to guess how long my sufferings have endured, as I was continually absorbed in melancholy reflections. You have in some measure relieved me from my troubles; but separated as I am from a husband whom I tenderly love, and afflicted with the idea of the torments to which he is without doubt subjected, I cannot taste the joy which the sight of my deliverer, and my happy change of fortune, would otherwise inspire!

When she had ceased to speak, the Lady of the beautiful Tresses burst into tears, and by a sort of involuntary motion, which had become habitual to her, put her fingers into her hair as if to comb it.

Habib had never before had an opportunity of commiserating the sufferings of others. The recital of the lady's disgrace inspired him with a feeling altogether new to his mind. His soul was moved, and he shed a torrent of tears. Ilzaide began to sob so heavily that she was obliged to rise from her seat and go out. Her elder sister followed her. "What is the matter Ilzaide?" asked she, "why don't you contain yourself before company?"—"I cannot," answered the younger sister; "that lady's story has too deeply affected our Arabian Knight. You are not like me, sister; I can't bear that he should suffer  
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the smallest degree of pain." While she talked in this manner, she was re-conducted to her place.

The Lady of the beautiful Tresses observing the uneasiness of the company on her account, composed herself; and Habib, as soon as he had mastered his own emotions, addressed her in this manner:

"Madam," cried he, "I swear by the sacred scymitar with which I am entrusted, that your husband shall be restored to you, and that I will avenge the injuries done to Dorathil-goase and yourself, till the last of your enemies are exterminated!

"If I may credit the word of Nisabic, he already, in part, suffers the punishment due to his abominable crimes, by being at this moment buried under the vast heap of rocks with which he wished to overwhelm me. I am more than avenged for all the evil he intended me. But Heaven, Dorathil-goase, and yourself, Madam, call for more ample vengeance. Let us go together to the foot of those rocks under which he expected to crush me, I will employ for his punishment the very means his horoscope pointed out to him, as the fittest to subject others to his power.

"Deign to accompany me, Madam, that I may, under the protection of Heaven, put an end to your troubles, and afford you the satisfaction of seeing your injuries revenged."

He then went out, followed by the Lady of the beautiful Tresses, and the three sisters, and advanced to the vast pile of rocks, which now stopped up the passage between the rampart of the castle and the shore.

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When they arrived on the spot, Habib struck the rock thrice with his scymitar, and pronounced with a loud voice, "Nisabic! if thou dost still groan under these rocks, give a sign,—it is the Arabian Knight who calls thee!" At that moment the enormous mass of stones began to heave, and a dreadful groan was heard. The Lady of the beautiful Tresses knew the voice, and trembled at the sound.

"Rebel genie," resumed Habib, "I am still ignorant of many crimes you may have committed; but before I can send thee to expiate them in the caverns of Caucasus, thou must be humbled in the presence of a Queen whom thou hast basely insulted!"

When he had said this to the genie, he next addressed himself to the Queen. "Madam," said he, "this impious spirit wished to make use of your hair for the purpose of subjecting to his power other beings like himself. It will be proper to punish his foolish ambition by the very means he hoped to employ in satisfying it."

Habib again struck the rock, and cried out; "Guilty wretch! thou shalt have three of those hairs you so eagerly desired; but they shall become chains of iron on thy neck, thy hands, and thy feet!" He then threw the three hairs into the air, pronouncing with a firm and solemn tone of voice: "Noble creatures of God! spirits who watch over the elements, servants of Mahomet and friends of Solomon, chain this criminal, throw him at the feet of her whom he hath offended, and then bear him hence to the dungeons of Caucasus!"

Dreadful shrieks were heard, the rocks opened, and Nisabie came forth loaded with chains. He stood for an instant, humbly bending his head to the earth, before the Lady of the beautiful Tresses, and suddenly disappeared.

While the hideous monster was presented to their view, Ilzaide concealed herself behind the Knight. The fair Queen could not restrain her emotions of fear and disgust.—“Take courage, Madam,” said Habib, “you see that your hair is a precious treasure. It shall, this very night, free you from all your enemies that remain shut up in the prisons of this castle, and whose poisonous breath infects the air. The same means will be effectual against those who are lurking about this island, in hopes of escaping my vengeance. Nor is this all. I here see a certain and easy method of subjecting the whole rebel genies in the Blue Island, without the trouble of going in pursuit of them. I hope also to see your powerful hairs prevail against the tyrant Abarikaff himself; and thus will the horoscope be verified at the cost of your enemies, and those of Dorathil-goase, which foretold, ‘That your locks should furnish chains for legions of genies.’ You need not be sparing of your hair, Madam; yield to the call of destiny, and whatever you give away will be amply replaced.”

The Lady of the beautiful Tresses returned to her chamber, and the three sisters attended at her toilet to undress her. Confident in the wisdom and virtue of the Knight, she plucked out a whole handful of her hair, and gloried in the thought of its being so nobly employed. Ilzaide received the prize from her hand, and flew with it to the hero. Habib then went to the gates of the prisons



sons and performed the necessary ceremonies, and all the rebel spirits were, at his command, instantly transported to the dungeons of Caucasus.

He next mounted on the terrace at the top of the castle, scattered a portion of the hairs into the air, and invoked the slaves of the Prophet, commanding them to give the charm effect against all their remaining enemies in the Green Isle, and also against those who were in possession of the Blue Isle. He heard a confused sound of distant groans, which assured him of the success of his operation.

He indulged a moment's reflection on what he had done: "Were I now to stand before thee, my dear Il Haboul, I might appear less humbled than formerly; but I could not be vain.

"The words have passed from my lips, and miracles have followed. I have conquered,—shall I glory in my strength?—My words are but a breath! my strength but as one of those hairs I hold in my hand!" While he said this, he carefully put into his bosom the remaining lock of the lady's precious hair, and returned to the hall to join his company.

"Be not uneasy, Madam," said he, as he entered; "you are delivered from your enemies. Born to a throne, you are in no need of my counsels. My destiny and my duty require that I should leave you to-morrow; but if heaven shall favour my arms, you may rest assured that I will not lose sight of your dearest interests. To-morrow I shall have the honour to bear your commands to the Blue Isle. I must carry with me the amiable companions of my labours. I have yet two seas to pass; and I may still have need of

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their kind assistance in a country where the tyrants have destroyed every means of navigation."

The Lady of the beautiful Tresses was sorry to part so soon with the young hero, to whom she owed her deliverance; but she thought it her duty to yield to a request, in the motive of which she was so deeply interested. They took leave of each other with every testimony of the most perfect esteem.

At the earliest dawn Habib with his fair companions departed. The raft flew over the waves, and reached the shore of the Blue Isle before mid-day. The inhabitants were assembled to testify their joy at their sudden and unexpected deliverance. Their oppressors had been vanquished and carried off before their eyes, yet they knew not by whom.

Habib, on his arrival, encreased their satisfaction, by informing them of the happy deliverance of their Queen. As they were the near neighbours of the Black Isle, he made enquiry as to what had passed there, and what success Abarikaff had had in his attack on the isle that still remained faithful to Dorathil-goase.

"Sir," answered the inhabitants, "ever since the rebels have had possession of this isle there has not been even a fishing-boat seen on our coast. By their nature they could communicate with each other through the air; but we were deprived of every means of intercourse with other human beings. We were not permitted to leave the shore, and we could learn nothing of what happened elsewhere. Whether owing to a near or distant storm, we cannot tell, but the arm of the sea which flows between the islands has,  
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within these few days, become much blacker than usual. The waves are constantly agitated, though no wind nor current is perceptible. We are of opinion that the passage from hence to the Black Isle is become extremely dangerous, though we cannot explain the cause. Indeed the dread of the tyrant has prevented every enquiry of that sort."

The Arabian hero, resolving to see with his own eyes, next morning, the dangers they had described to him, accepted their hospitable invitation; and, without communicating any thing of his design, cheerfully partook of their amusements and festivity.

He arose before the return of day, mounted his raft, and coasted along the Blue Isle, till he had passed its limits. He then attempted to enter the strait which separates it from the Black Isle, but the waves were so furiously agitated that the dolphins took fright, and ran ashore on the Blue Isle.

Habib in vain struck the waves with his sabre, and even pronounced the awful word that had dissolved all other enchantments, without effect.—The charm against which he now contended did not act in the air, and the means by which his raft was thrown ashore were perfectly natural, though the remote cause was not so.

Vast fishes, and marine monsters, collected from all the neighbouring seas, were assembled in this strait, to oppose the passage of our hero.—The waves being loaded with their enormous bodies, were thrown into such commotion, that a large vessel might have been overfet by the surge. The perturbed waters, in short, exhibited the



most hideous spectacle. The daughters of the sea, accustomed as they were to the sight of the monstrous inhabitants of the deep, and notwithstanding the presence of the brave Knight, could not resist the terror of a sight so new and so strange. They fled with precipitation to the land, and put themselves under the protection of the Arabian Prince, who stood motionless, absorbed in thought.

“What danger can this be, that has frightened the dolphins, and the daughters of the sea? What charm has resisted the tremendous word I have pronounced? The sword of Solomon is useless in the hand of him who has not his wisdom. My dear Il Haboul, where art thou? Inspire me, I beseech thee. Dangers must be met, and closely examined. Means are to be tried, that we may judge of their nature.

“Sword of Solomon, open to me a passage through the abyss of the sea, or bear me, if it be needful, upon its raging billows!”

The hero, while he spoke thus, stood on the pinnacle of a high rock, from which he threw himself headlong into the sea. Monstrous fishes crowded around him, but without doing him the smallest injury. Wherever he struck with his scymitar, death followed the blow. His track was marked with blood; but the number of fishes seemed still to increase. They pressed upon him, in every direction, being confined by the barriers that prevented their escape.

The warrior covered the sea with the dead bodies of the monsters, and fatigued himself in vain, while the scaly legions that surrounded him seemed every moment re-inforced. At last he raised his

his head above the heaps of slain that floated about him. "In the name of Solomon," cried he, "by whatever charm these fishes are confined here, let it be destroyed, and let them be dispersed through the vast regions of the deep!"

This command was followed with immediate effect. A tumultuous motion of the waves announced the retreat of the aquatic animals, and the whole crowd instantly disappeared.

The Knight, now swimming amidst a calm sea, only saw about him the dead fishes, that lay motionless on the water. Whatever possessed life had escaped. The three sisters beheld what passed from the summit of a rock. Ilzaide cried out with terror, as often as she observed the sea stained with blood; but when she saw the arm and the sword of the hero above water: "Thank Heaven," cried she, "that blood is none of his!" The sea was now smooth, and she observed that the Knight directed his course towards the opposite shore. "See," cried Ilzaide, "see! he attempts to brave the waves, and cross the sea, by swimming! he will certainly perish." She plunged into the water, that she might fly to his aid. Her sisters called to her in vain, and at last threw themselves into the sea after her. Nor were they her only followers: two dolphins, who had been disentangled from the raft, and who delighted to sport around their young mistress, were at her side. The tranquil waters opposed not the course of such dexterous swimmers, and they proceeded with astonishing rapidity.

Ilzaide expected soon to reach the object of her anxiety, and offer him assistance; but in a moment the hero plunged under the water, and disappeared.

ed. She dived at the same time, and witnessed a horrible conflict.

Habib was now engaged with Abarakiff himself, who had entered into the body of a whale, and exerted his utmost efforts. When the hero advanced, the prodigious animal opened its enormous jaws, and poured forth a torrent of water, which seemed to overwhelm him; but Habib soon appeared above the waves, and, leaping on the back of the monster, with his irresistible scymitar pierced the heart of the vast animated mass with which he contended.

The huge monster began to struggle, covering the sea with blood and froth, and in an instant sunk to the bottom. Habib, unable to breathe in the watery element, was forced to rise to the surface, but he still followed the bloody track of his wounded enemy. When his strength was nearly exhausted, Ilzaide came up to him: "Brave knight!" cried she, "mount on one of these dolphins. You are too adventurous. How is it possible that you, whose nature is no more than human, should thus risk yourself in the open sea, and do as you have done!"

The Arabian Prince thanked Heaven for its protection, and for the aid now sent him. He followed the advice of Ilzaide, and, seated on the dolphin, observed at his ease the consequences of the terrible combat, in which he had been victorious. When Abarikaff attacked the hero, he was attended by other rebel genies, accomplices of his crimes, who had assumed hideous forms like his own. But his danger made the others betake themselves to flight.

Struck with terror, they only thought of making their escape. They endeavoured to leave the bodies.



bodies of those whales, sword-fishes, sharks, and sea lions, of which they had taken possession by their enchantments, but a more potent charm retained them. It was the hair of the fair Queen, of which Habib had thrown a portion into the sea, in a moment of enthusiasm. "May those hairs," cried he, "bind as many slaves to God, in the name of Solomon, as the wicked Nisabic hoped to subject by their means to his own power!"

The charm attached to these hairs had operated, and from that moment the genies were held captives in the bodies of the monsters into which they had entered.

The whale possessed by Abarikaff, exhausted by the loss of its blood, now lay without motion on the surface of the water, and appeared like a floating island. The Arabian Knight sprung from his dolphin, and mounted on the back of his vanquished enemy, where he gave thanks to God for his victory.

"My confidence," cried he, "is in thee alone! I fear not to plunge into the abysses of the deep. Even there hast thou opened my eyes, and given strength to my arm! I have attacked this enormous monster, and my sword has pierced his heart! When my powers sunk under fatigue, thou didst send me relief. A child in thy hand is more powerful than a legion of the wicked!"

Ilzaide, emboldened by the sight of the valiant Prince, leaped also on the back of the vast fish. Her sisters came up, attended by six other dolphins, and were prevailed on to follow the example of Ilzaide.

In the mean time, the enormous mass which bore

bore them was driven along with the current of the tide, and passed the channel which led to the Black Isles. Habib, after receiving with modesty the congratulations of his companions, on his recent victories, asked them what country it was he discerned in the edge of the horizon. "It is the isle of Medinaz-il-ballor," said the eldest sister, "in the capital of which dwells our amiable Queen Dorathil-goase." At hearing this discourse, Habib could not contain his joy. "How," cried he, "do I then at last behold that long-looked-for country? How happy would I be, could I conduct the monster under our feet into the port of your Queen! What an agreeable sight it might afford her; for I believe the rebel Abarikaff lies chained in the belly of this whale!"

"Your wish may be accomplished," said the eldest of the three sisters, "though the raft will be rather unweildy. We will go to the bottom of the sea in search of marine plants, of which we may form harness to yoke our dolphins." In a moment they plunged into the water, and disappeared.

By their address and activity they soon obtained what they sought. The dolphins were yoked, and the body of the whale, no longer impelled by the current, now took its course towards the harbour of Medinaz-il-ballor.

Heavy groans issued from the bowels of the enormous carcase, with a hollow sound, resembling the rushing of the waves when they are dashed into some profound cavern of the rocks on the shore. Abarikaff saw himself about to be delivered up to the vengeance of Illaboufatrous and Dorathil-goase, from whom he expected no mercy.

In the mean time, the huge mass which approached the shore of the isle of Medinaz-il-Bal-  
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lor, attracted the notice of Ilbaccaras, whose office it was to keep watch over all the territories of Dorathil-goafe adjacent to the coast of the Black Isle. That Vizier, transformed into a bird, had taken his station on the middle region of the island, the inferior parts of the country being infested by parties of the rebels. He observed some commotion in the sea ; but could not, on account of the distance, distinguish the cause. He, however, saw what appeared like a point, detach itself and float on the water. He ventured to descend from his post, and was surprised to find that the air was entirely free : Yet he was still suspicious of some secret snare, and approached with great caution toward the earth. The whole vapours that had covered the coast of Medinaz-il-ballor, and the neighbouring sea, had now retired to the Black Isle, which seemed overwhelmed by the thick cloud.

By degrees, the small point, seemed to extend as it approached him, and at last appeared like a floating isle, capable of choking up the harbour of Medinaz-il-ballor. Nor did this island seem uninhabited, though otherwise entirely barren. On making this discovery, he immediately flew to inform Dorathil-goafe of what he had seen.

“ Great queen,” cried he, “ I come to inform you that I have just now observed some extraordinary appearances on the sea that separates us from the Black Isle. Early this morning I perceived a great commotion in the waves, which was not occasioned by the winds, for they moved in an opposite direction. An island, soon after, suddenly arose from the bosom of the deep, which has continued to advance, by what means I know not, toward your port. It is of a size sufficient to fill up  
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the whole harbour; and I saw on its surface beings of a human form. Besides, Abarikaff has removed all his sentinels from their posts. The whole forces of the enemy have retired to the Black Isle, which seems involved in darkness.

“ This floating isle may be intended to promote some new stratagem of the enemy which he has artfully concealed under an appearance not very alarming. At any rate, since this must be the work of enchantment, you ought to take every measure your prudence can suggest to guard against its effects.”

Dorathil-goose commanded that her two ministers, and her grandfather should be informed of this affair. In an instant the coast was covered with all the warriors of the island.

Illabousatrous assembled all the genies that remained faithful to him, that he might be enabled to repel the attacks of Abarikaff, and the other wicked spirits who had joined in his revolt. Every preparation was made in the city of Medinazil-ballor for the most vigorous defence, in case the vast mass which approached should contain a numerous army of hostile spirits ready to be poured forth on their coast.

Habib, whose eyes were constantly fixed on the place where he hoped to see the charming object of his love, soon guessed the cause of the warlike preparations he remarked on the shore. As they entered the road of Medinaz, they happened to pass near a small isle covered with mangroves\*.

\* The *mangrove* or *mangle*, is a beautiful marine plant or tree common in the East Indies. It rises to the height of forty or fifty feet, and only grows in such places as are washed by the tide twice a-day. The bark of a particular species is much used for making ropes.

The young Prince cut a branch with his scymitar, and presented it to Ilzaide: "Go," said he, "charming maid! carry this branch as the ensign of peace, and demand an audience of the Queen Dorathil-goafe: tell her that an Arabian Knight, whose life is devoted to her service, entreats her permission to throw himself at her feet."

Ilzaide took the branch, and dived into the sea. She halted to adjust her dress under a rock that protected the mouth of the harbour. She then emerged from the water, displaying the mangrove branch in her hand, and required the guard to conduct her into the presence of the Queen. It is impossible to describe the transports of joy with which Dorathil-goafe received the message of the fair ambassadress. Her first minister, however, restrained her from flying to the shore, as she intended. "Madam," said he, "your enemy knows that your destiny promises you a deliverer from Arabia: this may be a plot conducted under the mask of innocence and simplicity. The vehicle which brings your Knight appears very suspicious. Suffer me to put some questions to his ambassadress."

"Young daughter of the sea! (for such you are from your appearance), canst thou tell us by what means the Knight who has sent you proposes to arrive on our island? he cannot come ashore on his floating island without overwhelming our harbour."

"Then you take for an island," answered Ilzaide, "that great ugly whale which I saw him kill; and on the back of which my two sisters and I mounted along with him! He told us, that that enormous monster was the Queen's greatest enemy, and he wished to present him to her."

“And dost thou not recognise Habib by this exploit?” asked the Queen eagerly, addressing herself to her minister. “Not yet, Madam,” answered he, “Abarikaff may come to take possession of your port under the form of a whale, that he may subject you to his power, and afterwards give you laws in his own name.”

“Abarikaff!” repeated Ilzaide with vivacity, “he and his vile crew have done us much mischief; but I hope he shall do us no more. I believe it is himself who groans in the belly of the whale,—at least the hero says so.”

“And pray thee, young woman, who is this hero?” resumed the Vizier.”—“It is he,” answered Ilzaide, with a degree of enthusiasm, “it is he who killed the monstrous shark Racachik, his son the tiger, and the huge giant clad in steel armour! It is he who delivered the Lady of the beautiful Tresses;—he, in short, who has vanquished all the monsters that oppressed us. Whatever he performed, he did in the name of our Queen Dorathil-goase. My sisters call him a hero,—I know not what that means; but if you loved him half as much as I do, you would fly this moment to meet him!”

Dorathil-goase, notwithstanding her anxiety, could not help smiling at this rally of simplicity, uttered in praise of the idol of her soul. “Take your flight,” said she to Ibaccaras, “and present yourself before Habib in your natural form. Make him be commodiously conducted hither by two of your genies; and take care to have the whale dragged out upon the sand.”

“My sisters,” said Ilzaide, “have always attended the hero; I pray you, Madam, let them  
come



come along with him, they would be sorry to part from him."

"Yes, me dear girl," answered the Queen, "let them come. Your sisters shall be as welcome as yourself; you shall each of you be received with kindness."

Ilbaccaras departed, and was satisfied to find that the fair ambassadress remained as a hostage. He could now no longer doubt the truth of her report.

Ilboufatrous arrived. "I have this moment been assured, my dear child!" cried he, "that you are about to receive your Arabian Knight, your deliverer, who has restored to you all the dominions you have lost, and re-established your authority."

The young Queen felt such an extacy of joy that she could scarce contain her emotions. She commanded her Vizier, and requested her grandfather, to give the necessary orders for the triumphant reception of her Knight, her avenger, her lover, her husband. She made Ilzaide recount to her all the circumstances of his adventures. During the recital she was alternately agitated with transports of joy and emotions of tenderness.

Ilbaccaras had now met the hero. He proposed to carry him immediately into the Queen's palace. "My duty, and my regard to her interests," said Habib, "still demand my presence for a few moments. You may drag the whale to the shore; but I must be present while you do so. My impatience has, on a former occasion, led me into an error; I must now guard against it. I suspect that the cruel enemy of your Queen still lies in the bowels of the monster he had raised up against me. I must be assured that his power is destroyed,

ed, in order to acquit myself of my duty as the servant of Solomon, as well as to secure the peace of your Sovereign." Ilbaccaras made the whale be drawn to a sloping part of the shore, where, by redoubled efforts, it was at last brought to land. Habib approached it, and spoke thus, with a firm tone: "Vile enemy of God!" said he, addressing the monster, "Rebel against him and his prophets! apostate from the law to which thou wert subjected,—art thou concealed in the entrails of this fish?" A sound, resembling the gnashing of teeth, proceeded from the belly of the enormous animal. "Speak!" cried Habib, "or I will devote thee to the cruelest punishments!" At last a dismal and plaintive "Yes," was uttered from the jaws of the monster.

The Knight then took from his bosom the remaining portion of the Lady's hair: "May the projects of the wicked spirits," said he, "now be executed against themselves. May each of these hairs become a chain of iron, to deprive them of all action! Mayest thou be delivered over, thou and all thy slaves, to the servants of Solomon, and hurled into the lowest dungeons of Caucasus!"

While Habib pronounced this command, he twisted the hairs about the fins of the whale. The enormous mass made an effort as if alive; but it was not repeated. The hairs of the Lady of the beautiful Tresses suddenly disappeared, and were, no doubt, employed as the hero had ordered.

"My Queen is safe!" said Habib to Ilbaccaras. "Let me now have the happiness of seeing her: conduct me, I pray thee, to her presence."

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

